



THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
MARK AKENSIDE



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE present edition of Akenside's Poetical Works is substantially that prepared in 1834, by the Rev Alexander Dyce, for Pickering's "Aldine Edition of the British Poets." The elegant Memoir which he prefixed is given entire, and the few additions which seemed necessary, have been appended as notes. Every poem which could be traced to the author's pen has been inserted; each, except *The Pleasures of Imagination*, has been printed from the edition which received the last revision of the author, and by strictly adhering to it the greatest accuracy has been secured.

"*The Pleasures of Imagination*" is here printed as first issued in 1744, and also as enlarged and published by Mr Dyson, in 1772.




# ADVERTISEMENT

The Odes and Miscellaneous Poems have also been printed from Mr Dyson's edition, with the exception of *Ode u Book II*, which is taken from "Pearch's Collection of Poems," "*An Epistle to Curio*," from the edition of 1744, "*The Virtuoso*," "*Ambition and Content*," "*The Poet*," "*A British Philippic*," and "*A Hymn to Science*," from the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," "*Love, an Elegy*," from "*The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*," "*To Cordelia*," from an edition of Akenside's Works, published at New Brunswick, in 1808, and "*A Song*," from "*Ritson's English Songs*," vol 1. The date and manner of its first appearance has been added to each of those published during the author's lifetime.

By the kind permission of Mr Murray of Albemarle-street, three valuable letters, not included in the former edition, have been inserted as an appendix to Mr. Dyce's Memoir of the Poet.



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## THE LIFE OF AKENSIDE,<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV ALEXANDER DICK

**M**ARK AKENSIDE<sup>2</sup> was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 9th, 1721, and was baptized on the 30th of the same month by the minister of a meeting-house, which his parents used to frequent<sup>3</sup> His father, Mark, was a respectable butcher<sup>4</sup> His mother's maiden name was Mary

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<sup>1</sup> During the earlier years of his life, the poet spelt his name, both on the title pages of his publications and in his letters, *Akenside*, but at a later period he adopted the form *Akenside*

<sup>2</sup> "Mark Akenside, born the 9th November, 1721 baptized on the 30th of the same month by the Rev Mr Benjamin Bennet"—*History of Newcastle*, ii 513, by Brand, who adds "The above was communicated by Mr Addison, glazier, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who married Dr Akenside's sister, and is in possession of some drawings, which were the works of that ingenious poet in an early period of his life Mr Bennet was a dissenting minister at the new meeting-house in Hanover Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne"

<sup>3</sup> According to the *Biog. Brit.*, Akenside's "parents and relations were in general of the Presbyterian persuasion"

<sup>4</sup> "The Akenside family belonged to Eachwick in Northumberland, but his father was a reputable butcher

Lumsden<sup>1</sup>. He was their second son. It is said that in after life he was ashamed of the lowness of his birth, which was constantly brought to his recollection by a lameness, originating in a cut on his foot from the fall of his father's cleaver, when he was about seven years old.

After receiving some instruction at the free-school of Newcastle, he was sent to a private academy in the same town, kept by a Mr. Wilson, a dissenting minister.

His genius, and his love of poetry, were manifested, while he was yet a school-boy. *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1737, contains one of his earliest attempts at versification, entitled *The Virtuoso, in imitation of Spenser's style and stanza*.<sup>2</sup> It is far superior to the sing-song inanities, which in those days generally adorned the pages of that miscellany, and is prefaced thus by a letter to the editor.

" Newcastle upon Tyne, April, 23

" I HOPE, Sir, you'll excuse the following Poem (being the Performance of one in his sixteenth year), and insert it in your next Magazine, which will oblige Yours &c

" MARCUS "

To the same popular work he contributed, in the next month, an ingenious fable called *Ambition*.

in the Butcher-bank, Newcastle." Richardson's *Local Historian's Table Book*, ii. 184, where is an engraving of the house in which Akenside was born. ED.

<sup>1</sup> "1710, August 10, Maik Akenside and Mary Lumsden, mar."—*Register of St. Nicholas, Newcastle*. ED.

<sup>2</sup> Brand's *Obs. on Pop. Antiq.* 114, ed. 1777.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. vii. 244.—Mr. Bucke thinks it was suggested by a passage in Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, iii. 156 ed. 1737. *Life of Akenside*, 5.

and Content, and, in July following, *The Poet's Rhapsody*

When about the age of seventeen, Akenside used to visit some relations at Morpeth, where it has been rather hastily supposed that he wrote his *Pleasures of Imagination*.<sup>1</sup> Passages of it were probably, composed there at various times and places, during several years before its publication that great work had, no doubt, occupied his mind. In a fragment of the fourth book of the remodelled copy,<sup>2</sup> he pleasingly describes his early sensibility to the beauties of nature, and his lonely wanderings in the vicinity both of Newcastle and of Morpeth.

To the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1738,<sup>3</sup> he communicated *A British Philippic, occasioned by the insults of the Spaniards, and the present preparations for war*. That its flaming patriotism was quite to the taste of Mr Urban, appears from the following advertisement:—"N B It often turning to our Inconvenience to sell a greater Number of one Magazine than of another, and believing the above noble-spirited Poem will be acceptable to many, not our constant Readers, we have printed it in Folio, Price Six Pence, together with the Motto at large, for which, receiving the Manuscript late, we could not make room. And if the ingenious Author will inform us how we may direct a Packet to his Hands, we will send him our Acknowledgments for so great a Favour with a Parcel of the Folio Edition."

His *Hymn to Science* was printed in the *Gentle-*

<sup>1</sup> *Biog Brit*

<sup>2</sup> Ver 31—45, page 144

<sup>3</sup> Vol viii 427, where it is signed "Britannicus"

*mag*'s *Magazine* for October, 1739<sup>1</sup> It is doubtless a production of considerable merit, but Mr Bucke is probably the only reader whom it ever moved to rapturous admiration

Our poet was about eighteen years of age when he was sent to Edinburgh, with some pecuniary assistance from the Dissenters' Society, that he might qualify himself for the office of one of their ministers, but, after pursuing the requisite studies for one winter, he changed his mind with respect to a profession, entered himself a medical student,<sup>2</sup> and repaid the contribution which he had received from the Dissenters "Whether," says Johnson, "when he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he ceased to be a dissenter, I know not He certainly returned an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty, a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness, and of which the immediate tendency

<sup>1</sup> Vol ix 544, where it is dated "Newcastle upon Tyne" Mr Bucke, not aware of this, supposes that it was written at Edinburgh He pronounces it (*Life of Akenside*, 19) to be "worthy the Lyre of Collins," to whose imaginative odes it bears no resemblance, and after quoting stanzas 12 and 13 (page 305), exclaims, "Has Horace or Gray anything superior to this?" I confidently answer,—many things infinitely superior In the same vol of the *Gent Mag* p 153, is *An Imitation of Horace*, Ode I B iii, signed "M A" Qy Is it by Akenside?

When the *Pleasures of Imagination* appeared, the editor of the *Gent Mag*, xiv 219, gave an extract from that poem, headed by an announcement that it was written by the author of the *British Philippi* and the *Hymn to Science*

<sup>2</sup> In a letter written from Newcastle, in 1742 (given at page vii), he calls himself "Surgeon"

## LIFE OF AKENSIDE

is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established"<sup>1</sup>

At Edinburgh he was elected a member of the Medical Society, December 30th, 1740,<sup>2</sup> and became acquainted with several persons of his own age, who afterwards rose to eminence, but though during his residence there, he prosecuted the study of medicine,<sup>3</sup> we learn from the following authentic statement that he was by no means satisfied with his new profession, and thirsted for a celebrity very different from that which its most successful practice could confer "Akenside," says the late Dugald Stewart, "when a student at Edinburgh, was a member of the Medical Society, then recently formed, and was eminently distinguished by the eloquence which he displayed in the course of the debates Dr Robertson (who was at that time a student of divinity in the same university) told me that he was frequently led to attend their meetings, chiefly to hear the speeches of Akenside, the great object of whose ambition then was a seat in Parliament, a situation which, he was sanguine enough to flatter himself, he had some prospect of obtaining, and for which he conceived his talents to be much better adapted than for the profession he had chosen In this opinion he was probably in the right, as he was generally considered by his fellow-students as far inferior in medical science

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<sup>1</sup> *Life of Akenside*

<sup>2</sup> Anderson's *Life of Akenside* — *Brit Poets*, ix 725.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Bucke says that Akenside "seems to have made great progress" in his medical studies at Edinburgh (*Life of Akenside*, 16), and in quoting from Stewart the passage which I have given above, he omits the concluding sentence



to several of his companions"<sup>1</sup> To the ardour of youth, and the consciousness of high endowments, we ought probably to attribute such ambitious dreams, and we may suppose, that as judgment ripened with maturer years, they faded gradually away

At Edinburgh he composed his ode *On the Winter Solstice*, dated 1740, which he soon after re-wrote and amplified He is said<sup>2</sup> to have originally printed it with another juvenile production, *Love, an Elegy*, for distribution among his friends His lines *To Cordelia* bear the same date

We are told by Akenside's biographers, that after staying three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leyden for the advancement of his medical studies—that he remained there two (according

<sup>1</sup> *Elem of the Phil of the Human Mind (Notes)*, iii 501 4to The author is led to give the above anecdote by having quoted in his text (p 299) the following lines in Akenside's *Ode to Sleep*, where, he observes, the poet "has very beautifully touched upon the history of his own mind "

"The figured brass, the choial song,  
The rescued people's glad applause,  
The listening senate, and the laws  
Fixed by the counsels of Timoleon's tongue,  
Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways,  
And, though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,  
The sober gainful arts of modern days  
To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu "

<sup>2</sup> *Biog Brit*—In the Ad and Cor to the first vol we are told that *Love* "afterwards appeared in the first edition of Dodsley's *Collection*, but was omitted in succeeding editions by Akenside's desire " It certainly is not in the first ed of that work, 3 vols 1748, but may have been inserted in some early edition of those, or the subsequently published volumes, which I have not seen it was printed in the third volume of Pearch's *Coll of Poems*

to others, three) years, till he had taken his degree of Doctor of Physic, in 1744—that he there formed an intimacy with his future patron, Mr Jeremiah Dyson,<sup>1</sup> then a student of law at the same university, and returned with him to England—(they “embarked,” according to Mr Bucke’s<sup>2</sup> particular account, “in the same vessel at Rotterdam, and arrived safely in London, after an agreeable but protracted voyage!”)—and that the *Pleasures of Imagination* was published soon after the poet’s arrival in England. I shall presently show that Akenside’s first and only visit to Leyden was in 1744, and subsequent to the appearance of his great work, and that he and Mr Dyson were never in Holland at the same time.

Having completed his studies in the Scottish capital, Akenside appears to have returned to his native town in 1741. Next year, he addressed the following remarkable letter<sup>3</sup> to Mr Dyson, a young gentleman of fortune, with whom, perhaps, he had become acquainted during his residence in Edinburgh.

“Newcastle upon Tyne, y<sup>e</sup> 18th of Aug<sup>r</sup>, 1742

“DEAR SIR,

“I HAVE been long expecting to hear from you since I had the pleasure of seeing you on the road. but your letter has either miscarried or has been prevented perhaps by some unexpected affairs engaging you after your arrival at London longer than you supposed. Upon either of these cases I should not have delay’d to begin a correspondence sooner, but that I knew not how to direct for you. Our acquaintance, Mr Anderson, has just now inform’d me, and I take the opportunity of his journey

<sup>1</sup> On the authority, I suppose, of Sir John Hawkins — *Life of Johnson*, 233, 243, ed 1787

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside*, 24

<sup>3</sup> Now first published

to London to send you this For where there is a real esteem and affection, it is certainly extremely absurd to act according to those precisenesses of form and punctuality, which in some matters may prevent inconvenience, but can never regulate the mind, and have no connection with the free inclinations of one who would be a friend The very opportunity of knowing a person of a desuable character, is the means of no slight enjoyment, but the prospect of contracting a friendship in such a case brings the pleasure much nearer home, and promises a kind of property in those things which all men look upon with honour and good wishes If you will excuse me for being thus selfish, I sincerely and heartily offer you my friendship, and tho' in such a compact, where there are no articles of obligation, nothing stipulated, nothing imposed, it be not very becoming to promise too much, yet I think one may venture to engage for himself, that he is capable of being a friend for tho' in our voluntary affairs this be indeed the main article, yet it luckily happens that this pretension, like all those that regard the heart and will, is neither difficult to be made good, nor liable to the censure of vanity quite differently from all pretensions to what is valuable in the understanding, or in any other respect of nature or fortune

"Mr Anderson says he was told you had been somewhat indispos'd since you got home, I hope you are by this time perfectly strong and healthy, so as to continue without fear in your resolution of spending next winter at Leyden I heartily wish I could spend it with you, but am as yet undetermin'd Mr Archer, besides next winter at Edinburgh, intends, I hear, to pass another with Mr Hucheson, in my opinion he puts off his settling in business too late, if he spend as many years as he talks of in an academical way It was always my desire to be fixed in life, as they say, as soon as I could, consistently with the attainments necessary to what I should profess

"A letter from you, whenever you are at leisure, will be extremely welcome you will direct it to be left at Mr Akinside's, Surgeon, in Newcastle upon Tyne

"I desire you to excuse this blotted scrawl, it is past midnight, and Mr Anderson goes away early to-morrow I am, Sir, with the greatest esteem and sincerity, your very affectionate and obedient servant,

"MARK AKINSIDE"

This letter was the prelude to a friendship memorable for the fervour and the constancy with which it was maintained on both sides, as well as for its beneficial results to the poet. At the time it was written, I apprehend that Akenside was busily occupied in the composition of the great didactic poem, over which his genius seems to have brooded even from his boyish days, and that, though he styles himself "Surgeon," he had not commenced any regular practice in that capacity.

Mr Dyson's "resolution of spending next winter at Leyden," in order to prosecute the study of civil law, was carried into effect. On his return to England, in 1743,<sup>1</sup> he entered himself at one of the Inns of Court (I believe, Lincoln's Inn), and, in due time, was called to the bar.

*The Pleasures of Imagination* being now ready for the press, we may suppose that Akenside brought the precious manuscript to London, about the middle, or towards the close, of 1743. "I have heard," says Johnson, "Dodsley relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for 'this was no every-day writer.'"<sup>2</sup> In consequence of this *imprimatur* from Twickenham, the work was published by Dodsley in January, 1744.<sup>3</sup> Notwithstanding its metaphysical subject,

<sup>1</sup> As appears from a letter of Professor Alberti to him, dated December 1st, 1743, in the possession of his son, J. Dyson, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside*.

<sup>3</sup> Quarto, pp. 4s. see *The Daily Post* for January 16th, 1744—Mr. Bucke says it was printed by Richardson, "he

so little adapted to the taste of common readers, this splendid production was received with an ap-

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celebrated novelist a letter addressed to him by Akenside will be afterwards given, and is, I suspect, Mr Bucke's sole authority for such an assertion. A second edition, 8vo pp 2s is announced in the *Gent Mag* for May, 1744. In a copy of the first edition (now in the British Museum), presented by Akenside to Dyson, is the following MS dedication, which probably the modesty of the latter would not allow to appear in print

“ Viro conjunctissimo  
Jeremiæ Dyson,  
Vitæ, morumque suorum duci,  
Rerum bonarum socio,  
Studiorum judici,  
Cujus amicitia  
Neque sanctius habet quicquam,  
Neque optat carius,  
Hocce opusculum  
(Vos, O tyrannorum impuræ laudes  
Et servilium blandimenta poetarum,  
Abeste procul)  
Dat, dicat, consecratque  
Marcus Akenside,  
xvii Calendas Jan A Æ C MDCCXLIV ”

This dedication was not first printed by Mr Bucke, as that gentleman supposes it had previously appeared in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol 1 p 89

*The Pleasures of Imagination* was published anonymously. Johnson told Boswell that when it originally came out, Rolt (a now forgotten author) went over to Dublin, and published an edition of it in his own name, upon the fame of which he lived for several months, being entertained at the best tables as “the ingenious Mr Rolt,” and that Akenside having being informed of this imposition vindicated his right by publishing the poem with its real author's name. Boswell adds in a note “I have had enquiry made in Ireland as to this story, but do not find it recollected there. I give it on the authority of Dr Johnson, to which may be added that of the Biographical Dictionary and Biographia Dramatica, in both

plause<sup>1</sup> which at once raised the author, who had only completed his twenty-third year, to a distinguished station among the poets of the day. When it first appeared, Pope was sinking under the malady which, a few months after, removed him from the poetic throne, Swift was still alive, but in the stupor of idiocy, Thomson had won by *The Seasons* an unfading laurel, to which he was destined to add another wreath by *The Castle*

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of which it has stood many years. Mr Malone observes, that the truth probably is, not that an edition was published with Rolt's name in the title-page, but that the poem, being then anonymous, Rolt acquiesced in its being attributed to him in conversation"—*Life of Johnson*, 1342, ed 1816

<sup>1</sup> Gray, however, who was not yet known to the world as a poet, passed a depreciating criticism on it in a letter to Thomas Wharton, M D of Old Park, near Durham. It is dated from Cambridge, April 26th, 1744. "You desire to know, it seems, what character the poem of your young friend bears here. I wonder that you ask the opinion of a nation, where those who pretend to judge do not judge at all, and the rest (the wiser part) wait to catch the judgment of the world immediately above them, that is, Dick's and the Rainbow Coffee Houses. Your readier way would be to ask the ladies that keep the bars in those two theatres of criticism. However, to show you that I am a judge, as well as my countrymen, I will tell you, though I have rather turned it over than read it (but no matter, no more have they), that it seems to me above the middling, and now and then, for a little while, rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutchinson jargon. In short, its great fault is, that it was published at least nine years too early. And so methinks in a few words, 'à la mode du Temple,' I have pertly dispatched what perhaps may for several years have employed a very ingenious man worth fifty of myself." Mason's *Memoirs of Gray*, 178, ed 1775. His still more unfavourable opinion of some of Akenside's minor poems will be afterwards cited.

of *Indolence*, Young was in the fulness of fame, though the four concluding portions of the *Night Thoughts* were yet unpublished, Glover enjoyed a very high reputation from *Leonidas*, Johnson was known only as the author of an admired satire, *London*, Dyer had put forth *Gronger Hill*, and *The Ruins of Rome*, with little success,—his *Fleece* was yet to come, Collins had vainly endeavoured to attract notice by his *Eclogues* and *Epistle to Hanmer*,—his *Odes* being of a later date, Shenstone had produced little, but among that little was *The School-mistress*, Blair had published *The Grave*, and Armstrong, who had only a disgraceful notoriety from a licentious poem,<sup>1</sup> was soon to rival Akenside as a didactic writer.

The applause which hailed the first appearance of *The Pleasures of Imagination* had scarcely subsided, when Akenside found that he had roused an adversary of formidable powers. Having adopted the opinion of Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, he had annexed to a passage in the third book of his poem a long note on the subject, in which Warburton chose to discover an offensive allusion to himself. When, therefore, that mighty dogmatist, about two months after, put forth his *Remarks on Several Occasional Reflections, in answer to Dr Middleton*, &c.<sup>2</sup> he devoted to Akenside the whole of a sneering and

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<sup>1</sup> *The Economy of Love* His *Art of Preserving Health* was published in April, 1744 see *The Daily Post* for the 22th of that month

<sup>2</sup> Published in March, 1744 see *The Daily Post* for the 16th of that month

caustic Preface,<sup>1</sup> which opens thus "In the Prefatory Discourse to the first volume of the *D [ivine] L [egation]* I spoke pretty largely of the *Use of Ridicule* in religious subjects, as the *Abuse* of it is, amongst the fashionable arts of Free-thinking for which I have been just now call'd to account, without any ceremony, by the nameless author of a poem entitled *The Pleasures of Imagination*. For 'tis my fortune to be still concern'd with those who either *do* go masked, or those who *should*. I am a plain man, and on my first appearance in this way, I told my name and who I belonged to. After this, if men will *rudely* come upon me in disguise, they can have no reason to complain, that (in my ignorance of their characters) I treat them all alike upon the same free footing they have put themselves. This gentleman, a follower of *Ld S [haftesbury]*, and, as it should seem, one of those to whom that Preface was addressed, certainly, one of those to whom I applied the words of *Tully*, *non decet, non datum est*, who affect wit and railery on subjects not meet, and with talents unequal, this gentleman, I say, in the 105th and 106th pages of his Poem, animadverts upon me in the following manner *Since (says he) it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the supreme Being for*

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<sup>1</sup> This Preface was afterwards reprinted, with some slight alterations, as a *Postscript to the Dedication to the Free-thinkers* in a new edition of the *Divine Legation of Moses*.—Both Mr D'Israeli (*Quarrels of Authors*, i 97), and Mr Bucke (*Life of Akenside* 37), seem not to know where Warburton's attack on the poet originally appeared.



estowing it, one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause" Warburton then proceeds to a very minute examination of the obnoxious note,<sup>1</sup> he insinuates that Akenside is a deist, even a favourer of atheism, and, though he attacks his philosophy, and not his poetry, he repeatedly terms him "*our poet*," in a manner truly provoking. In conclusion, he asserts that a passage in the third book of the poem is an insult to the whole body of the clergy.<sup>2</sup>

*An Epistle to the Rev Mr Warburton, occasioned by his treatment of the author of the Pleasures of Imagination*, appeared about six weeks after the publication which had called it forth.<sup>3</sup> Though this angry letter, which displays considerable ingenuity of argument without much grace of style, is generally attributed to the friendly pen of Mr Dyson, I am inclined to believe that the greater part of it was composed by Akenside.<sup>4</sup> The following quotation forms its commencement

<sup>1</sup> See the note on ver 262 of the third book of *The Pleasures of Imagination*

<sup>2</sup> Ver 109—

"Others of graver mien, behold, adorned  
With holy ensigns," &c

<sup>3</sup> Octavo, pr 6d. Published May 1st, 1744. see *The Daily Post* of that date. The motto on the title is "*Neque solum quod istum audire, verum etiam quid me deceat dicere, considerabo*" *Cic in Verr*. It consists of thirty pages.

<sup>4</sup> In a letter to Mr Dyson (see p. xviii of this Memoir) Akenside desired "a copy of *that answer to Warburton*," to be sent to Holland. If it had been entirely the work of his loved (or rather, adored) friend, would he have mentioned it in such terms?

" SIR,

" NOTWITHSTANDING the pains you have taken to discourage all men from entering into any controversy with you, and notwithstanding the severe example you have just been making of one, who, as you fancied, had presumed to call you to account you must still be content to be accountable for your writings, and must once more bear the mortification of being actually called to account for them

" 'Tis the Preface to your late Remarks that you are now called upon to justify in which you have thought fit to treat upon a mighty *free footing* (as you style it but in the apprehension of most people, upon a very injurious one), the ingenious and worthy author of the poem entitled, *The Pleasures of Imagination*. The favourable reception and applause that performance has met with, render it unnecessary, and indeed impertinent, for me to enlarge in its praise, especially as you, SIR, have not condescended to enter into a particular censure of the poem, however, by some general hints scatter'd up and down, as well as by the affectation of perpetually styling the author *our poet*, you may have let us see how you stand affected towards it. Whether it be indeed that dull, trivial, useless thing you seem to represent it, I shall not dispute with you, but am content to leave, as to this point, Mr W's judgment staked against the general reputation of the poem. The point I am immediately concern'd with is, your unbecoming treatment of the author, which, as it is so interwoven thro' the whole course of your Preface, as to be sufficiently evident, without the allegation of particular passages, so we shall find there are not wanting repeated instances of direct and notorious ill usage, such usage, as tho' the provocation had been ever so just, and the imagined attack upon you ever so real, would yet have been unwarrantable, and which, therefore, can't admit of the least shadow of an excuse, when it shall appear that you had really no provocation at all. For the very fact with which you set out, and which is the foundation, I suppose, of all your indignation, is an entire mistake. You tell us, *you have been just now called to account*, &c. This, I say, is an absolute mistake. And, as for my own part, I never suspected that the note you refer to had anything personal in it, so I am authorized to affirm, that it was not at all intended personally.

To this Letter Warburton returned no answer. In the remodelled copy of his poem, Akenside reduced into a comparatively short passage the lines which treat of Ridicule, and which were certainly the least pleasing portion of the work. He, doubtless, writhed under Warburton's vigorous attack, for which, as will be shown in the course of this memoir, he, long after, made a sort of requital.

Though the *Epistle to Warburton* appears not to have been published, it was certainly printed, before Akenside went to Leyden for the purpose of obtaining the degree of Doctor of Physic. This is proved by an allusion to it in the first of the following very interesting letters<sup>1</sup> to his beloved friend, Mr Dyson. The erroneous statement of his biographers, that he visited Holland at an earlier period than 1744, has been already noticed.

"Leyden, April 7th, N S 1744

"DEAR DYSON,

"At last I am in a condition to recollect myself sufficiently to write to you. Ever since I left you, I have been from hour to hour engag'd by a succession of most trivial circumstances, and yet importunate enough to force my attention from those objects, to which it most naturally and habitually inclines. I now begin to respire, and can fancy myself at Lincoln's Inn, meeting you after a very tedious absence of eight days — and telling the little occurrences I have met with, a story in other respects too inconsiderable to be repeated, but which, in repeating it to my friend, acquires an importance superior to the annals of a king's posterity.

"I went on board from Harwich on Thursday morning, and got ashore at Helveotsluys just about the same time on Saturday. I was not in the least sick. I am now settled in Roebuck's chamber, the same house with Mr Drew and Brocklesby. This last was the only one of my

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<sup>1</sup> Now first published

acquaintance I found here, and I dare say if you were now to return to Leyden, you would think the acquaintance of those who have come hithersince you went away, very very far from compensating the loss of those whose conversation you had the happiness to enjoy. There are not above ten or twelve English, Scotch, and Irish now in Leyden.

As I was in the street yesterday, Mr Schwartz, who has been told by somebody or other that I was a friend of Mr Dyson's, came up to me and inquired very affectionately after you. I am just come from sitting the afternoon with him, he could hardly talk of anything but you, yet complains that you neglect to write to him. He is uncertain whether he shall be in London this summer or not, but says he is very well acquainted with all the streets there, he has so carefully studied them in the map. I love the good nature and simplicity of his manners, and love his company more than any body's in Leyden, for I see that whenever we are together we shall fall a talking about you immediately.

"I have been with Mr Gronovius<sup>1</sup> and the Doctor, who make an excellent contrast, both as to their manners and studies, about the latter of these they are constantly rallying and joking on each other. Mr Gronovius shew'd me his *Nicander*, about which he has taken vast pains. He has above six hundred emendations of the text, and scholia, but wants an unpublsh'd paraphrase of the author, which, it seems, is in a library at Vienna. He talks of making this little book as large as his last *Ælian*. I wish you could get the *Pindar*, which I hear is probably by this time finish'd at Glasgow, in one volume, the same size and type with the *Theophrastus*. Mr Brocklesby tells me of an edition of *Shattisbury* in the press at Dublin, with new copperplates to which a fourth volume will be added, consisting of the two epistolary pamphlets and unpublsh'd letters of *Ld Molesworth* to my<sup>2</sup> master.

"I will not spend time in giving you my sentiments of Holland or Leyden, they are so intirely the same with

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<sup>1</sup> Abraham Gronovius. The *Nicander*, here mentioned, was never published.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the *Preface to Remarks on Occasional Reflections*, §c, in which Wuburton more than once calls Shaftesbury Akenside's "Master."

what you express'd to me One thing struck me very strongly, the absurd inconsistency between their ceremonious foppishness (miscalled politeness) and their gross insensibility to the true decorum in numberless instances, especially among the women Such is their architecture, their painting, then music, such their dress, the furniture of their houses, the air of their chariots, and the countenance of their polity, that when I think of England, I cannot now help paying it the same veneration and applause which at London I thought due only to Athens, to Corinth, or to Syracuse You, who know Holland, will excuse me for talking in this way, after so short a view of it as I have had,<sup>1</sup> because you know how obvious these appearances are, and how great an uniformity runs through the whole constitution of the country, natural and moral

"Mr Ready is well, and sends his service, as do all your other acquaintances You will soon see Mr Drew, for he is a printing his Thesis, and takes London in his way home

"Be so good as to present my compliments to Mrs Dyson, Miss Dyson, and all the rest of your friends and mine You will know whom I mean without a list of them, only, lest you should not think on them, allow me to mention Mr Ward and Mr Ramsay And pray forget not to make my apology to Mr Pickering, for I utterly forgot to call upon him at my leaving London, which has since vex'd me not a little

"Be sure you write to me immediately Let me know how you manage about the Basilica, and what information Mr Ramsay has given you If you call at Dodsley's, he will give you a copy of that answer to Warburton, I should be glad if you could send it inclos'd in your first letter, and if you could give me your opinion about Dr Armstrong's poem<sup>2</sup> Write me a very long letter, and direct it to Mr McCarthy's I think I am rather free than I should have been if boarding tho', heaven knows, my pleasure at noon is merely in dining, properly so call'd Farewell, my friend, my good genius, and above all things, believe me for ever most affectionately, most intirely, only  
yours,

"M AKENSIDE"

<sup>1</sup> This passage decidedly proves that Akenside had not previously visited Holland

<sup>2</sup> *The Art of Preserving Health*

"Leyden, April 17th, N S 1744."

"DEAR MR DYSON,  
 "I HAD not been above four days at Leyden before two of my Edinburgh acquaintances Mr Austin and Mr Hume, came hither from their winter quarters at Ghent, to make the tour of Holland. I was glad of the opportunity to go along with them, as I had no prospect of my company so desirable. At my return, I found your letter, by which I see we had been writing to each other precisely at the same time. I always was afraid you would be uneasy in waiting so long for a letter, and indeed I should have wrote directly from Helvoetsluis, but for a mistaken supposition that the post went from Leyden on Saturday night, and that consequently I should save no time by writing before I got to my journey's end. Would to God this may find you perfectly recover'd and in free spirits, I dare not, I cannot suffer my imagination to conceive otherwise. The whole day after we parted, I was dreading the consequence of your being abroad in so damp a morning, and lodging in that vile inn at a time when your health was far from being confirm'd. In every other circumstance, I need not tell you what happiness your letter gave me. Believe me, my dear, my honour'd friend, I look upon my connection with you as the most fortunate circumstance of my life. I never think of it without being happier and better for the reflection. I enjoy, by means of it, a more animated, a more perfect relish of every social, of every natural pleasure. My own character, by means of it, is become an object of veneration and applause to myself. My sense of the perfection and goodness of the Supreme Being is nobler and more affecting. It is that good, that beauty with which my mind is fill'd, and which serves as a sacred antidote against the influence of that moral evil which is in the world, when it would perplex and distress me. It has the force of an additional conscience, of a new principle of religion: nor do I remember one instance of moral good or evil offer'd to my choice of late, in which the idea of your mind and manners did not come in along with the essential beauty of virtue and the sanction of the divine laws to guide and determine me. It has enlarg'd my knowledge of human nature, and ascertain'd my ideas of the œconomy of the universe. In whatever light I consider, with whatever principle or sensation I compare it,

it will continue to receive strength from the best and highest, and in return confirm and enlarge them,

like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Giving and stealing odours

I have sometimes, when in a cold or more sceptical turn of thought than is natural to my temper, hesitated whether this affection might not and did not too much engross my mind. But in a moment I saw, and you, my friend, know and feel with what satisfaction not to be described, that it was impossible to indulge it too much, in any other sense than as it is possible to carry too far our regard for the Supreme Being, that is, to lose sight of its natural tendency and run counter to the very spirit with which it was instituted. In other words, while we continue to cultivate our friendship, intimate and extensive as its foundations now are, it cannot ingross our minds too much, or exert too general an influence on our conduct.

“Perhaps you expect some account of my travels. Indeed I cannot say more than that they confirm’d all my former ideas of the Dutch genius and taste. Minute and careful in execution, but flat and inelegant and narrow in design. Then buildings, their gardens, their civil forms, every thing, gave the same information. At Amsterdam I saw a Dutch tragedy, which, tho’ intended to be really distressful, was yet farcical beyond anything in Aristophanes, or the Rehearsal. And these farcical parts were the only things that mov’d the audience in the very least degree. And in the middle of the distress, in those boxes where people of the best figure use to sit the glass and brandy bottle was going about among both men and women.

“As for my acquaintance here, it lies chiefly, almost wholly, among the gentlemen that lodge with Mr Vanderlas. The others, at the ordinary, have given me no reason to alter the account you had in my last. Mr Ready, as far as I am able to judge, is a very amiable man, and much a gentleman, and young Mr Canowan, I hope, will turn out very well in the world, especially as I see he is much less attach’d to the bigotry and narrow spirit of the Roman Catholic religion. Mr Schwartz spent this afternoon with me, and all salute you. I need

not desire you to express for me the warmest sentiments of friendship and respect to Mrs Dyson and Miss Dysons, nor to remember me to all our other friends. I am within five minutes of the post, and very sorry to put so soon Farewell, my dearest Dyson Ever yours,  
 ' M AKENSIDE "

" Friday Evening

" To MR DYSON, at Serle's Coffee-house,  
 " Lincoln's Inn, London "

" Leyden, April 21<sup>st</sup>, N S 1744

MY DEAREST DYSON,

" I HAVE just received and read your letter, by which I find we have been a second time employ'd in writing to each other at the same instant from what sympathetic influence of our minds one upon the other, or what invisible agency of superior genius favourable to friendship, I cannot tell. But that your writing was a sort of present and immediate security for your being tolerably well, I should have been much alarm'd at the account you give of the return of your disorder. But now I hope 'tis fairly over, and that you have laid in a stock of health and good spirits for a very long time. For my own part, since I left you, I have indeed been *well*, in the vulgar sense of the phrase, that is to say, my appetite, my sleep, my pulse, and the rest of that kind have been regular and sound but the other more desirable sort of good health, that which consists in the perfect, the harmonious possession of one's own mind, in the exercise of its best faculties upon those objects which are most adapted to it by nature and habit, and, above all things, in that consciousness, that inexplicable *feeling* that *we are happy*, this kind of health, I confess, I have not enjoy'd so intire for these three weeks nor do I expect to enjoy it, till I return to that situation which taught me first to conceive it. The more I see of Holland (and I imagine the case would be the same were I to travel thro' the world), the more I love and honour my native country. The manners of the people, the political forms, the genius of the constitution, the temper of the laws, the accidental objects of dress and behaviour one meets with in the streets, the very face of their buildings, and outward appearance of the country in general, only serve to put me in mind of England, with a greater desire of returning. In the same manner as all that variety of mix'd company I have



pass'd thro' this last year or two, only gave me a stronger sense of my happiness when I got home to you

"I am [at] present buried among medical books, collecting facts, and comparing opinions among the dullest of mortal men, and that, too, in their dullest capacity, that of authors. However, I hope this necessary task will grow more agreeable, when I shall be at leisure to attend to the justness of argument and the decency of expression. As I spend no time so agreeably as in reading your letters, or (next to that) in conversing with you even after this imperfect manner, I could not forbear sitting down immediately to write, especially as I was so much straitened for time last post. I am very glad that people shew so much unanimity about the war against France, and, for my own part, I have not the least doubt of the superiority of our national spirit, and consequently of our success in general, only I am afraid that we shall want generals, and that the war will be too much carried on on our part, by land. I can't say I was much pleased with the declaration of war (I mean the formula, not the thing), the style seem'd to me rather that of a private man clearing himself from some unbecoming imputations, than that of the chief magistrate of a mighty and free people proclaiming war against the most formidable people in the world, in defence of justice, and drawn to it by the disinterested succour of an oppress'd and insulted ally. The speech to the parliament I could not indeed but approve: there was an expression either in it, or in the declaration against France, quite equal to the occasion, 'I appeal to the whole world for the equity and rectitude of my conduct.' It is certainly very great, and has but one impropriety (indeed, a very essential one), that the honour due to the people of Britain for the generosity and fearless love of justice they have, under such vast pressures, manifested upon this occasion, is, by this way of speaking, unavoidable in our government, attributed to *one man*, who has no other merit in the affair, than merely in not imbezzling the vast sums which have been advanc'd in support of the common cause.

"You would see by my last that I cannot finish my affairs here so soon as you suppos'd. But what time I lost in the beginning by going to Amsterdam, &c, I shall gain towards the end of my stay here, so that I hope to be in London, at least in England, within a month at latest. I have long indulged myself in an

agreeable prospect of settling at S<sup>c</sup>, chiefly because of my opportunity of seeing you frequently, and next to that (if indeed it be not a consideration more important), in making such acquaintances during the summer seasons, as might put it sooner in my power to spend the remainder of my life without interruption beside you. But since the expectation was ill founded we must make ourselves easy, and look out in Nottrampton, or any other place tolerably near home. For of this one thing I am certain never to be far from you. I would have you write as soon as you can, if it be but to tell me how long your journey to Shropshire will take you, because, if you determine to go thither, I shall take shipping from Rotterdam to Newcastle, as you will probably be gone before I can reach London even by the packet. At this moment, while I write this, I feel something of the pain of a second parting.

"As the auctions were almost intirely over before I got hither, I have not bought many books, nor expect to buy many. I have, however, got a few classics, and such medical books as are most useful at present. Those that are rather for curiosity and medical erudition, I shall leave commissions for with some acquaintance or other. I find what you told me to be very true, that the old and best editions of the Greek authors are dearer here than in London. Mr Gronovius tells me, what perhaps you do not know, that Mr Freeman is to return to Leyden by which I judge he has intirely dedicated himself to Greek (properly so called) and to editorial criticism (excuse the phrase). I think Gronovius one of the strangest men I ever met with.

"Farewell, my dear friend. I know you oft think of me, and need not be told how oft and how affectionately I remember you.

"Ever and intirely yours,

"MARK AKENSIDE"

"Tuesday Afternoon"

"P. S. I wish you would leave off writing upon gilt paper unless you can get sheets of it as large as this. I forgot to tell you, that Wetstein at Amsterdam shew'd me the unfinish'd Diodorus Siculus, it is printed exactly like the last Thucydides, but how accurately I cannot tell. Forget not my compliments at Charter-house Square, nor to Mr Harrison, Mr Dyson, and the rest of our friends.

Mr Gronovius, Mr Schwartz, Mr Ready, and all your's here salute you

"I have just been at Langeratu's to inquire about the Basilica, but not finding him, must refer it to another opportunity"

On the 16th May, 1744,<sup>1</sup> Akenside took his degree of Doctor of Physic, at Leyden, the subject of his *Dissertatio Medica Inauguralis* being *De ortu et incremento fœtus humani*,<sup>2</sup> and, doubtless, as soon as he had obtained his diploma, he hastened back to England. In the collection of Odes, which he published in the following year, is an Ode *On leaving Holland*

He was now desirous to commence the practice of his profession, and having heard that he had a prospect of succeeding at Northampton, and having made some necessary enquiries on the spot, in June, 1744,<sup>3</sup> he soon after fixed himself there as a physician. It was not long, however, before he found that the chief medical business of the place was in the hands of Dr Stonehouse, from whom it was not to be wrested by a stranger,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See note at page xlii of this Memoir

<sup>2</sup> Printed at Leyden in 1744, 4to. "In this dissertation the author is said to have displayed his medical sagacity by attacking some opinions of Leeuwenhoek and other writers, at that time very generally received, but which have been since discarded by the best physicians and philosophers, and by proposing an hypothesis which is now considered as founded in truth"—*Kippis's Biog Brit*

<sup>3</sup> From the information of Mr Dyson, (October 25th, 1834,) who thus describes the contents of one of the poet's letters to his father: "On the 14th June [1744] he writes from Northampton to report the result of his enquiries in relation to the expediency of his settling there, which was such as induced him to do so"

<sup>4</sup> A correspondent (who signs himself Indagator) in the

and having maintained a fruitless contest with that gentleman, and perhaps disliking Northampton on account of its distance from the capital, he quitted it, after a stay of about eighteen months, and removed to Hampstead. "The writer of this article," says Kippis, in a note on our author's *Life*,<sup>1</sup> "who then resided at Northampton for education, well remembers that Dr Doddridge and Dr Akenside

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*Gent Mag* for October, 1793 (lxiii 885), writes thus: "The fact, Mr Urban, is, that this contest for the physical business at Northampton, though unsuccessful on the part of Akenside, had for some time been supported by him with extraordinary violence. I am warranted, by manuscripts in my possession, when I say, that not only a fair and open struggle of medical hostilities, but every art and every exertion, personal abuse and private insinuation, had been used to usurp Dr Stonehouse's professional emoluments, and oust him from his established settlement. Yet, on Akenside's removal from that place to Hampstead, the recommendatory letter, a copy of which I send you, was generously written in his favour by his worthy rival, as an introduction for him to a gentleman of consequence in the neighbourhood of his new abode."

"DEAR SIR,

"THE gentleman who presents you with this is Dr Akenside, a brother physician, whose merit, as a man of refined sense and elegance of taste, is too well known by his writings (*The Pleasures of the Imagination*, &c) to need any other testimonial, and I dare say, from what you already know of them, you will naturally conclude, without any praise of mine, that such a man must be proportionably distinguished in his own peculiar profession.

"I take this opportunity of introducing him to the honour of your acquaintance, and make no doubt you will receive him as a gentleman, whom for his character and abilities I much esteem, and whose near neighbourhood, in any place where there had been room for us both, I should have regarded as an addition to my happiness. I am," &c

See, too, *Gent Mag* for January, 1794, (lxiv 12)

<sup>1</sup> *Biog Brit*

carried on an amicable debate concerning the opinions of the ancient philosophers with regard to a future state of rewards and punishments, in which Dr Akenside supported the firm belief of Cicero in particular, in this great article of natural religion." According to Johnson, who heartily disliked his political creed, and never loses an opportunity of stigmatising it, Akenside "deafened the place with clamours for liberty"<sup>1</sup>

During his stay at Northampton (in 1744), he produced his very powerful satire, *An Epistle to Curio*,<sup>2</sup>—1 e to the Right Hon William Pulteney, who, having been long the strenuous supporter of the people's cause, in opposition to the measures of government, had suddenly deserted his party, and become an object of popular execration, for the sake of an empty title, the Earldom of Bath. This justly-admired piece he afterwards judiciously altered into an ode.

The following letter, undoubtedly genuine, and never before printed in England, is given from a facsimile of the original in a American edition of our author's works<sup>3</sup>

"Northampton, May 21st, 1745

"DEAR SIR,

"WHEN I look on the date of your letter, I am very glad that I have any excuse, however disagreeable, for not answering it long ere this. About a month ago, when I was thinking every post to write to you, I was thrown

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Akenside*

<sup>2</sup> Published by Dodsley, 4to pr 1s. See List of Books for November, 1744, in the *Gent Mag*. On the title-page is this motto "*Neque tam ulciscendi causa dixi, quam ut in præsens sceleratos cives timore ab impugnanda patria detinerem, et in posterum documentum statuerem, nequis talem amantem vellet imitari*."—TULL

<sup>3</sup> Printed at New Brunswick, 1808, 2 vols 8vo

from my horse with a very great hazard of my life, and continued a good while afterwards from either writing or reading. But, thank heaven, for these ten days, I have been perfectly well. You are very good-natured about the verses. If they gave you any pleasure, I shall conclude my principal end in publishing them to be fairly answer'd. And that you look upon your reading them in manuscript, and this way of seeing them in print, is an instance of real friendship, gives me great satisfaction. As for public influence, if they have any, I hope it will be a good one. But my expectations of that kind are not near so sanguine as they once were. Indeed human nature in its genuine habit and constitution is adapted to very powerful impressions from this sort of entertainment; but in the present state of manners and opinions, it is almost solely on the retired and studious of nature, that this effect can be looked for. For hardly any besides these have been able to preserve the genuine habit of the mind in any tolerable degree. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant

‘To M WILKES, JUN  
St John’s-street, London”

“M AKENSIDE”

Here probably he alludes to his *Odes on Several Subjects*, which had been published more than two<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dodsley, 4to pr 1s 6d. See List of Books for March, 1745, in the *Gent Mag*. This tract consists of fifty-four pages, and has the following motto from Pindar

χρυσὸν εὔχονται, πέδιον δ' ἔτεροι  
ἀπεραντον ἐγὼ δ' ἀστοῖς ἀδῶν, καὶ  
χθονὶ γυῖα καλύνψαι-  
μί, αἰνέων αἰνήτα, μορ-  
φάν δ' ἐπισπειρων ἀλιτροῖς

Another edition of these *Odes* in small octavo was printed in the same year—Horace Walpole writes to Sir H. Mann, March 29th, 1745. “There is another of these same genuses, a Mr Akenside, who writes odes, in one he has lately published, he says, ‘Light the tapers, urge the fire’ Had you not rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles, for fear they should break their heads?” *Letters*, &c. n 32. Walpole’s editor, in a kindred spirit, calls the *Pleasures of Imagination* “a poem of some merit”

months before the date of this letter, and which require particular notice, though they have not obtained the slightest mention from Mr Bucke. They are prefaced by an *Advertisement* worthy of preservation —“ The following Odes were written at very distant intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expression and versification. The author pretends chiefly to the merit of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the best models. From what the ancients have left of this kind, perhaps the Ode may be allowed the most amiable species of poetry, but certainly there is none which in modern languages has been generally attempted with so little success. For the perfection of lyric poetry depends, beyond that of any other, on the beauty of words and the gracefulness of numbers, in both which respects the ancients had infinite advantages above us. A consideration which will alleviate the author’s disappointment, if he too should be found to have miscarried.” The contents of this tract are —*Allusion to Horace* [now entitled *Preface to Odes, Book I*] *On the Winter-solstice* *Against Suspicion* *To a Gentleman whose Mistress had Married an Old Man* [now entitled *To a Friend Unsuccessful in Love*] *Hymn to Cheerfulness* *On the Absence of the Poetic Inclination* [now entitled *To the Muse*] *To a Friend on the Hazard of Falling in Love* [now entitled *On Love, to a Friend*] *On Leaving Holland* *To Sleep* *On Lyric Poetry*. A new edition of these *Odes*, materially altered and improved, was published in 1760, and after the author’s death, they were again reprinted with still farther alterations, in that collection of his various Odes which he had left behind him for the press. How the text, as finally arranged, differs from that of the first edi-

tion, the following quotations will evince A celebrated stanza in the Ode *On the Winter-solstice* is now read thus

" Hence the loud city's busy throngs  
Urge the warm bowl and splendid me,  
Harmonious dances, festive song,  
Against the spiteful heaven conspire  
Meantime, perhaps with tender rais,  
Some village dame the curfew hears,  
While round the hearth her children play  
At morn then father went abroad,  
The moon is sunk, and deep the road,  
She sighs, and wonders it his stay "

It stood in the edition of 1745

" Now through the town promiscuous throngs  
Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire,  
Harmonious dances, festive songs  
To charm the midnight hours conspire  
While mute and shrinking with her fears,  
Each blast the cottage matron hears,  
As o'er the hearth she sits alone  
\* At morn her bride-groom went abroad,  
The night is dark and deep the road,  
She sighs, and wishes him at home "

The Ode *To a Friend Unsuccessful in Love* now ends thus

" Oh ! just escaped the faithless main,  
Though driven unwilling on the land,  
To guide your favoured steps again,  
Behold your better Genius stand  
Where Truth revokes her page divine,  
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,  
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

" Fix but on these your ruling aim,  
And Time, the sire of manly care,  
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,  
A soberer dress will beauty wear  
Then shall esteem, by knowledge led,  
Enthroned within your heart and head  
Some happier love, some truer fair "



It formerly concluded

“ Oh, just escaped the faithless main,  
Though driven unwilling on the land,  
To guide your favoured steps again  
Behold your better Genus stand  
Where Plato's olive counts your eye,  
Where Hampden's laurel blooms on high,  
He lifts his heaven-directed hand

“ When these are blended on your brow,  
The willow will be named no more,  
Or if that love-deserted bough  
The pitying, laughing girls deplore,  
Yet still shall I most freely swear  
Your dress has much a better air  
Than all that ever bride-groom wore ”

In the Ode *On Lyric Poetry* we now find

“ Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,  
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,  
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song  
Pollute with impious revels due  
O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade  
May no foul discord here invade,  
Nor let thy strings one accent move,  
Except what earth's untroubled ear  
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,  
And heaven's unerring throne approve

The lines were originally

“ But oft amid the Grecian throng  
The loose-robed forms of wild Desire  
With lawless notes intuned thy song,  
To shameful steps dissolved thy quene  
O fair, O chaste, be still with me  
From such profaner discord free  
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,  
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,  
No Satyrs fierce with savage flames  
were again by pleasing accents shall invade ”

in that c  
left beh  
hen this collection first appeared, the *Odes* of  
finally ans and Gray had not been published, and it

therefore formed (with all its imperfections) the most valuable accession which the lyric poetry of England had received since Dryden's time, if we except the single *Ode* of Pope<sup>1</sup>

Concerning the *Ode Against Suspicion*, we are told by Mr Bucke that it was addressed to a self-tormenting friend who had been seized with groundless jealousy, because his wife used to indulge in certain "innocent freedoms" with her male acquaintances, and who, in his distress, had applied to Akenside for advice<sup>2</sup>

That our author, after quitting Northampton, proceeded to try his fortune as a physician at Hampstead, has been already noticed. In February, 1747, Mr Hardinge<sup>3</sup> resigned his office of Clerk to the House of Commons in favour of Mr Dyson, for six thousand pounds, and the latter, bidding adieu to the bar, purchased a villa at North End, Hampstead, for the purpose of introducing Akenside to the chief persons in the neighbourhood. "There," says Sir John Hawkins, "they dwelt together during the summer season, frequenting the long room, and all clubs, and assemblies of the inhabitants"<sup>4</sup>. But, if we may believe the statements of this writer, who knew him well, Akenside, by a want of "discretion," frustrated the kind endeavours of Mr Dyson to forward his

<sup>1</sup> Of the mass of nonsense which, under the title of *Pindarick Odes*, was poured out towards the close of the seventeenth, and during the early part of the eighteenth century, the reader who has not examined it can have no conception

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside*, 49. Mr Bucke does not give his authority for the anecdote

<sup>3</sup> See an account of this gentleman, Mr Nicholas Hardinge, in Nichols's *Illustrations of Literary History* iii 5

<sup>4</sup> *Life of Johnson*, 243, ed. 1787

views At the meetings just mentioned, which were attended by wealthy persons of ordinary endowments, who could only talk of the occurrences of the day, he made an ostentatious display of that talent for conversation which had distinguished him in more enlightened society,—became involved in disputes that betrayed him into a contempt of those who differed from his opinions,—was tauntingly reminded of his low birth and dependence on Mr Dyson,—and was reduced to the necessity of asserting in plain terms that he was a gentleman. By a residence of about two years and a half at Hampstead, he gained nothing but the conviction that he had chosen a situation which did not suit him. Mr Dyson therefore parted with his villa at North End, settled his friend in a small but handsome house in Bloomsbury Square, London, and, with a generosity almost unexampled, allowed him annually such a sum of money (stated to have been three hundred pounds),<sup>1</sup> as enabled him to keep a chariot, and to command the comforts and elegancies of life.

Mr Bucke has suppressed the observations of Hawkins on Akenside's want of success at Hampstead, and attributes it entirely to the insolence of the purse-proud inhabitants, whom the high-minded poet would not stoop to court. They were, perhaps, not a little supercilious and overbearing, but the tone assumed by Mr Bucke in treating the subject, could only be warranted by his hav-

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<sup>1</sup> The sum was probably greater. Sir John Hawkins says that Mr Dyson "assigned for his support *such a part of his income as enabled him to keep a chariot*," *Id* 244, and Mr Justice Hardinge, in some anecdotes which will be afterwards given in this Memoir, asserts that Akenside "lived incomparably well."

ing resided among them at the period in question, and having frequently witnessed their behaviour towards Akenside.<sup>1</sup>

To return to the notice of his works. In 1740 he wrote his truly classical *Hymn to the Muses*, and (according to Mr. Bucke) his Ode *To the Evening Star* - he also contributed to Dodsley's excellent periodical publication, *The Museum of Literary and Historical Register*, several pieces

<sup>1</sup> 'They required to be sought' their wives and daughters expected to be escorted and flattered - in their sons to be treated with an air of obligation,' &c. *Life of Akenside*, 70

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside* 52

<sup>3</sup> Akenside's share in Dodsley's *Museum* and the remuneration he received for his services, are stated in the following agreement - 'Jan. 20, 1745-6

"Dr Akenside engages to Mr Dodsley for six months, commencing the 25th of March next,—To prepare and have ready for the press, once a fortnight, one Essay, whenever necessary, for carrying on a work to be called *The Museum*. And also,—To prepare and have ready for the press, once a fortnight, an account of the most considerable books in English, Latin, French or Italian, which have been lately published, and which Mr Dodsley shall furnish—and the said Account of Books shall be so much in quantity as, along with the Essay above mentioned, may fill a sheet and a half in small print, whenever so much is necessary for carrying on the said design.

'Dr Akenside also engages to supervise the whole, and to correct the press of his own part. On condition—That Mr Dodsley shall pay to Dr Akenside fifty pounds on or before the 27th of September next.—'Tis also agreed that so long as Mr Dodsley thinks proper to continue the Paper, and so long as Dr Akenside consents to manage it, the terms above mentioned shall remain in force, and not less than an hundred pounds per annum be offered by Mr Dodsley nor more insisted on by Dr Akenside, as witness our hands—

' MARK AKENSIDE

" ROBT DODSLEY "

papers, which deserve to be reprinted, and from which I regret that the necessary shortness of this Memoir will not allow me to offer some extracts, viz *On Correctness*,<sup>1</sup> *The Table of Modern Fame, a vision*,<sup>2</sup> *Letter from a Swiss Gentleman on English Liberty*,<sup>3</sup> and *The Balance of Poets*.<sup>4</sup> In 1747 he composed a couple of stanzas *On a Sermon against Glory*, and an *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, which was published in the following year,<sup>5</sup> and is, perhaps, the most perfect of his efforts in lyric poetry. About the same time he composed his *Ode to Caleb Hardinge, M D*, a talented and eccentric character, of whom, in connection with our poet, some anecdotes will be afterwards related. Mr Dyson, we have already seen, had succeeded this gentleman's brother, Mr Hardinge, as Clerk to the House of Commons, and Akenside had consequently become acquainted with various members of the Hardinge family. The *Ode To Sir*

<sup>1</sup> *Museum*, i 84.—Two passages of this Essay are cited by J. Waite (Pope's *Works*, i 264, iv 190), and Mr Bucke, not knowing from what piece they were derived, supposes that Waite quoted from the conversation of Akenside. *Life of Akenside*, 105.

<sup>2</sup> *Museum*, i 481.—It is an imitation of the eighty-first number of *The Tatler*—J. Waite (Pope's *Works*, ii 83), attributing it to Akenside, says, "the guests are introduced and ranged with that taste and judgment which is peculiar to the author." It is strange that Akenside should have omitted to introduce (though he quotes) Shakespeare in this Vision.

<sup>3</sup> *Museum*, ii 161.—On the authority of Mr A. Chalmers, (*Biog. Dict.*, art. *Akenside*), who possesses J. Waite's copy of *The Museum*—see also *Brit. Poets*, viii 76.

<sup>4</sup> *Museum*, ii 165 (mispage).—On the authority of Isaac Reed.

<sup>5</sup> *Quinto*, p. 1. See List of Books for January, 1748, in the *Gent. Mag.*

*Francis Henry Drake* was produced, I apprehend, at nearly the same period. In 1749 he wrote *The Remonstrance of Shakespeare, supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by subscription*, a piece only remarkable for its illiberality.

Akenside was about the age of twenty-seven when, rendered easy in his circumstances by the annual gratuity of Mr Dyson, he finally took up his abode in the metropolis. Thenceforth his exertions to advance himself in his profession appear to have been unremitting. Though he occasionally amused his leisure by composing poetry, he gave little of it to the press, and published from time to time various medical essays. His reputation and practice continued to increase till his death, but it is certain that he never attained the highest rank in his profession, and that his services were never in much request.<sup>1</sup> "A physician in a great city," observes Johnson, "seems to be the mere plaything of fortune, his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence, they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the 'For-

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<sup>1</sup> The newspapers, which announce his decease, describe him as 'a physician of very extensive practice,' and Kippis, in the *Biog Brit*, says, "in a course of time, Dr Akenside came into very considerable reputation and practice." On the contrary, besides the statements of Dr Johnson and Sir John Hawkins, it is positively asserted by his friend Mr Justice Hardinge that "he certainly had no business or fame" as a medical man. See some anecdotes afterwards cited in this Memoir.

tune of Physicians'."<sup>1</sup> According to Sir John Hawkins, Akenside's endeavours to become popular were defeated by the high opinion which he everywhere manifested of himself, his want of condescension to those of inferior talents, and his love of political controversy. At Tom's Coffee-house in Devereux Court, which he frequented in the winter evenings, and which was then the resort of various eminent men, he would engage in disputes, chiefly on literature and politics, that fixed on his character the stamp of haughtiness and self-conceit.

Among the company who used to assemble there, was a little, deformed personage, named Ballow, a lawyer without practice, holding a place in the exchequer, vulgar and ill-tempered, but of deep and extensive learning. He envied the eloquence which Akenside displayed in conversation, hated what he thought his republican principles, and affected to treat him as a pretender to literature. A violent dispute having arisen between them, Akenside, in consequence of some expressions uttered by Ballow, demanded an apology, which not being able to obtain, he sent his adversary a written challenge. Though Ballow wore a sword of remarkable length, he had no inclination to use it: he declined in answer, and, in spite of Akenside's repeated attempts to see him, kept close in his lodgings, till the interposition of friends had adjusted their difference. Akenside, however, gained little reputation for courage by this affair: it was settled not by the concessions of his adversary, but by their mutual obstinacy,—

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<sup>1</sup> *Life of Akenside*

the one refusing to fight in the morning, the other in the afternoon<sup>1</sup> 'Yet,' adds Sir John Hawkins, who writes with no unfriendly feeling towards our poet, "where there was no competition for applause or literary reputation, he was an easy companion, and would bear with such rudeness as would have angered almost any one Saxeby, of the Custom-house, who was every evening at Tom's, and, by the bluntness of his behaviour and the many shrewd sayings he was used to utter, had acquired the privilege of Theistites, of saying whatever he would, was once in my hearing inveighing against the profession of physic, which Akenside took upon him to defend This railler, after labouring to prove that it was all imposture, concluded his discourse with this sentiment 'Doc-toi,' said he, 'after all you have said, my opinion of the profession of physic is this, the ancients endeavoured to make it a science and failed, and the moderns to make it a trade and have succeeded' Akenside took his sarcasm in good part, and joined in the laugh which it occasioned

Akenside was a man of religion and strict virtue, a philosopher, a scholar, and a fine poet His conversation was of the most delightful kind, learned, instructive, and, without any affectation of wit, cheerful and entertaining One of the pleasantest days of my life I passed with him, Mr Dyson, and another friend, at Putney bowling-green house, where a neat and elegant dinner, the

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<sup>1</sup> There is truth in the remark of Mr Bucke, that "to challenge a man like Ballou must have been a punishment to the sensitive mind of Akenside, in itself sufficient, for having given way to a weakness so unworthy of a poet of high rank, and more especially a philosopher of no mean order" *Life of Akenside* 179



enlivening sunshine of a summer's day, and the view of an unclouded sky, were the least of our gratifications. In perfect good-humour with himself and all around him, he seemed to feel a joy that he lived, and poured out his gratulations to the great Dispenser of all felicity in expressions that Plato himself might have uttered on such an occasion. In conversations with select friends, and those whose course of study had been nearly the same with his own, it was an usual thing with him, in libations to the memory of eminent men among the ancients, to bring their characters into view, and thereby give occasion to expatiate on those particulars of their lives that had rendered them famous. His method was to arrange them into three classes, philosophers, poets, and legislators.

"That a character thus formed should fail of recommending itself to general esteem, and of procuring to the possessor of it those benefits which it is in the power of mankind to bestow, may seem a wonder, but it is often seen that negative qualities are more conducive to this end than positive, and that, with no higher a character than is attainable by any one who with a studious taciturnity will keep his opinions to himself, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendship for nor enmity against any one, a competitor for the good opinion of the world, nay for emoluments and even dignities, stands a better chance of success than one of the most established reputation for learning and ingenuity. The truth of this observation Akenside himself lived to experience, who, in a competition for the place of physician to the Charter-house, was unable to prevail against an obscure man, devoid of every quality that might serve to recommend him, and whose sole merit was •

that of being distantly related to the late Lord Holland"<sup>1</sup>

Akenside's practice, Mr Bucke informs us, was obstructed by his dislike of being all things to all men, and in a still greater degree, by his fame as a poet<sup>2</sup> I believe that it was greatly impeded by his forbidding manners to strangers he was excessively stiff and formal, and if any one ventured to smile in the apartments of the sick, he checked them with a frown<sup>3</sup> Some anecdotes, which charge him with cruelty to hospital-patients, will be afterwards cited That he was a scientific and acute physician<sup>4</sup> is testified by his works, which I have heard more than one member of the profession mention in terms of praise

Among his friends, and, it should seem, his patients, he now included the Honourable Charles Townshend, who, for his parliamentary eloquence, has been termed by Burke "a prodigy," and who, at a later period, became Chancellor of the Exchequer To this distinguished statesman Akenside addressed two *Odes*, the longer of which is dated 1750 but, from some unknown cause, their friendship subsequently ceased "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "a man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him A man when he gets into a higher sphere, into other habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connections Then, sir, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves may think that

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Johnson*, pp 244—248, ed 1787

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside*, 86

<sup>3</sup> So a Mr Meyrick told Mr Bucke *Id* 29

<sup>4</sup> Mr Justice Hardinge thought otherwise (see some anecdotes afterwards quoted in this Memoir), but his opinion on the subject carries no weight

they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be, and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though, perhaps, everybody knows of them" Boswell presently adds "Dr Johnson's remark as to the jealousy entertained of our friends who rise far above us is certainly very just By this was withered the early friendship between Charles Townshend and Akenside" The recent editor of Boswell's work justly observes that "this is no appropriate instance Charles Townshend,—the nephew of the prime minister,—the son of a peer, who was secretary of state, and leader of the House of Lords, was as much above Akenside in their earliest days as at any subsequent period, nor was Akenside in rank inferior to Dr Brocklesby, with whom Charles Townshend continued in intimate friendship to the end of his life"

In 1750 (according to Mr Bucke) he also addressed an Ode *To William Hall, Esq, with the Works of Chaulieu* Mr Hall belonged to the Middle Temple, and moved in the best society, composed verses of considerable elegance, and was the intimate friend of Markland,<sup>2</sup> but in licen-

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<sup>1</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed Croker, iii 367-8 — Mr Bucke carelessly attributes to Johnson the remark of Boswell, on the friendship of Townshend and our poet *Life of Akenside*, 117

<sup>2</sup> To Mr Hall, at whose expense it was originally printed, Markland dedicated his treatise *De Gracorum Quinta Declinatione Imparisyllabica*, &c — Hall frequented Tom's Coffee-house in Devereux Court (Nichols's *Lit An* iv 327), where, perhaps, Akenside became acquainted with him He fell into a wretched state of idiocy, and died a maniac at Bath in 1766 — For pleasing specimens of his poetical powers, see two copies of verses to Miss

trousness of life he seems to have exceeded the French Abbé whose poems were presented to him.

In 1751, on the appearance of a work from the pen of Frederic, King of Prussia, entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg*, Akenside wrote a short Ode *To the Author*, &c, exposing the dangerous tendency of certain passages, also, an *Ode to Thomas Edwards*, on Warburton's edition of Pope's *Works*, which will be more particularly mentioned when we arrive at the period of its publication.

During the same year, he was held up to ridicule in the *Peregrine Pickle* of Smollett, who, though his propensity to personal satire scarcely needed such incitement, is said to have been piqued at some reflections<sup>1</sup> which the poet had cast on Scotland, soon after his return from Edinburgh. That the ode-writing "Doctor," who raves about liberty, and treats his friends to an entertainment in the manner of the ancients, was intended for a caricature of Akenside would have been evident enough, even if the pedant had not been made to quote, as his own composition, two lines from the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*<sup>2</sup>

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Lawrence in Dodsley's *Coll of Poems*, v 219, 329,—*Vacation, To a Lady very handsome but too fond of dress*, and *Anacreon, Ode in Id vi* 163—172, ed 1782, also a *Sonnet on Lauder's Forgeries*, to Nicholas Hardange, in Nichols's *Lit An* viii 520

<sup>1</sup> Moore's *Life of Smollett*, cxxiii

<sup>2</sup> "Would to heaven," said he [i.e. the "Doctor"], "my Muse were blessed with an occasion to emulate that glorious testimony on the trophy in Cyprus, erected by Cimon, for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land, in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions."—*Peregrine Pickle*, ii 248 ed

In 1753, Akenside was admitted by mandamus to a Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, and elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1754 he became Fellow of the College of Physicians <sup>1</sup>

1751 What I have marked in Italics is from Akenside's note on the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon* see p 199 of the present volume "O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind must grasp whatever yonder stars survey—Pray, Mr Pallet, what is your opinion of that image of the mind grasping the whole universe? For my own part, I can't help thinking it the most happy conception that ever entered my imagination" *Per Pickle*, II 110, ed 1751, —and Smollett's *Works* (by Moore), II 330 —Desirous, it should seem, of repairing the injustice he had done to our author, Smollett, in the *Continuation of the Complete Hist of England*, says, "Akenside and Armstrong excelled in didactic poetry," IV 126

<sup>1</sup> See *Cantab Grad*—Mr Bucke erroneously states that he took his Cambridge degree soon after returning from Holland *Life of Akenside*, 173—The date of his election by the Royal Society I owe to J Hudson, Esq —For the following extracts from the annals of the College of Physicians I have to thank Dr Francis Hawkins, their Registrar —

"1751, May 3rd, Dr Akenside was summoned to attend the Censor's Board, at the Royal College of Physicians

June 6th, examined first time by that Board .

June 20th, examined second time, when he produced a Diploma from the University of Leyden, dated May 16th, 1744

June 25th, admitted Licentiate of the College of Physicians

1752 The College of Physicians wrote to the Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge to signify that the College had no objection to the Degree of M D being conferred on Dr Akenside by Mandamus

1753, Feb 2nd, he was examined a first time as a candidate for the Fellowship of the College

Feb 9th, examined a second time, when he produced a Diploma from Cambridge, dated Jan 4th, 1753

March 8th, examined third time

That he was unwilling to cross the paths of his old antagonist, appears from the following note to Dr Birch <sup>1</sup>

"DEAR SIR,

"I RETURN you thanks for the pleasure which I have had in reading these two books

"I see this instant, in the Public Advertiser, that Dr Warburton is made King's Chaplain, and enters into waiting immediately Can you tell me whether this be true? If there be any hazard of finding him at Kensington, I shall not chuse to go thither to-day I am your affectionate humble servant

"M AKENSIDE "

"Bloomsb Square,

"Saturday Morn" [Sept 28, 1754]

His encomiastic *Ode to the Bishop of Winchester* bears date the same year This prelate was the celebrated controversialist, Dr Hoadley, whose political opinions accorded with the poet's

In June,<sup>2</sup> 1755, Akenside read the Gulstonian Lectures before the College of Physicians, a portion of which, on the origin and use of the lymphatic vessels in animals, was again read at a meeting of the Royal Society, and printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1757<sup>3</sup> Next year he

April 16, admitted a Candidate of the College

1754, April 8th, admitted Fellow

1755, Sep 30th, chosen Fourth Censor of the College, with Dis Heberden, Cox, and William Pittcairn, Dr Reeve being President "

<sup>1</sup> *Letters to Dr Birch*, 4300, in the Brit Mus

<sup>2</sup> See the two following notes —but Dr Francis Hawkins, Registrar to the College, informs me, that, according to the entries in their annals, Akenside read the Gulstonian Lectures on May 28, 29 and 30

<sup>3</sup> Vol I Part I p 322.—*Observations on the Origin and Use of the Lymphatic Vessels of Animals being an extract from the Gulstonian Lectures, read in the Theatre*

published a short pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> in reply to certain animadversions on this essay by Dr Alexander

of the College of Physicians of London, in June, 1755 consisting of six pages. In consequence of a misprint in this essay, Akenside wrote the following letter to the author of *Clarissa*, who, it may be necessary to inform some readers, was a printer —

“ To MR RICHARDSON, in Salisbury Court,  
Fleet Street

“ SIR,

“ I RETURN you many thanks for sending me the sheet about which I wrote to you. I find in it an *erratum* of that unlucky sort which does not make absolute nonsense, but only conveys a false and absurd idea. The sheet is mark'd Tt., and on page 328, and line 9th from the bottom, *stream* is printed instead of *steam*. If you can without much trouble either print this as an *erratum*, or rather let somebody with a stroke of a pen blot out the *r*, as the sheets are dried, I should be greatly oblig'd. I am, Sir, with true respect, your most humble servant,

“ M AKENSIDE ”

“ Bloomsb Square, Jan 25 ”

*Letters to Dr Birch, &c, 4300, in Brit Mus*

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on the Postscript to a Pamphlet entitled ‘ Observations Anatomical and Physiological, &c, by Alexander Monro, Junior, M D, Professor of Anatomy, &c, Edinburgh, August, MDCCLVIII ’* 8vo pp 24, p 6d — Our author writes in the third person, and commences the tract with this clear statement of facts “ Dr Akenside did, it seems, so long ago as June 1755, in certain annual lectures which he read in his turn at the College of Physicians, advance a new theory concerning these [lymphatic] vessels, a theory which he had at first drawn out for himself, and of which, before that time no mention had been made to the public. He did not then print any part of what he had read, thinking, perhaps, that his notion was already sufficiently made known, by being stated in a public lecture before a numerous audience of physicians and other persons qualified to judge of what he advanced, and with an explicit account of the evidence on which he founded it. Some time afterwards, when a dispute about this very point had arisen between two other gentlemen, each of them for himself laying claim to the discovery,

Monro of Edinburgh, among which was an insinuation that Akenside's theory was derived from his treatise *De Glandulis Lymphaticis*

Here may be introduced another short note<sup>1</sup> to Dr Birch —

“DEAR SIR,

“HAVE you got the letters concerning Hume's History? I grudge to buy them. If you have them, and can spare them so long, I should be much oblig'd if you would let me have them a few hours. I am a sort of invalid, just enough to confine me. Your affectionate humble servant,

“M AKENSIDE”

“Bloomsb Square,

“Wednesday Morn” [March 3d, 1756]

On the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September,<sup>2</sup> 1756, he read the Croonian Lectures before the College of Physicians. According to Kippis, their subject was the History of the Revival of Learning, to which some of the members objected as “foreign to the institution,” and Akenside, after three lectures, gave up the task in disgust<sup>3</sup>

Dr A. was prevailed upon to give in at a meeting of the Royal Society so much of his lectures as related to the subject in question. Accordingly this was read as a passage taken from those lectures, the same title being then prefixed to it which it now bears in print, and several gentlemen being then present who had formerly heard the lectures themselves. The paper was published by the council of the society. “Monro's treatise on the Lymphatics, from which he insinuated that Akenside borrowed his ideas, did not arrive in England till 1756.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters to Dr Birch*, 4300, in the Brit Mus.

<sup>2</sup> From the information of Dr Francis Hawkins, Registrar to the Coll of Ph.

<sup>3</sup> *Biog Brit*. There is some doubt as to the correctness of Kippis's statement, that Akenside gave up the Croonian Lectures in disgust. The election of lecturer then, as now, was for a year only, and the course has always con-



The first book of his re-modelled *Pleasures of Imagination* is dated 1757. The poem, says Mr Dyson, appeared originally "at a very early part of the author's life that it wanted revision and correction he was sufficiently sensible, but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impossible, and yet to have gone on from time to time in making farther improvements in every new edition would, he thought, have had the appearance at least of abusing the favour of the public he chose, therefore, to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any corrections or improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the public complete and with this view he went on for several years to review and correct the poem at his leisure, till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the poem over anew, upon a somewhat different and an enlarged plan"<sup>1</sup>

In 1758<sup>2</sup> he endeavoured to excite the martial

sisted of three lectures these Akenside delivered on Sept 7, 8, 9, 1756, when his office naturally terminated. The College annals mention Akenside's Lectures on these days, but do not contain any farther notice concerning them or him — ED

<sup>1</sup> Advertisement to Mr Dyson's ed of Akenside's *Poems*, 1772

<sup>2</sup> Quarto, p1 6d see List of Books for March 1758 in *Gent Mag* = Its motto is,

—— "rusticorum mascula militum"  
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus  
Veisare glebas" FLOA

spirit of the nation by an *Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England*. "Mr Elliott, father of Lord Minto," says the late Mr Justice Hardinge,<sup>1</sup> "made an admirable speech in support of the Scotch Militia, which I had the good fortune to hear when I was a boy and it was reported, that, when commended as he was on every side for that performance, 'If I was above myself,' he answered, 'I can account for it, for I had been animated by the sublime Ode of Dr Akenside'"

He, soon after,<sup>2</sup> suffered a severe attack of sickness, on the abatement of which he removed, for change of air, to Goulder's Hill, the seat of Mr Dyson, and during a short stay under that friendly roof, he composed his *Ode on Recovering*, &c, which contains an elegant allusion to the recent marriage of his patient

Few miscellanies had been so favourably received by the public as Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, and in consequence of its undiminished popularity, it was enlarged by two additional volumes in 1758<sup>3</sup> To the sixth volume Akenside

Whitehead, the laureat, published at the same time *Verses to the People of England*. On these two effusions Byron wrote some rhyming *Remarks*, in which he says

"Really these fighting poets want a tutor,  
To teach them *ultra crepidam ne sutor*,  
To teach the doctor, and to teach the laureat,  
*Ex Hihcone sanguinem ne hauriat*  
Tho' blood and wounds infect its lumpy stream,  
It should run clear before they sing a theme"

<sup>1</sup> In a long letter concerning Akenside (the rest of which will be afterwards quoted) Nichols's *Ill of Lit Hist* viii 524

<sup>2</sup> My harp, which late resounded o'er the land  
The voice of glory," &c

<sup>3</sup> Dodsley's *Collection* appeared first in three volumes,

Contributed a *Hymn to the Naiads*, *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, *Ode to the Bishop of Winchester*, *Inscription for a Grotto*, *For a statue of Chaucer at Woodstock*, one beginning "Whoe'er thou art," &c,<sup>1</sup> *For a statue of Shakespeare*, *On William the Third*, *For a column at Runnymede*, and an *Ode*, "If rightly tuneful bards decide," &c. None of these pieces, except the second in the list, had previously appeared.

A publication of this year (1758), addressed to our author, must not pass unnoticed. It is *The Call of Aristippus*,<sup>2</sup> an Epistle in rhyme, by the ingenious John Gilbert Cooper, who, designating Akenside as the 'Twofold Disciple of Apollo,' assures him that in Elysium Plato and Virgil shall weave him a never-fading crown, while Lucretius, Pindar, and Horace shall willingly yield him precedence. The panegyric is rendered worthless by its extravagance.

In January, 1759, Akenside was appointed assistant Physician to St Thomas's Hospital, and two months after, principal Physician. In the same year he became assistant Physician to Christ's Hospital. Of his behaviour, in his official capacity, at the former institution, the following anecdote

in 1748, the fourth volume came out in 1755, the fifth and sixth volumes were published in 1758.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Burke, on the authority of Sir Grey Cooper, states that the Inscription, "Whoe'er thou art," &c, tells faithfully the melancholy fate of a young gentleman, named Westbridge, who came early into possession of a small property in the County of Northumberland. *Life of Akenside*, 83.

<sup>2</sup> It was a sequel to three *Epistles to the Great*, from *Aristippus in Retirement*, 4to — Cooper had previously mentioned Akenside with absurdly exaggerated commendation in *Letters concerning Taste* see ed 1755, p 101.

does are preserved. As they must tend to lower him in the estimation of the reader, I transcribe them with a feeling of reluctance, but I should not have thought myself justified in suppressing them, as Mr Bucke has done, even if they had been derived from a less respectable source than the *Memoirs of Dr Lettsom*. I am willing, however, to believe that practice at an hospital may frequently present occurrences to disturb the temper of the mildest physician.

"Lettsom, when a young man," says Mr Pettigrew, "entered, at St Thomas's Hospital, as a surgeon's dresser, under Benjamin Cowell, Esq. The other Surgeons were Mr Baker and Mr Smith, men of no great eminence. The Physicians were Akenside, Russell, and Grieve. Lettsom was early fond of poetry, and had read the 'Pleasures of Imagination' with admiration. He anticipated great pleasure in coming under the author's notice, for, by a small premium, a Surgeon's pupil is admitted to the practice of the Physicians of the Hospital. Great, however, was his disappointment in finding Dr Akenside the most supercilious and unfeeling physician that he had hitherto known. If the poor afflicted patients did not return a direct answer to his queries, he would often instantly discharge them from the Hospital. He evinced a particular disgust to females, and generally treated them with harshness. It was stated that this moroseness was occasioned by disappointment in love, but hapless must have been that female who should have been placed under his tyranny. Lettsom was inexpressibly shocked at an instance of Akenside's inhumanity, exercised towards a patient in Abraham's Ward, to whom he had ordered bark in boluses, who, in consequence

of not being able to swallow them, so irritated Akenside, as to order the sister of the Ward to discharge him from the hospital, adding, 'he shall not die under my care' As the sister was removing him, in obedience to the Doctor, the patient expired One leg of Dr Akenside was considerably shorter than the other, which was in some measure remedied by the aid of a false heel He had a pale strumous countenance, but was always very neat and elegant in his dress He wore a large white wig, and carried a long sword Lettson never knew him to spit, nor would he suffer any pupil to spit in his presence One of them once accidentally did so, yet standing at some distance behind him The Doctor instantly spun round on his artificial heel, and hastily demanded who was the person that spit in his face? Sometimes he would order some of the patients, on his visiting days, to precede him with brooms to clear the way, and prevent the patients from too nearly approaching him On one of these occasions, Richard Chester, one of the Governors, upbraided him for his cruel behaviour 'Know,' said he, 'thou art a servant of this Charity' On one occasion his anger was excited to a very high pitch by the answer which Mr Baker, the Surgeon, gave to a question the Doctor put to him, respecting one of his sons, who was subject to epilepsy, which had somewhat impaired his understanding — 'To what study do you purpose to place him?' said Akenside to Baker 'I find,' replied Baker, 'he is not capable of making a Surgeon, so I have sent him to Edinburgh to make a Physician of him' Akenside turned round from Baker with impetuosity, and would not speak to him for a considerable time afterwards Dr Russell was as condescending as

Akenside was petulant Akenside, however, would sometimes condescend to explain a case of disease to the pupils, which always appeared sagacious, and, notwithstanding his irritable temper, he was more followed than Russell by the pupils<sup>1</sup>

In October, 1759, Akenside delivered the Harveian Oration before the College of Physicians, by whose order it was next year given to the press<sup>2</sup>

In June, 1761, Mr Thomas Hollis (as his biographer informs us) "bought a bed which once belonged to John Milton, and on which he died. This bed he sent as a present to Dr Akenside, with the following card 'An English gentleman is desirous of having the honour to present a bed which once belonged to John Milton, and on which he died, to Dr Akenside, and if the Doctor's genius, believing himself obliged, and having slept in that bed, should prompt him to write an ode to the memory of John Milton, and the assertors of British liberty, that gentleman would think himself abundantly recompensed' The Doctor seemed wonderfully delighted with this bed, and had it put up in his house. But more we do not know of the delight the Doctor took in his present, nor the least memorandum of an acknowledgment to Mr Hollis, through Mr Payne or otherwise, for it appearing. And as to the ode, the Doctor might learn from his friend Dyson, that an encomium of Milton, as an assertor of British liberty, at that

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<sup>1</sup> Pettigrew's *Memoirs of Dr Lettson*, i 21

<sup>2</sup> *Oratio Anniversaria, quam ex Harveo instituto in theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis Die Octobris anni A MDCLLIX habuit Marcus Akenside, M D Coll Med et Reg Societ Socius* 1760, 4to pp 24—It is dedicated to Dr Reeve, the President, and to the Fellows of the College of Physicians

time of the day, was not the thing"<sup>1</sup> The sneering allusion in the latter part of this passage will be explained by the circumstances which I have now to relate, and which, perhaps, made the democrat Hollis think Akenside no longer fit to occupy the bed of Milton

Hitherto both Mr Dyson and our poet had espoused the cause of liberty with such an ardour as to induce suspicions, certainly unjust, that they were the advocates of republicanism On the accession, however, of George the Third, the former suddenly became a Tory, and the supporter of Lord Bute, and though the general excellence of his character forbids us to believe for one moment that his conversion was purchased, it would be difficult to clear him from the charge of inconsistency By Mr Dyson's influence, Akenside was appointed one of the Physicians to the Queen, on the settlement of her Majesty's household in 1761,<sup>2</sup> and, from that period, his Whig acquaintances, in whose eyes the acceptance of such a situation was a dereliction of principle, regarded his political apostacy as not less flagrant than that of his party The subject now in question being several times alluded to in the following curious anecdotes, I have reserved them for this part of the Memoir They are from the pen of Mr Justice Hardinge,<sup>3</sup> whose father Mr Dyson succeeded as

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Thomas Hollis*, 111

<sup>2</sup> In the "List of the establishment made by his Majesty for the household of the future Queen," printed in *The St James's Chronicle* for September 5th, 1761, we find,—

"Physicians, Dr Letherland, Dr Akenside  
Physician to the Household Dr Pringle"

<sup>3</sup> George Hardinge, senior Justice of the Counties of

Clerk to the House of Commons,<sup>1</sup> and to whose uncle, the physician, our poet has addressed an Ode<sup>2</sup>

“Dr Akenside was known to my father, as being Mr Dyson’s friend, long before he was known to me. As to Mr Dyson’s knowledge of Mr Hardinge, it originated in their contract for the succession of Mr Dyson to the post of Chief Clerk in the House of Commons, when Mr Hardinge was preparing to resign it, and the intercourse, ripening into mutual esteem, produced a cordial friendship, which lasted as long as Mr Hardinge lived.

“The first I can recollect of my own personal acquaintance with Dr Akenside’s name and Muse, was my father’s recital to me, when I was a boy at Eton School, of the invocation to ancient Greece, in that celebrated Poem which has been so depreciated by Dr. Johnson, that I fear no error of judgment and of taste, manifest in that criticism, can redeem the censure from heavier imputations. This inspired passage, as I think it still, was recommended additionally to me by the charm of recitation, in which not even Garrick himself could be superior to Mr Nicholas Hardinge, though he wanted either nerves or power to make a figure in the House of Commons, and though he had no musical ear. But his *reading* and *repeating* ear, if I may use that phrase, was exquisite, and his accent, prompted by his judgment, uniformly just. It is very singular, but it is true, that Akenside was not a good reader of his own verse.

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Precon, Glamorgan, and Radnor. He died at Presteigne, April 26th, 1816, in his seventy-second year.

<sup>1</sup> See page xxxi of this Memoir. <sup>2</sup> See page xxiv *id.*



“ My father admired him, as a gifted poet, as a man of genius, of learning, and of taste They were upon friendly terms I have heard Akenside represent my father as a man of admirable taste and judgment, of perfect honour, and of the kindest affections that ever breathed in a human breast As I grew up into man, Akenside honoured me with a most affectionate regard, which I forfeited, as you will have occasion to see, a little before his death, to my infinite regret, but, I am sorry to add, with no remorse, for I was more *sinn'd against than sinning* ’

“ When I was at College, he sent me a letter of advice and of directions for the course of my academical studies, which in style and conception was the most ingenious and masterly work that ever that arduous topic has produced In general, to do him justice, he wrote English prose with purity, with ease, and with spirit, in verse, he was occasionally a little quaint, laboured, and inflated, but I never discerned any such vice in his prose

“ When I came from College to the Inns of Court, besides the opportunity of seeing him often at Mr Dyson's house, and with my uncle, Dr Hardinge, I was often his dinner-guest, and generally with him alone In addition to all his powers, arising from his genius and his eloquence, I had the enjoyment of his portfolio, enriched by capital prints from the most eminent painters of Italy and Holland, which he illustrated with admirable taste

“ He had in general society a pomp and stiffness of manner, not of expression, in which last he was no less chaste than flowing and correct But the misfortune of this manner was in some degree connected with his figure and appearance He

looked as if he never could be undressed, and the hitch in his gait, whatever gave rise to it (a subject of obloquy too despicable to be answered, and which I am sorry to see that you have transcribed), compared with a solemn cast in his features, was, at the best, of a kind that was not companionable, and rather kept strangers at a distance from him. Though his features were good, manly, and expressive, a pale complexion of rather a sickly hue, and the laboured pumness of a powdered wig in stiff curl, made his appearance altogether unpromising, if not grotesque. But, where he was intimate, was admired, and was pleased with his party, he conversed most eloquently and gracefully. He had the misfortune, however, to have little or no taste for *humour*, and he took a jest<sup>1</sup> very ill. Except in his *political morality*, which I could not admire, Dr Akenside was a man of perfect honour, friendly, and liberal. His religious opinions were, I believe, a little whimsical and peculiar, but in general he kept them very much to himself. He and Mr Dyson had both originally been Dissenters. He was irritable, had little restraint upon his temper among strangers, and was either peevish or too oracular, and sententious. He wanted gaiety of heart in society, and had no wit in his Muse, or in his eloquence. I don't believe he had much depth of medical science, or much acuteness of medical sagacity, he certainly had no business or fame in that line. His great powers, besides the talent of poetry, were those of eloquent reasoning, historical knowledge, and philo-

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<sup>1</sup> "Dr Akenside had no wit," says Mr Justice Hurdge, in a subsequent communication to Mr Nichols, *Lit Anec* viii 525

sophical taste, enlivened by the happiest and most brilliant allusions. He had an astonishing memory, and a most luminous application of it. I recollect that he read *gratis* all the modern books of any character, and that he had the right conferred upon him of opening the leaves. His comments were cherished, and if the book struck him with a powerful impression, I believe it was generally given to him by the bookseller.

"He lived incomparably well, and as I knew of no other source to his income but his constant friend Mr Dyson's munificence to him, I rejoiced in it, for the honour of them both. I never saw anything like their friendship and their union of sentiments, yet nothing was more dissimilar than were the two men. Mr Dyson was quite a man of business, of order, and figures—of parliamentary forms—and of political argument. His character (bating an amiable partiality in the Eulogist) is well drawn by Mr Hatsell. He had neither fancy nor eloquence, and though he had strong prejudices, he veiled them in obliging manners.

"The misfortune of their politics (and I was the victim of it in some degree) was, that, upon the accession of this reign, they entirely and radically changed them, for they became bigoted adherents to Lord Bute and the Tories, having at every earlier period been, as it were, the High Priests of the opposite creed. Mr Dyson was preferred, and was ultimately pensioned. His friend, whom he always bore in mind, was made Physician to the Queen—*Ex illo fluere*—from that period both of them were converts, and zealots, of course, for the *New Religion*. My uncle, Dr Hurdge, whose wit and penetrating judgment had no delicacy in their blow, often told them both when they were

young men (and with an oath which I must not repeat) ‘that, like a couple of idiots, they did not leave themselves a *loop-hole*—they could not *sidle away* into the opposite creed’

“As my opinions were naturally upon the same line of politics which Lord Camden<sup>1</sup> uniformly adopted and pursued, I offended my admired friend the Poet by too open a disclosure of my political faith, insignificant, qualified, and perfectly unassuming as it was. It made a coolness between us—but I believe that his original friendship to me was never essentially impaired.

“My uncle, Dr Hardinge, was a comic tyrant over all his friends. I shall never be able to forget an evening of Civil War, and another of Peace, between those two Physicians. Dr Akenside was the guest, and at supper, by a whimsical accident, they fell into a dispute upon the subject of a bilious colic. They were both of them absurdly eager. Dr Hardinge had a contempt for every physician but himself, and he held the Poet very cheap in that line. He laughed at him, and said the rudest things to him. The other, who never took a jest in good part, flamed into invective, and Mrs. Hardinge, as clever in a different way as either of them, could with difficulty keep the peace between them. Dr Akenside ordered his chair, and swore that he would never come into the house again. The other, who was the kindest-hearted of men, feeling that he had goaded his friend, called upon him the next morning, and, in a manner quite his own, made a perfect reconciliation, which terminated in a pacific supper the following night, when,

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Justice Hardinge was the nephew of this nobleman.

by a powerful stroke of humour, the Host convulsed the sides of his Guest with laughter, and they were in delightful unison together the whole evening 'Do you kn—kn—know, Doctor,' said he (for he stammered), 'that I b—bought a curious pamphlet this m—mornning upon a st—stall, and I'll give you the t—title of it, An Account of a curious dispute between D—Dr Y and D—Dr Z concerning a b—b—bilious c—colic, which terminated in a d—duel between the two Ph—Physicians, which t—terminated in the d—death of both'<sup>1</sup>

"As far as I can recollect, his friends, besides Mr Dyson, were chiefly Dr Heberden, Dr Hardinge, Mr Cracherode, Mr Thomas Townshend, the first Lord Sydney's father, Mr Tyrwhitt, the Archbishop of York, and Mr Wray. He was a most unprejudiced and candid estimator of contemporary poets, for which I admired him the more on account of its amiable *singularity*

"But I must not forget here to mention perhaps the most curious feature of his life. It is in the partial but very awkward change which his new *Politics at Court* made in those of the *Poet*. You will find a memorable proof to this point. In the first edition of the work these lines appear

'Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend  
And join the festive train? for with thee comes  
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,  
Majestic TRUTH, and where TRUTH deigns to come,  
Her Sister, LIBERTY, will not be far'

*Pleasures of Imagination*, Bk iv 20

And in the enlarged edition

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<sup>1</sup> Here I have omitted some critical remarks by Mr Hardinge on Akenside's poetry, and the anecdote of Mr Elliott already quoted, see p xlvi of this Memoir

' for with thee comes  
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,  
Wise ORDER, and where ORDER deigns to come,  
Her Sister, LIBERTY, will not be fai ' "1

*Pleasures of Imagination*, Bk iv 38

After all, neither in the alterations just pointed out, nor in others made by the author in his *Odes*,<sup>2</sup> is there anything indicative of violent Tory zeal, and it should be remembered that Mr Hardinge, who asserts in the above anecdotes that Akenside became as bigoted a partisan of the Tories as he had been of the Whigs, has elsewhere declared that "his politics were *illegible*"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's *Lit Anec* viii 521, 525

<sup>2</sup> In the Ode *On leaving Holland*, the three following lines,

' I go where freedom in the streets is known,  
And tells a monarch on his throne,  
*Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice,*

are thus changed in the third edition

' I go where Liberty to all is known,  
And tells a monarch on his throne,  
He reigns not but by her preserving voice '

In the Ode *To the Earl of Huntingdon*, the four subsequent lines which originally were,

' But here where freedom's equal throne  
To all her valiant sons is known,  
*Where all direct the sword she wears,*  
And each the power which rules him shares, '

are corrected as follows, in the third line,

' *Where all are conscious of her cares* '

Whatever may be thought of these particular alterations, it is certain that a most ardent spirit of liberty breathes through Dr Akenside's works " *Biog Brit* — note by *Kippis*

<sup>3</sup> " His [H Walpole's] politics were as *illegible*, if I may use that phrase, as those of Dr Akenside " Nichols's *Ill. of Lit Hist* viii 526

We have been told in the preceding page that Akenside "was a most unprejudiced and candid estimator of contemporary poets," and the remark will be illustrated by the scattered notices which I shall now throw together

In the course of a conversation on Pope's *Essay on Man*, he assented to the opinion of Joseph Warton, that "the fourth Epistle on Happiness is adscititious, and out of its proper place, and ought to have made part of the second Epistle, where Man is considered with respect to himself"<sup>1</sup>

He was a great admirer of Gothic architecture, and would frequently sit, by moonlight, on the benches in St James's Park, to gaze on Westminster Abbey, "and I remember," adds Mr Meyrick, "he once told me that he seldom thought of the passage in his own poem,

'The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,' &c

but he thought of a still finer one in Pope's Homer

'As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,' &c<sup>2</sup>

It has been rashly supposed that in the following passage of *The Pleasures of Imagination* he alludes to Pope

"Thee, too, facetious Momion,<sup>3</sup> wandering here,  
Thee, dreaded censor! oft have I beheld  
Bewildered unawares," &c &c Bk iii 179

<sup>1</sup> Warton's ed. of Pope's *Works*, iii 123

<sup>2</sup> Bucke's *Life of Akenside*, 212

<sup>3</sup> The *Archæologia Æliana*, vol ii part ii Newcastle, 1830, containing *An Account of the Life and Writings of Richard Dawes*, has just fallen into my hands. I learn from it that Akenside had been a pupil of Dawes, when that great scholar was head-master of the Grammar School of Newcastle, to which office he was appointed in 1738, and that in the character of Momion the poet was sup-

But there is every reason to believe that Akenside never saw Pope, who died a few months after the appearance of the poem, for which he had advised Dodsley to make a handsome offer.<sup>1</sup>

With Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* he was enraptured among many stanzas, to which, in his own copy, he had put an emphatic mark of approbation, was that beginning,

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny," &c.<sup>2</sup>

He repeatedly mentioned Fenton's *Ode to Lord Fouer* as "the best in our language, next to Alex-

posed to have described his old master. In a strange pamphlet (so scarce that I have never been able to procure a sight of it) called *Extracts from a MS Pamphlet, entitled the Tuttle Tuttle Mongers*, which Daves published at Newcastle in 1747, are the following observations on the passage of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, where Momion is mentioned. "A certain illustrious collection of gentlemen have thought proper to apply this character personally. The part of the brotherhood they take to themselves, and are so kind as to confer that of Momion upon Philomerus [Daves]. The poet, indeed, has absolutely denied that the character was intended personally, and has professed himself astonished at the application. But his pleading non-intention with respect to another gentleman, after having declared himself astonished at what was his doctrine, makes me entertain but a moderate opinion of his veracity. And in this opinion I am confirmed by the conduct of his friends, the gentlemen, who, notwithstanding his remonstrance, persist in the application. Nay, I am apt to believe that they, being acquainted with his *blushing diffidence*, instigated, if not hired, him to undertake so notable a prank." The words "*blushing diffidence*," allude to a passage in the *Pleasures of Imagination*, B. III. 204, first ed.

"forgive my song,

That for the *blushing diffidence* of youth." &c

<sup>1</sup> See p. ix of this Memoir.

<sup>2</sup> Burke's *Life of Akenside*, 31.



ander's Feast,"<sup>1</sup> and, at his desire, Welsted's Ode, *The Genius, written in 1717, on occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's Apoplexy*, was inserted in the fourth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*

That he was on terms of intimacy with the author of *The Fleece*, and lent him some assistance in the composition of that poem, appears from a letter of Dyer to Duncombe, November 24th, 1756 — "Your humble servant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature, who, however, in his poor change of constitution, being a little recompensed with the critic's phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings and corrections, and some helps from his kind friend, Dr Akenside, to give a sort of finishing to the 'Fleece,' which is just sent up to Mr Dodsley"<sup>2</sup> Johnson informs us that Akenside declared "he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the rule of Dyer's *Fleece*, for if that were ill-received, he should not think

<sup>1</sup> Warton's ed of Pope's *Works*, ii 401

<sup>2</sup> *Id* v 198 — With Welsted, who died in 1747, Akenside is said to have been acquainted His *Works*, published by Nichols in 1787, contain several pieces which show that his talents at least did not deserve the contempt of Pope \*

<sup>3</sup> *Letters by several eminent Persons, including the Correspondence of Hughes*, iii 58 — Yet Mr Bucke says, it does not appear that Akenside was intimate with Dyer's *Life of Akenside*, 90 In an unpublished letter from J Edwards to Daniel Wray, dated Turick, April 28, 1756, is the following passage "I am glad to hear that Dr Akenside has recovered Dyer again, but has Dyer recovered his poetical vein? Alas, I fear we shall have no *Fleece* at last I hope the Doctor will publish the Ode you mention to the Bishop of Winchester I could have wished he had not recalled the liberty he once gave me to print that he honoured me with" [See *Life of Akenside*, p lxxv]

it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence"<sup>1</sup> The works of Dyer, though neglected by the multitude, will be always esteemed by the reader of taste and feeling for the true poetic fancy and the love of natural objects which they everywhere display

A passage in *The Pleasures of Imagination*,

"To muse at last amid the ghostly gloom  
Of graves, and hoary vaults," &c B 1 396, 1st edit

and a stanza in the *Preface to the Odes*,

"Not where the boding raven chaunts," &c

are said to have been aimed at Young, though I cannot perceive in them such a "palpable stroke" as Mrs Barbauld<sup>2</sup> has discovered It has not, however, been noticed that in the first edition of the *Hymn to Cheerfulness* Akenside mentions the author of the *Night Thoughts* by name

"Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue  
Instruct the nightly strains of Young "

a couplet which he afterwards altered thus

"Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue  
Repeat what later bards have sung "

The Ode *On Lyric Poetry* closes with a stanza remarkable for its allusion to an epic poem which the author meditated, as well as to a celebrated work of the same kind by a contemporary writer

"But when from envy and from death to claim  
A hero bleeding for his native land,  
When to throw incense on the vestal flame  
Of Liberty, my genius gives command,  
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre  
From thee, O Muse, do I require,

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Dyer*

<sup>2</sup> *Essay on "The Pleasures of Imagination"*

While my presaging mind,  
 Conscious of powers she never knew,  
 Astonished, grasps at things beyond her view,  
 Not by another's fate submits to be confined<sup>1</sup>

Akenside had selected Timoleon<sup>1</sup> for the hero of his poem, in which, it appears, he had even made some progress. The last line of the stanza (as he told Warton) is pointed at the *Leonidas* of Glover.<sup>2</sup>

From this digression I return to the regular annals of the poet's life. Among Buch's MSS.<sup>3</sup> is the following note, which shows that he accompanied the deputation, sent by the University of Cambridge to congratulate the King and Queen on their nuptials

"DR AKENSIDE presents his compliments to Dr Buch, and begs the favour that he would lend him a hand, in order that he may attend the Cambridge address to-morrow

"Craven Street,  
 "Sept 13" [1761]

About two years before this date, Akenside had

<sup>1</sup> Warton's ed. of Pope's *Works*, ii. 73—A writer, who signs himself Indagator, in the *Gent Mag* for October, 1793 (LXXIII 885), says, "I have proof, though it has never been mentioned to the world, that he had made some progress in an Epic Poem, the plan of which I know not, the title of it was *Timoleon*."—An Epic poem on the same subject was once designed by Pope, and was also proposed by Lord Melcombe to Thomson.

<sup>2</sup> Warton's ed. of Pope's *Works*, ii. 73—I may add here, that Akenside agreed with Warton, Lowth, and Harris, in thinking that no critical treatise was better calculated to form the taste of young men of genius than Spence's *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*, *Id. Life*, &c. &c.—and that he considered *The Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke* as a worthless production—*Letter from Buch to Wray*, in Nichols's *Ill. of Lit. Hist.* iv. 534.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters to Buch*, 4300, in the Brit. Mus.

quitted his house in Bloomsbury Square for one in Craven Street, and after having stayed in the latter about twelve months, he removed to Burlington Street, where he continued to reside till his decease<sup>1</sup>

The MSS of Birch<sup>2</sup> furnish one more note from our author's pen

"DR AKENSIDE presents his compliments to Dr Birch, and returns many thanks for his kind present. He has left an unpublished letter of Lord Bacon, which he thinks a valuable one, and which he had leave from Mr Tyrwhitt to communicate to Dr Birch, and desires that when he has done with it, he would be so good as to send it to Burlington Street

"Nov 29, 1762"

To the very learned Tyrwhitt (who has been previously mentioned among the friends of Akenside) Mr Dyson resigned, during this year, the clerkship of the House of Commons<sup>3</sup>

In December, 1763, Akenside read before the Royal Society, a paper, which was afterwards published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the

<sup>1</sup> According to the *Sheet Catalogues of the Fellows, &c of the College of Physicians* (in the Brit Mus), his residence, from 1759 to 1761 inclusive, was in Craven Street—from 1762 till his decease, in Burlington Street

<sup>2</sup> *Letters to Birch*, 4800, in the Brit Mus

<sup>3</sup> "This gentleman [Tyrwhitt] is well known as the editor of Chaucer, and [for] a part he took in the controversy in regard to Rowley's poems" so says Mr Bucke (*Life of Akenside*, 176), who seems not to know that Tyrwhitt has done more for Greek than English literature. Since the time of Bentley to the present day, what classical scholar in this country, with the exception of Porson, has displayed such acuteness and felicity of emendation as Tyrwhitt? But his edition of the *Canterbury Tales* exhibits a text which by no means satisfies the antiquarian reader

same year,—*An Account of a Blow upon the Heart, and of its effects*<sup>1</sup>

His *De Dysenteria Commentarius*<sup>2</sup> appeared in 1764, a production still esteemed by the medical student for the valuable information it imparts, and admired by the scholar for its choice and elegant Latinity

When Warburton, now dignified with the mitre, put forth a new edition of the first and second volumes<sup>3</sup> of the *Divine Legation of Moses*, in 1766,

<sup>1</sup> *Phil Trans* lxx 353

<sup>2</sup> *De Dysenteria Commentarius, auctore Marco Akenside, Coll Med Londin Socio Reg Socut Sodali, et Magna Britannie Regina Medico*, 1764, oct<sup>vo</sup> It consists of eighty one pages, and is divided thus

Cap I *De Dysenteria historia*

II *De dysentericorum curatione*

III *De causis dysenteria*

IV *De actione speciosa in dysentericis*

There are two English translations of this work,—by Ryan and Motteux that of the former is extremely inaccurate (see *Monthly Review*, xxxv 373), that of the latter is not free from faults

<sup>3</sup> These volumes are advertised as published, in the *London Chronicle*, April 3, 1766,—which it is necessary to mention, because a writer in the *Monthly Review* seems to have thought that they appeared subsequently to Akenside's *Ode to Edwards* “The discerning reader will be at no loss to account for this attack upon Dr Akenside, when he recollects a late short publication of the Doctor's” xxxv 227—Mr Bucke talks of “the obnoxious postscript he had before appended to his piece” (*Life of Akenside*, 150), not knowing that Warburton's attack on Akenside was originally made in the Preface to *Remarks on Several Occasional Reflections*, &c (see p xlii of this Memoir)—The Preface, when altered into a Postscript, opened thus ‘A Poet and a Critic [Lord Kaimes], of equal eminence, have concurred, though they did not start together, to censure what was occasionally said in this Dedication (as if it had been addressed to them) of the use and abuse

he reprinted, as a *Postscript to the Dedication to the Free-thinkers*, his severe strictures on our poet's theory concerning Ridicule, &c, without condescending to notice the arguments which had been adduced in its defence. Irritated by what he regarded as a renewal of hostilities, Akenside displayed less magnanimity than might have been expected in such an admnner of the ancient sage, and had recourse to an ingenious method of mortifying his antagonist. He published a lyrical satire, which he had composed long before this period, on the appearance of the Bishop's edition of Pope's *Works*, and which probably but for this fresh provocation, would have never seen the light—*An Ode to the late Thomas Edwards, Esq, written in the year 1751*,<sup>1</sup> and a note on the fifth stanza

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of Ridicule. The Poet was a follower of Lord Shaftesbury's fancies, the Critic a follower of his own. Both men of TASTE, and equally anxious for the well-doing of Ridicule."

<sup>1</sup> In folio, pr 6*d*, published by Dodsley in May 1766, see *The St James's Chronicle* for the first of that month, into which it is copied, with the following paragraph prefixed to it: "While Peace has spread her wing over the greatest Nations of Europe, War has sounded his trumpet in the regions of Parnassus. We have lately been witnesses to a fierce Conflict between a Right Rev Prelate and a Learned and Reverend Professor, each of whom have disputed about Job, without one Drachm or Scruple of his Patience between them. At present another son of Apollo, in his twofold Capacity of God of Poetry and Physics, enters the lists, and tilts, we know not why, with the Episcopal Militant. In a word, to drop all Metaphor, we are at a Loss to account why the following Ode, written so long ago, is made Public at this particular Period. We doubt not, however, but its appearance here will be agreeable to our Readers."—See also two *Letters to the Printer of the Public Advertiser* (in the *App to Memoirs of T. Holles*, 722) In the first of them, dated May 6, 1766

surprised the reader by the following piece of information "During Mr Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship, having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen, a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings" A letter from Warburton to Concanen,<sup>1</sup> dated January 2d, 1726, had fallen into the hands of Aken-side, who knew that in announcing the existence of such a document he should cause no slight vexation to his adversary Though never published<sup>2</sup> by our poet, it has been printed in a note on Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*,<sup>3</sup> from a copy which he communicated to George Steevens, and which was thus endorsed "The foregoing Letter was found about

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the writer, accounting for the publication of the *Ode*, says "The secret, I suppose, is no more than this the bishop has, just now, given a new edition of the first volume of his *Divine Legation*, and has thought fit to reprint the Censure he had before made on a certain note of this poet," &c

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Concanen, celebrated in *The Dunciad*, ii 299, where *vide* note

<sup>2</sup> Misled, perhaps, by Warton (note on Pope's *Works*, v 164), Mr Bucke supposes that Aken-side published the Letter together with the *Ode* *Life of Aken-side*, 157

<sup>3</sup> By Malone,—*Supplement to Shakespeare*, i 223

the year 1750 by Dr Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane Court, Fleet Street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30th, 1766, M. A. " In this curious Epistle (too long for insertion here) the object of Warburton is to point out passages from various writers which Addison had imitated in his *Cato*, and having occasion to quote some lines from *Julius Cæsar*,<sup>1</sup> he illustrates them by an absurd comment, which he afterwards introduced, with little variation, into his edition of *Shakespeare*. It decidedly proves his intimacy with Theobald and Concanen, but contains no mention of Pope, except an observation that he "borrows for want of genius."

The *Ode* in question was with propriety addressed to Thomas Edwards, whose well-known *Canons of Criticism* had destroyed the reputation of Warburton in one department of literature. This amiable and accomplished man, who died in 1757, had long been intimately acquainted with Akenside, and was, I believe, the "Phædrus," who had called forth our author's Odes,—*To a friend unsuccessful in love*,<sup>3</sup> and *Affected Indifference*. Nor should it be forgotten that by his *Sonnets*,<sup>4</sup>—some

<sup>1</sup> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing," &c.

<sup>2</sup> See also Letters between Warburton and Theobald, of a later date, in which they call each other "dearest friend." Nichols's *Illustrations of Lit. Hist.* ii. 630, 649.

<sup>3</sup> See p. xxviii of this Memoir.

<sup>4</sup> See forty-five *Sonnets* appended to *The Canons of*



of them possessing no ordinary beauty,—Edwards revived among his countrymen a taste for that species of composition which had been neglected since the days of Milton

In 1765, Akenside had finished the second book of the re-modelled *Pleasures of Imagination*, and in September of the following year, Mr Daniel Wray writes thus to one of his correspondents <sup>1</sup> —“ I was at Mount Ararat sooner than usual, to attend Lord and Lady Dacre, accompanied by Akenside, who passed the evening there, and communicated the second and part of a third book in his great work. In the former, and in the same philosophical way, he is eloquent on the topics of truth and virtue, vice, and the passions. In the latter Solon is introduced giving a fable, on the Origin of Evil. It is introduced by an episode from Herodotus, of Argæus's marriage, the daughter of Clisthenes, which is delightfully poetical.” Mr Wray,—a friend both of Akenside and Edwards,—was a contributor to the well-known work, *The Athenian Letters*. He was Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, deputy Teller of the Exchequer, and one of the Trustees of the British Museum, on its first establishment.

From the annals of the College of Physicians we learn that, in 1766, “ Dr Akenside was thanked by the College for his trouble in preparing Harvey's Works for the press, and for prefixing a Preface,

*Criticism*, ed 1765, several of which had previously appeared in Dodsley's *Coll of Poems*, &c

<sup>1</sup> Nichols's *Illustr of Lit Hist* i 104 —Mount Ararat (which Mr Bucke calls “ the seat of Lord and Lady Dacre,”—*Life of Akenside*, 195) was the name of Mr Wray's house at Richmond

which was printed with them, together with the Life of Harvey, by Dr Lawrence"<sup>1</sup>

On the 6th of June, 1767, he read before the College two papers,—*Observations on Cancers*, and *Of the Use of Ipecacanha in Asthmas*, and on the 6th of July a third,—*A Method of treating White Swellings of the Joints*. These essays were published, next year, in the first volume of the *Medical Transactions*.

In 1767 appeared a small volume, entitled *Lexiphanes, a Dialogue, Imitated from Lucian, and suited to the present times*,—a piece of ill-natured drollery, which, though levelled chiefly at the prose of Johnson, contains also an attack on the poetry of Akenside. It was written by an obscure Scotchman, Archibald Campbell,<sup>2</sup> who hoped that its publication would involve him in a controversy with "the two Lexiphaneses," from which he would acquire at least notoriety, but he was disappointed, for neither Johnson nor Akenside deigned to reply.

The following *jeu d'esprit* is from the pen of Mr Daniel Wray, whose intimacy with Akenside has just been noticed

<sup>1</sup> On the information of Dr Francis Hawkins, Registrar to the Coll of Ph

<sup>2</sup> He was a pulser in the navy, and "as well for the malignancy of his heart as his terrific countenance, was called horrible Campbell." Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, 347, ed 1787. In a note on *Lexiphanes*, Campbell declares that Akenside's "words, and especially his phrases, are generally so execrable, and his meaning, where any can be picked out, always so trifling, in short, he has imbibed so much of Plato's nonsense," &c &c p 76 sec ed 1767.—Campbell published another little volume,—*A Sale of Authors*.

<sup>3</sup> Now first published, from the original in the possession of J Dyson, Esq.

"THE Arbitrator was out of town, when the applications from Ld Dacre and Dr Akenside were left at his house, and, when he found them, he was fully employed in dispatching some business, in order to return to Richmond. Ld Dacre asked for the Decision only at the leisure of the Court and it has been thought proper and decorous to take some time for judgment.

"Ld D has offered no arguments, nor even stated the point in dispute. Dr A has fairly stated it to be whether Buchanan praised Q Mary as a woman of virtue.

"In the second passage of the *Pompa, virtus* has nothing that confines it to moral virtue, but it may include it and there occurs a line in the Epithalamium,

*Et genus et virtus et forma,*

where that idea may also be included in *virtus*. This verse is not indeed in Ld D's plea, and so perhaps not strictly admissible.

"Upon the whole, the classical *virtus* is not generally virtue in English but Buchanan, however classical he was, might be willing to leave his idea in these compliments, dim and confused, or perhaps might put these *brave words* together without much consideration or precision, not expecting they would be so nicely canvassed two centuries after.

"From such imperfect documents, therefore, the Court will not determine so important a cause, so warmly agitated and of such expectation. But hereby declares *the wager to be drawn*, each party to sit down with the trouble they have had in debating and searching for materials and precedents, and that the respective characters of the Queen and the writer remain in *statu quo*, unaffected by any arguments drawn from these verses, being matters of another jurisdiction.

"D W Arbitrator

"M ARARAT,

"26 May, 1770

"Dr A will transmit the above sentence to Ld D

"To DR AKENSIDE,

"In Burlington Street, London "

The unfinished third book of the re-modelled *Pleasures of Imagination*, and the fragment of the

fourth book, bear the date of this year, and Aken-side was looking forward to the period when the publication of the work was to increase his already established fame as a poet. His practice as a physician was now considerable, and promised to be more extensive. But a putrid fever, with which he was suddenly seized, put an end to his existence, after a short illness, on the 23d June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He died at his residence in Burlington Street,<sup>1</sup> and was buried on the 28th of June, in St. James's Church.

Some *Observations on the putrid erysipelas, made at St. Thomas's Hospital*, which he had read<sup>2</sup> before the College of Physicians, and intended for the second volume of the *Medical Transactions*, were among his papers at the time of his decease, but were never printed.

Mr. Dyson, who had become possessor of the books, prints, MSS., and other effects of Akenside, gave to the world an edition of his *Poems*, both in 4to and 8vo in 1772. The contents of this elegant volume are,—1 *The Pleasures of Imagination*, as originally published. 2 As much of that Poem, on an enlarged plan, as the author had prepared for the press. "What reason there may be," says the Advertisement, "to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the plan itself, as stated

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bucke erroneously states that he died in Bloomsbury Square (*Life of Akenside*, 216) but see note, page lxxv of this Memoir, also the *General Evening Post*, from Saturday, June 23d, to Tuesday, June 26th, 1770, the *Mid-dlesex Journal*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> About the same period that he read the Croonian Lectures, says Mr. Bucke, without any authority. *Life of Akenside*, 197.—See note, page xlv of this Memoir.

in the general argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here published. For the person to whom he entrusted the disposal of his papers would have thought himself wanting, as well to the service of the public as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the entire first and second books, of which a few copies had been printed for the use only of the author and certain friends; also a very considerable part of the third book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner; and to these is added the Introduction to a subsequent book, which in the manuscript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the author intended to comprize the whole in Four Books, but which, as he had afterwards determined to distribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the last book.<sup>1</sup> 3 *Odes* — of which nineteen are

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<sup>1</sup> The late Mr Pinkeiton, in a volume entitled *Letters of Literature, by Robert Heron*, 1785, printed, for the first time, some alterations made by Akenside in *The Pleasures of Imagination*. "They were inserted," he tells us, "in the margin of the Doctor's copy, which afterwards passed into the hands of a gentleman, from a friend of whom, and of my own, a very ingenious young Templar, I received them. At what time they were written I cannot pretend to say, much less to reveal the author's reasons for not giving an edition according to them. Most of them are evidently much for the better, one or two, I am afraid, for the worse. You will observe that a few of them have been adopted by the author in his proposed alteration of the Poem, as appears from the two books, and part of the third, of that alteration, published by Mr Dyson in his edition of Akenside's Poems, 1772, 4to, but far the greater part is unpublished, and that the most

for the first time printed, the rest (most of them now greatly altered) had been previously published 4 *The Hymn to the Naiads*, corrected, with the addition of some notes 5 *Inscriptions*, of which the three last<sup>1</sup> had not before appeared The *Epistle to Curio*, in its original state, and several smaller pieces, which the author had produced during his early years, are not reprinted in the volume just described The only biographical notice of Akenside which accompanies it is comprised in a paragraph of the Advertisement "The frigidity of this account," observed the Monthly Reviewer, "must be disgusting to every reader, who is endued with the least portion of sensibility,"<sup>2</sup> a censure which has been frequently repeated But there can be no doubt that modesty

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valuable, as being evidently written ere the author had taken up the strange idea that poetry was only perfect oratory So that I will venture to say that an edition of the Pleasures of Imagination, adopting most of these corrections, would be the most perfect ever yet known"—*Letter*, iv p 21 Pinkerton's taste was not "the most perfect ever known," neither, I think, is that of Mr Bucke, who seems to have meditated an edition of the kind, and who (according to his custom of giving garbled extracts) quotes the above passage from Pinkerton, omitting the observation that "one or two of the corrections are for the worse" *Life of Akenside*, 286

*The Pleasures of Imagination* was translated into French prose by Baron d'Holbach, 1759 and into Italian verse by Abbate Angelo Mazza, 1764

<sup>1</sup> Namely, *The Wood Nymph*, 'Ye powers unseen,' &c, and "Me, tho' in life's sequestered vale," &c—Two Latin *Inscriptions* of the poet's "copying," which were in the possession of Mr Merrick, are printed by Mr Bucke (*Life of Akenside*, 81), who calls them "very beautiful"—They are defective in sense, grammar, and metre

<sup>2</sup> *Monthly Review* for Dec 1772,—xlvii 436

alone prevented Mr Dyson from undertaking the office of Akenside's biographer, for how could he have discharged it faithfully without being, in some degree, the herald of his own munificence? He was exemplary in all the relations of private life, he rose to considerable political eminence, and, as the friend and patron of the poet, he has left a name which can never cease to be remembered with respect.<sup>1</sup>

Akenside had a pale and rather sickly complexion, but manly and expressive features. The formality of his deportment,<sup>2</sup> the precise elegance of his dress, his ample wig in stiff curl, his long sword, his hobbling gait, and his artificial heel, rendered his appearance far from prepossessing, and somewhat akin to the ludicrous.

His irritability of temper at times betrayed him into conduct from which a very unfavourable and unjust idea of his character was conceived by strangers.<sup>3</sup> An early disappointment in love is said to have occasioned this infirmity. In a passage of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, where he touches on the fate of Parthenia,<sup>4</sup> he has been supposed to allude to a young lady, who died when about to become his wife, and in several *Odes*<sup>5</sup> he

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Dyson died Sept 16 1776. "He was at that time M P for Horsham, a member of the Privy Council, and Cofferey to his Majesty's Household"—Nichols's *Ill of Lit Hist* viii 555

<sup>2</sup> That "Akenside, when he walked in the streets, looked for all the world like one of his own Alexandines set upright," was a saying of Henderson, the actor,—for which I am indebted to a true poet of our own day, Mr Rogers, who heard it repeated many years ago.

<sup>3</sup> See the anecdotes at p xlix of this Memoir.

<sup>4</sup> Bk ii 193, first edition.

<sup>5</sup> *To the Muse, On Love, To Sir Francis Drake, On Lycu Poetry, and To the Evening Star*

mentions, as the object of his passion, Olympia, whom, it appears, he also lost by death. "But he celebrates other ladies, and speaks of them *even with affection*, Amoret<sup>1</sup> and Melissa."<sup>2</sup> such is the remark of Mr Bucke,<sup>3</sup> who might have added the names of Eudora,<sup>4</sup> Dione,<sup>5</sup> and Cordelia,<sup>6</sup> and so made up a list of mistresses only exceeded by *The Chronicle* of Cowley.<sup>7</sup> Though we cannot read in Akenside's poetry the true history of his loves, we learn from it that there were moments when he felt the dreary solitude of celibacy, and sighed for domestic comforts

" Though the day have smoothly gone,  
On to lettered leisure known,  
On in social duty spent,  
Yet at eve my lonely breast  
Seeks in vain for perfect rest  
Languishes for true content."<sup>7</sup>

In general society his manners were not agreeable—he seemed to want gaiety of heart, and was apt to be dictatorial in conversation. But when surrounded only by his intimate friends, he would instruct and delight them by the eloquence of his reasoning, the felicity of his allusions, and the variety of his knowledge. He had no wit himself, and took all the jests of others. He was gifted with a memory of extraordinary power, and per-

<sup>1</sup> *Ode viii* Bk. II page 225

<sup>2</sup> *Pleas of Imagination*, enlarged edition, Bk. I 367

<sup>3</sup> *Life of Akenside*, 127. In the next page Mr Bucke observes that "Akenside's respect for women peeps out everywhere."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ode On the Winter solstice*, page 152

<sup>5</sup> *Ode On Lyric Poetry*, eds 1748 and 1760 afterwards altered to 'Olympia'

<sup>6</sup> *Song*, page 311

<sup>7</sup> *Ode, At Study*, page 227



fect readiness in the application of its stores. With the exception of Ben Jonson, Milton, and Gray, it would be difficult to name an English poet whose scholarship was of a higher order than Akenside's.

In his life-long friendship with Mr Dyson the warmth and constancy of his affections are strikingly displayed. He had a noble independence of spirit, and, notwithstanding his alleged political inconsistency, it should seem that the love of liberty, for which he was distinguished during the earlier part of his career, was but little impaired by the atmosphere of a court. His respect for Christianity he has testified more than once,<sup>1</sup> but his religious creed, as indicated in his poetry, appears to have been nearly that "of his Master," Shaftesbury,—pure theism. "People would assert," he was accustomed to say, "that I imitated Newton, or I should never allude to the Deity, or hear him alluded to by others, but I should make an inclination of my body." And one day, being in company with Mr Meyrick's father at a coffee-house in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross, having listened for some time with impatience to the oratory of a Mr Warnefield, who was making some severe remarks, not only on Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses*, but on the Bible itself, he at length interrupted him. "I tell you what, sir,"

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<sup>1</sup> See his Odes *To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*, and *To the Bishop of Winchester*.—His townsman, Sir Gray Cooper, had a prophesy of the Benedicite, which he "had good reasons for believing was written by Akenside," and he had heard that a Christmas Carol, which used to be sung in the streets of Newcastle, was also composed by our author. See Bucke's *Life of Akenside*, 183.

said he, ' Warburton is no friend of mine,—but I detest hearing a man of learning abused As to the Bible—believe or not, just as you please, but let it contain as many absurdities, untruths, and unsound doctrines, as you say it does, there is one passage, at least, that I am sure, you, with all your ingenuity, and with all the eloquence you possess, have not the power to surpass It is where the prophet says,—' The children of men are much wiser than the children of light '”<sup>1</sup> A hasty assertion of Walker, that “ the immortality of the soul is scarcely once hinted at throughout *The Pleasures of Imagination*,” is cited by Johnson,<sup>2</sup> who yet allows, as an excuse for this “ great defect,” that Akenside “ has omitted what was not properly in his plan ” But if either of them had carefully perused the work, could they have overlooked, among other passages of similar tendency,<sup>3</sup> the following lines ?

“ Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eve  
Through the fun toils and ornaments of ev' th,  
Descends the nobler life reserved for Heaven,” &c  
Bk 1 489 (enlarged edition)

<sup>1</sup> Bucke's *Life of Akenside*, 180

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Akenside* In 1772, talking of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, Johnson said to Boswell, “ Su, I could not read it through ” *Life of Johnson*, ii 167, ed 1816

<sup>3</sup> See the first edition, Bk 1 163, 183, 212, 436, Bk ii 359, and the enlarged edition, Bk ii 145 —Mr Bucke was astounded by “ an octogenarian of great learning ” that he had every reason to think that the following passage formed part of a letter from Akenside to Dr Granger “ Your friend seems to doubt whether he has a soul or not, and yet surely he will not attempt to place himself on a level with Kepler, and so far was he from doubting that he had a soul, he gives one even to the earth itself ” “ In respect to its nature,” said he, on another occasion, “ it is past my judgment, whether material or immaterial

On a series of papers by Addison, in *The Spectator*,<sup>1</sup> Akenside founded his great didactic poem. To Shaftesbury and Hutcheson<sup>2</sup> also he is considerably indebted, and from the writers of Greece and Rome he has derived a few of his ideas, and perhaps a portion of his inspiration,—for never had the genius and wisdom of antiquity a more ardent admirer or a more unweaned student. In this celebrated work, if little invention is exhibited, the taste and skill with which the author has selected and combined his materials are everywhere conspicuous, if the thoughts are not always stamped with originality, they have a general loftiness and an occasional sublimity, if some passages are not lighted up with poetic fire, they glow

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Perhaps it may partake of both natures. Tertullian not only makes the soul material, but he gives a corporeal body even to God himself: and Job says, ‘In my flesh I shall see God.’ The Christian doctrine also implies it, since it speaks of the resurrection of the body. Certainly, every thing that exists must have shape, and if shape, form, and if form, substance. But there may be many substances, and no doubt there are, beyond what we know of at present. Simplicius says, there is in nature an active principle and a passive one: the soul may partake of the same differences, the former principle, associating with light, the latter with colour. Maximus Tyrius makes even a bolder assertion, for, he says, that God’s oracles and men’s understandings are of near alliance. Hence the assertion of Proclus, that all our souls are the children of God. But the fact is, we know little of these things. It is a great satisfaction, however, that we live in a world presenting every moment something to exercise our faculties, and that the grand mover of the whole will, no doubt, make ample allowances for human infirmity.”—*Life of Akenside*, 181

<sup>1</sup> No. 411, *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> Shaftesbury’s *Characteristics*—Hutcheson’s *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*

with rhetorical beauty, while ingenious illustration and brilliant imagery enliven and adorn the whole. Akenside has chosen no unimportant theme, and he treats it with an earnestness and an enthusiasm which at once command attention. He pours forth a moral and philosophic strain, which elevates the mind, but he dwells so little on actual existencies and on human interests, that it rarely moves the heart. His diction is rich and curious, sometimes, however, so redundant, as slightly to obscure the meaning, and sometimes so remote from common phraseology as to impart an air of stiffness and turgidity to the lines. His versification is sweet and flowing, and, perhaps, those only who are familiar with the cadences of Milton will complain of its monotony.

To *The Pleasures of Imagination*, as published in 1744, the preceding observations are intended to apply. The second Poem, which in the estimation of some critics<sup>1</sup> is an improvement on the first, appears to me comparatively flat and prosaic, notwithstanding its superior correctness. Had Akenside devoted the leisure of his later years to an entirely new work, it would have formed a more acceptable bequest to posterity than the remoulded production of his youth.

That he possessed powers for the graver kind of satire is evinced by his *Epistle to Curio*,—a composition remarkable for keen but not coarse invective, for dignity of reproof and intensity of scorn. \* Throughout the range of English literature there is nothing more deeply imbued with the spirit of the ancient world than our author's *Hymn to the*

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<sup>1</sup> Among whom was Hazlitt—*Lectures on English Poets*, 236

*Narads* In its solemnity, its pomp of expression, and its mythologic lore, he has shewn himself a most successful imitator of Callimachus, yet is it far from being the mere echo of a Grecian hymn.<sup>1</sup> Nor are his terse and energetic *Inscriptions* less worthy of praise

In some of Akensides *Odes*—especially those *On the Winter-solstice* and *On Lyric Poetry*—there are stanzas of pleasing picturesqueness, but in the greater number he appeals chiefly to the understanding of the reader,<sup>2</sup> and is not solicitous to heighten the effect of the sentiments by wreathing them with the flowers of fancy. In those *To the Earl of Huntingdon* and *To the Country Gentlemen of England* he rises to a gnomic grandeur, which has seldom been surpassed. His *Odes*, on the whole, are deficient in impetuosity, warmth of colouring, tenderness, and melody

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<sup>1</sup> In 1549, Chapman, the fine old dramatist and translator of Homer, published a tract entitled Σκία νυκτος, *The Shadow of Night*, which consists of two *Hymns*, *To Night*, and *To Cynthia*,—very learned and mystical effusions, with occasional gleams of poetry. To attempt some Hymns in the manner of Callimachus was among the literary projects of Milton: see *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, 1641, p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> Mason had been told that Akenside “entertained, some years before his death, a notion that poetry was only true eloquence in metre.”—*Memoirs of Gray*, 261, ed. 1775.



## APPENDIX

THE following valuable Letters are here published by the kind permission of Mr Murray, of Albemarle-street They first appeared in the new edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, edited for him by Mr Peter Cunningham

### AKENSIDE TO MR DAVID FORDYCE

*"To be left at the shop of Mr Gavin Hamilton, Bookseller  
in Edinburgh*

"Saturday night, ten o'clock

"DEAR SIR,

'ABOUT ten minutes ago I received your letter I hope I may congratulate you on the pleasures you are now enjoying at Edinburgh among those whose conversation I envy you, and to whom I envy your conversation Your reflections on the face of society in those countries you have been travelling through, are, I dare say, extremely just, but I am afraid we have at present no prospect of any valuable change, any general introduction either of plenty or independence among the multitude, much less of that manly and rational spirit of thinking and acting which ought to be the very end of society, since it can never be obtained but by society, and is the best and  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \* of those enjoyments which society produces I sensibly vexed when I hear people asserting that

<sup>1</sup> This ths of the human species must, by the necessity  
 "The Pgovernment, remain ignorant of this divine pos-  
 (First edbrutal and without even a comprehension of the  
 life, which they spend in vain as to their own

parts, going out of the world just as they came into it, without nourishment or growth to their minds, without advancing one step in the scale of nature. What can I think of that scene of government which naturally leads men to a position so shocking and absurd?

"Your view of the Inquiry about the Sciences is perfectly congruous to mine. As to your Initiation and Oath, I like it extremely—only do not you think those terms, or appellations, the *Throne of Honour* and the *Chamber of heroic Virtue*, will look rather affected? If we conceive the thing as actually existing, and students at an academy calling chambers, &c., by such names, I am afraid we should think the fashion strained almost to pedantry. The statues of Virtue and Liberty on each side the rostrum are, I think, very proper, also the inscription and the other bustos, excepting only Machiavel. He was, no doubt, a man of genius, and has wrote well as far as his materials allowed him to go, but being conversant only with little Italian republics and principities, where personal considerations are the principal or only springs of action, and, consequently, where government is often subservient to the worst passions, and hurried on by the worst arts—from these causes having no comprehension of an extensive and virtuous plan of a Constitution, he has often wrote crudely, generally so monstrous wickedly, that I think you should not allow him a place among those heroes, but put Sir Thomas More in his stead.

"I have enclosed the Oath as I would choose it: the alterations are marked with figures—1 This passage redundant. 2 *Systems* too recluse and subtle a word. 3 *King* has naturally a bad or sordid idea. 4 *Honourable* more sober and moral than *glorious*. 5 *So*, &c., too vulgar and trivial a phrase.

"As for the poem, I am just resuming from a pretty bold undertaking, not only in poetry, let me tell you, but even in philosophy—namely, to develope and describe the general species and laws of ridicule in the characters of men, and give an universal idea of it in every other subject. I have been grievously put to it in the descriptive part. The general idea of the poem is rather bashfully candid—excuse the phrase—and ill admits any appearance of satire, though this Inquiry was absolutely necessary to the plan as relating to the materials and ground of comedy.

“ Lo, thus far,  
 With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre,  
 I sing of Nature's charms, and touch, well pleas'd,  
 A sadder note Now haply must my song  
 Unbend her serious measure, and declare,  
 In sportive strains, how Folly's awkward arts  
 Awake impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,  
 The lighter province of the comic scene ”<sup>1</sup>

“ I am filing and re-touching every day, and confess I long to see the first book fairly and entirely transcribed, and if I had it once off my hands, I imagine my thoughts would be freed from some constraint and anxiety. For to you I dare pretend to so much philosophy, as that I shall not be much disturbed about its success, and I fancy my mind will be much more at leisure after putting an end to this task I have so long imposed on myself, for, though this be but a small part of the design, yet I have no views of completing the remainder otherwise than in the most leisurely manner in the world, for this, if it be worth aught, must answer all the ends I propose by it at present, and you know that if it do answer them, I shall have other matters to mind than versifying. I expect to finish the transcribing part in a fortnight or three weeks. I must have a few notes too, but I blush to have said so much. I have been for these three weeks proposing every post to write to Mr. B, but shall certainly muster up courage to do it next post, for does it not require (if not courage) resolution, at least, and self-control? Remember me to all our friends, and believe me, dear Sir,

“ Yours most affectionately,

“ M A ”

“ P S —Write to me soon, and in my next I will tell you what to do about those letters you are so good as to mention.

“ M A ”

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<sup>1</sup> This was afterwards introduced, slightly altered, into “ *The Pleasures of Imagination*,” Book iii. ver 70, &c (First edition)



AKENSIDE TO MR DAVID FORDYCE.

" *At Aberdeen, N Britain*

" Newcastle, 18th June, 1742

" DEAR SIR,

" I SHOULD have answered your letter sooner, but that I was uncertain, till of late, whether to direct for you at Edinburgh or at Aberdeen I durst not, however, reply in the language you wrote in, for, though I could perhaps have filled two or three pages with Italian words ranged in grammatical order, yet, without assuming the natural air and spirit of the language, you would no more think I had wrote Italian than you would call that a musical composition which was only a number of concords put together without any regard to the rhythm or style of the whole This reason was stronger in writing to you, who have attained so perfectly the wild elegance, the *vagheria*, which the Italians are so fond of, both in language and painting, and in which, I believe, they exceed all the moderns What is good in the French authors is of a more sober, classical manner, and greater severity of design The Spaniards, I imagine, approach much nearer to the Italian manner Our English poetry has but little of it, and that chiefly among the older compositions of our countrymen—the juvenilia of Milton, and the fancy scenes of Spenser and Shakespeare Our nervous and concise language does not willingly flow into this fanciful luxuriance, besides that the genius of our poetry delights in a vehemence of passion and philosophical sublimity of sentiments much above its reach

" Since we parted, I have been chiefly employed in reading the Greek philosophers, especially the Stoics Upton's edition of Arrian was published just as I got hither it is in two small quarto volumes, neat enough, the second consists principally of the editor's comments and the notæ variorum He has got a great many remarks of Lord Shaftesbury, but they are entirely critical, and contain very ingenious conjectures on the reading of several passages

" I have had great pleasure from the writers of this sect, but, though I admire the strength and elevation of their

moral, yet, in modern life especially, I am afraid it would lead to something splenetic and unconveisable. Besides, it allows too little to domestic virtue and tenderness, it dwells too much on the awful and sublime of life, yet even its sublimity resembles that of a vast open prospect in winter, when the sun scarce can shine through the atmosphere, and looks on the rigour of the season with a kind of sullen majesty, to the generality of mankind, a much narrower landscape in the sunshine of a spring morning would be much more agreeable. I would therefore mix the Stoic with the Platonic philosophy, they would equally temper and adorn each other, for, if mere stoicism be in hazard of growing surly and unsocial, it is no less certain that Platonic enthusiasm has always run to extravagance, but where it was kept steady by a severe judgment, besides that the constant pursuit of beauty and elegance is apt to fill the mind with high and florid desires, than which nothing is more dangerous to that internal freedom which is the basis of virtue. In short, the case seems much the same here as with the human sexes, either of which is liable to these very imperfections when apart, and therefore the perfection of human life is best found in their union. Were I a painter, and going to represent these two sects in an emblematic way, I would draw the genius of the Stoics like a man in his prime, or rather of a green and active old age, with a manly sternness and simplicity in his air and habit, seated on a rock overlooking the sea in a tempest of wind and lightning, and regarding the noise of the thunder and the rolling of the waves with a serene defiance. But the Platonic genius I would represent like another Muse—a virgin of a sweet and lively beauty, with wings to her head, and a loose robe of a bright azure colour. She should be seated in a garden, on the bank of a clear and smooth canal, while the sky were without a cloud, and the sun shining in the zenith. Our theological lady, conscious that her eyes could not endure the splendour of his immediate appearance, should be fixed in contemplating his milken image reflected from the water. But enough of this. I thank you for your account of the manner in which you dispose of your personages, I am only afraid you will scarce find room for the full exercise of Philander's genius and virtue in the station you have assigned him, for the statutes of a college are too well known and

too strictly observed to leave a probability of much improvement under any particular president or master. The rest, I think, are very well settled. You might find occasion, in the characters of Atticus and Sophron, to give a little good advice on the ancient and present state of our political constitution.

"We have little news. I saw yesterday proposals by an Oxford man to publish an edition of Polybius. I am quite sick of politics—our present politics I mean. Within this last month or six weeks I have seen Richardson, Pickering, and Frank Hume, who all remembered you with affection, the two former were for Paris, the last for Flanders with the regiment to which he is surgeon. I had a letter last post from Russell, he has been ill of a quinsy, but is much better. All other friends are well. Roebuck is at Leyden, and takes his degree there this summer, as Allen has already done at St Andrew's. Ogle died about a month after we left you.

"I am, with great esteem and affectionate remembrance of the pleasures of our late conversations,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"MARK AKINSIDE."

"(Direct to be left at Mr Akinside's,  
Surgeon in Newcastle-upon-Tyne)"

AKINSIDE TO MR DAVID FORBES,

"At Mr Gavin Hamilton's, Bookseller in Edinburgh

"Newcastle, 30th July, 1743

"DEAR SIR,

"WITH respect to Shaftesbury's Test of Truth, I apprehend the matter thus—Ridicule is never conversant about bare abstract speculative truth—about the agreement or disagreement of ideas which merely inform the understanding without affecting the temper and imagination. It always supposes the perception of some quality or object either venerable, fine, praiseworthy, or mean, sordid, and ignoble. The essence of the *το γελωτον* con-

sists in the unnatural combination of these in one appearance, and hence you will observe the origin of that difference which is made between true ridicule and false, for I, by a wrong imagination, may apprehend that to be sordid and ignoble which really is not, I may also apprehend it inconsistent with the other appearances of reverence or beauty, when they are in fact perfectly coincident. Take an instance of each. I remember to have heard you condemn the late comic romance of *Joseph Andrews*, for representing Joseph's temperance against the excesses of his lady in a ridiculous light, your sentence was perfectly just, for it is custom, corrupted custom, and not nature, which teaches us to annex ideas of contempt to such an abstinence, for by vicious conversations and writings the world is deceived, to think it *incongruous*, *inconsistent* with the character and situation of a man, and therefore ridiculous. An instance of the second kind may be this: suppose a gentleman nobly dressed, a person of a public character, perhaps in the robes of his office, walking in a foul street, without any concerted aus or self-applause from his splendid appearance, suppose, by an accident or fall, his garment quite stained and defaced,—the opposition between the splendour of one part of his dress, and the foul appearance of the other, might perhaps excite the sense of ridicule in a light, superficial mind, but, to a man of taste and penetration, the ridicule would immediately vanish, because, as our gentleman's *mind* was not fondly prepossessed with any conceit of worth or *considerable* splendour in his habit, so neither will the change produced in it give him any sensation of real disgrace or shame, consequently, in his *mind* there is no incongruity produced by this external circumstance, therefore nothing ridiculous in the *man*, in *sentiment* in *life*. now take away all ideas of this intellectual and *feeling* species, and then try whether ridicule can have any place in an object, you will find, I believe, none at all. But alter the example a little, and suppose the person so begrimed to have been a fop, whose whole appearance and gesture showed how much he valued himself on his finery, there the ridicule will [be] irresistible and just, because the incongruity is real. Now, as to the test of our divine Master. This sense of ridicule was certainly given us for good ends—in a word, for the same sort of end as the sense of beauty and veracity

and gratitude, to supply the slow deductions of our reason, and lead us to avoid and depress at first sight some certain circumstances of the mind which are really prejudicial to life, but would otherwise have required a longer investigation to discover them to be so than we are usually at leisure for. If, therefore, by any unfairness in an argument, certain circumstances relating to a point in question be concealed, to apply the ridicule is to drag out those circumstances, and set them (if they be opposite) in the fullest light of opposition to those others which are owned and pleaded for, and thus renders the claim *incongruous* and ridiculous. Is there any great mystery or danger in this? and is not Mr Warburton—are not all the priests in Christendom—at full liberty to inquire whether these circumstances which I represent as opposite and incongruous, be really so, and whether they be any way connected with the claim? If they be not, my procedure is certainly itself ridiculous, as connecting in my own mind the idea of the *το γέλοιον* with what is no way related to it, and very inconsistent with it.

“ I have not yet fixed either the day of my departure or my route, being detained by some accidents longer than I expected, only I am pretty sure I shall set forward in the second week of August. If you could be at leisure to send me two or three letters enclosed in one to myself, the carrier who sets out every Thursday from Buxton Port would bring them safe enough, especially if you tell him I will give him sixpence or a shilling for his trouble. You or Russell might send them to his lodging by a carrier you see my impudence, but you taught me it by your too great complaisance. There is another carrier, who sets out from the head of the Cowgate, so that if one should not be in the way, you will find the other. I was half angry in truth, that you should so misapprehend me about my difficulty in writing to Philostatus, I thought the word *self-control* would have given you a different idea of the matter than a diffidence and terror appearing under so formidable an eye. I assure you, Sir, I wrote a very simple letter, without correction, without brilliancy, without literature. I wrote to Cleghorn last night, to make him laugh, to puzzle and astonish him in this combination of woes. As I make no doubt but he would think me




THE  
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS

Ἀσιβῶ, μὲν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπου τὰς παρὰ τῷ θεῷ χάριτας  
αἰμαΐειν      EPICT. apud ARIAN II 23

THE DESIGN

 HERE are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: they have been called by a very general name—the Powers of Imagination. Like the external senses, they relate to matter and motion, and, at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures we are acquainted with, men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recall the delightful perceptions they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts, some of which, like painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature, others, like music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were naturally led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers, especially poetry, which, making use of language as

the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different pleasures they excite, are termed, in general, Pleasures of Imagination.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of these, in the largest acceptation of the term, so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with, either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties, and then to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty, and into these we may analyze every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure, and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides this, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination, inasmuch that in every line of the most applauded poems we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of continuance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify

these different species of pleasure, especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so, being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing a piece of machinery to account for the appearance

After these parts of the subject, which hold chiefly of admiration or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature—that from ridicule came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of style became necessary, such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject. nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical railery of professed satire, neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early associations of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature



After which, the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models, that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the *Georgics*, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of style, it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation, and, especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured style. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. 'Tis on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of Nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on, and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the mere external objects of good taste, thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject, but since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.



## THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION

### BOOK I

#### THE ARGUMENT

THE subject proposed Difficulty of treating it poetically The ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty, in objects The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life Invitation to the study of moral philosophy The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects colour, shape, natural concretes, vegetables, animals, the mind The sublime, the fair, the wonderful, of the mind The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty Conclusion

**W**ITH what attractive charms this goodly  
frame  
Of nature touches the consenting  
hearts  
Of mortal men, and what the pleasing stores  
Which beauteous Imitation thence derives

To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil,  
 My verse unfolds    Attend, ye gentle powers  
 Of musical<sup>1</sup> delight<sup>1</sup> and, while I sing  
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain  
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,  
 Indulgent Fancy<sup>1</sup> from the fruitful banks    10  
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull  
 Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf  
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present, and with thee  
 Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings  
 Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,  
 And, by the glances of her magic eye,  
 Combining each in endless fairy forms,  
 Her wild creation    Goddess of the lyre  
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,  
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony<sup>1</sup> descend    20  
 And join this festive train<sup>2</sup> for with thee comes  
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,  
 Majestic Truth, and where Truth deigns to come,<sup>3</sup>  
 Her sister Liberty will not be far  
 Be present all ye Genn, who conduct  
 The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,  
 New to your springs and shades, who touch his ear  
 With finer sounds, who heighten to his eye  
 The bloom of Nature, and before him turn  
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things  
 Oft have the laws of each poetic strain  
 The critic-verse employed, yet still unsung  
 Lay this prime subject, though importing most  
 A poet's name    for fruitless is the attempt,  
 By dull obedience and the curb of rules,  
 For creeping toil to climb the hard ascent  
 Of high Parnassus    Nature's kindling breath  
 Must fire the chosen genius, Nature's hand  
 Must point the path, and imp his eagle-wings,  
 Exulting o'er the painful steep, to soar

High as the summit; there to breathe at large  
 Æthereal air, with bards and sages old—  
 Immortal sons of praise These flattering scenes,  
 To this neglected labour court my song,  
 Yet not unconscious<sup>2</sup> what a doubtful task  
 To paint the finest features of the mind,  
 And to most subtle and mysterious things  
 Give colour, strength, and motion But the love  
 Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,  
 Through secret paths awhile untrod by man,  
 The fair poetic region, to detect 51  
 Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,  
 And shade my temples with unfading flowers,  
 Culled from the laureate vale's profound recess,  
 Where never poet gained a wreath before

From Heaven my strains begin from Heaven  
 descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,  
 And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,  
 And inspiration Ere the radiant sun  
 Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault of night  
 The moon suspended her serene lamp, 61  
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,  
 Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,  
 Then lived the Eternal One then, deep-retired  
 In his unfathomed essence, viewed at large  
 The uncreated images of things,  
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling  
 globe,

And Wisdom's form celestial From the first  
 Of days, on them his love divine he fixed, 70  
 His admiration, till in time complete,  
 What he admired and loved, his vital smile  
 Unfolded into being Hence the breath  
 Of life informing each organic frame,

Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves,  
 Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,  
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,  
 And all the fair variety of things

But not alike to every mortal eye  
 Is this great scene unveiled For, since the claims  
 Of social life to different labours urge 81  
 The active powers of man, with wise intent,  
 The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
 Imprints a different bias, and to each  
 Decrees its province in the common toil  
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,  
 The golden zones of heaven to some she gave  
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,—  
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90  
 And will's quick impulse others by the hand  
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins  
 Of herbs and flowers, or what the beams of morn  
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefts and  
 In balmy tears But some to higher hopes  
 Were destined, some within a finer mould  
 She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame  
 To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds  
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100  
 The transcript of Himself On every part  
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand  
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,  
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed  
 That uncreated beauty, which delights  
 The mind supreme They also feel her charms,  
 Enamoured, they partake the eternal joy

As Memnon's marble harp,<sup>3</sup> renowned of old  
 By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch 110

Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air  
Unbidden strains, even so did Nature's hand  
To certain species of external things,  
Attune the finer organs of the mind  
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,  
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportioned form,  
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,  
From nerve to nerve, all naked and alive 120  
They catch the spreading rays, till now the soul  
At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
To that harmonious movement from without,  
Responsive Then the inexpressive strain  
Diffuses its enchantment, Fancy dreams  
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
And vales of bliss, the intellectual power  
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,  
' And smiles the passions, gently soothed away,  
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130  
Alone are waking, love and joy, serene  
As airs that fan the summer Oh! attend,  
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,  
Whose candid bosom the refining love  
Of Nature warms, Oh! listen to my song,  
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,  
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
And point her loveliest features to thy view  
Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,  
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms, 140  
With love and admiration thus inflame  
The powers of Fancy, her delighted sons  
To three illustrious orders have referred,  
Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,  
The poet's tongue, confesses—the sublime,  
The wonderful, the fair I see them dawn.

I see the radiant visions, where they rise,  
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays  
 His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,  
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring 150

Say, why was man so eminently raised  
 Amid the vast Creation ?<sup>1</sup> why ordained  
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ?  
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,  
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice, to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds, 159  
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast,  
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
 To hold his course unfiltering, while the voice  
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent  
 Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,—  
 The applauding smile of Heaven ? Else wherefore  
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, [burns  
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,  
 And mocks possession ? wherefore darts the mind  
 With such resistless ardour to embrace 170  
 Majestic forms, impatient to be free,  
 Spurning the gross control of wilful might,  
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils,  
 Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns  
 To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,  
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame ?  
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye  
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
 The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide [shade,  
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with  
 And continents of sand, will turn his gaze 181  
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill

That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul  
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry Tied of earth  
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm,  
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens,  
On, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
Sweeps the long tract of day Then high she soars  
The blue profound, and, hovering o'er the sun,  
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream 192  
Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
The fated rounds of Time Thence, far effused,  
She darts her swiftmess up the long career  
Of devious comets, through its burning signs,  
Exulting, circles the perennial wheel  
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200  
Invests the orient Now amazed she views  
The empyreal waste,<sup>5</sup> where happy spirits hold,  
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode,  
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light<sup>6</sup>  
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,  
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things  
Even on the barriers of the world, untired,  
She meditates the eternal depth below,  
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
She plunges, soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up  
In that immense of being There her hopes 211  
Rest at the fated goal For, from the birth  
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said  
That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
Not in the fading echoes of renown,  
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,  
The soul should find enjoyment, but from these  
Turning disunful to an equal good,



Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till every bound at length should disappear, 220  
 And infinite perfection close the scene

Call now to mind what high capacious powers  
 Lie folded up in man how far beyond  
 The praise of mortals may the eternal growth  
 Of Nature, to perfection half divine,  
 Expand the blooming soul? What pity then  
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth  
 Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,  
 And blast her spring! Far otherwise designed  
 Almighty Wisdom, Nature's happy cares 230  
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline  
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown  
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power  
 To brisker measures witness the neglect  
 Of all familiar prospects,<sup>7</sup> though beheld  
 With transport once, the fond attentive gaze  
 Of young astonishment, the sober zeal  
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things  
 For such the bounteous providence of heaven.  
 In every breast implanting this desire<sup>8</sup> 240  
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on  
 With unremitted labour to pursue  
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,  
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom What need words  
 To paint its power? For this the daring youth  
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,  
 In foreign climes to rove, the pensive sage,  
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,  
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper, and, untired,  
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250  
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,  
 From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,  
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole  
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid

With envy pined Hence, finally, by night  
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,  
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,  
Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes  
And evil spirits, of the death-bed call  
To him who robbed the widow, and devoured  
The orphan's portion, of unquiet souls  
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt  
Of deeds in life concealed, of shapes that walk  
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed  
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,  
Gazing each other speechless, and congealed  
With shivering sighs till, eager for the event,  
Around the beldame all erect they hang,  
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quelled  
But lo ! disclosed in all her smiling pomp, 271  
Where Beauty, onward moving, claims the verse  
Her charms inspire, the freely-flowing verse  
In thy immortal praise O Form Divine !  
Smooths her mellifluent stream Thee, Beauty,  
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray [thee,  
The mossy roofs adore thou, better sun !  
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart  
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight  
Poetic Brightest progeny of Heaven ! 280  
How shall I trace thy features ? where select  
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?  
Haste then, my song, thro' Nature's wide expanse,  
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,  
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,  
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,  
To deck thy lovely labour Wilt thou fly  
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,<sup>9</sup>  
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see  
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290

The branches shoot with gold, where'er his step  
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow  
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill  
 As with the blushes of an evening sky ?  
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume  
 Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honored shades,<sup>18</sup>  
 The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood  
 Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?  
 Fan Tempe ! haunt beloved of sylvan Powers,  
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the golden age  
 They played in secret on the shady brink 311  
 With ancient Pan while round their choral steps  
 Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand  
 Showered blossoms, odours, showered ambrosial  
 dews,

And spring's Elysian bloom Her flowery store  
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse, nor watch  
 Of winged Hydia guard Hesperian fruits  
 From thy free spoil Oh ! bear then, unimproved,  
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess  
 Where young Dione stays With sweetest arts  
 Entice her forth to lend her angel form 311  
 For Beauty's honoured image Hither turn  
 Thy graceful footsteps, hither, gentle maid,  
 Incline thy polished forehead let thy eyes  
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn,  
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside  
 Thy radiant locks disclosing, as it bends  
 With any softness from the mable neck,  
 The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,  
 Where winning smiles, and pleasure sweet as love,  
 With sanctity and wisdom, tempering, blend 321  
 Then soft allurements Then the pleasing force  
 Of Nature and her kind parental care,  
 Worthier, I'd sing than all the enamoured youth,  
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre

Should throng attentive, while I point on high  
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn  
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,  
Moves onward, or as Venus, when she stood  
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smiled, 330  
Fresh from the deep and conscious of her form,  
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,  
And each cerulean sister of the flood  
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,  
To seek the Idalian bower—Ye smiling band  
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze  
Of young desire with rival steps pursue  
This charm of Beauty, if the pleasing toil  
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn  
Your favourable ear, and trust my words 340  
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form  
Of Superstition dressed in Wisdom's garb  
To damp your tender hopes, I do not mean  
To bid the jealous thunder fire the heavens,  
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth  
To fright you from your joys, my cheerful song  
With better omens calls you to the field,  
Pleased with your generous ardour in the chase,  
And warm as you—Then tell me, for you know,  
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health  
And active use are strangers? Is her charm 351  
Confessed in aught, whose most peculiar ends  
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean  
This awful stump, the herald of a lie,  
To hide the shame of discord and disease,  
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart  
Of idle faith? Oh no! with better cares  
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm  
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,  
By this illustrious image, in each kind 360  
Still most illustrious where the object holds

Its native powers most perfect, she by this  
 Illumes the headlong impulse of desire,  
 And sanctifies his choice The generous glebe  
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract  
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,  
 The bloom of nectared fruitage ripe to sense,  
 And every charm of animated things,  
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,  
 The integrity and order of their frame, 370  
 When all is well within, and every end  
 Accomplished Thus was Beauty sent from heaven,  
 The lovely mistress of Truth and Good  
 In this dark world, for Truth and Good are one,<sup>11</sup>  
 And Beauty dwells in them and they in her,  
 With like participation Wherefore then,  
 O sons of earth! would you dissolve the tie?  
 Oh! wherefore, with a rash, imperfect aim,  
 Seek you those flowery joys with which the hand  
 Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene 380  
 Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire  
 Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,  
 Or where the seal of undecentful good,  
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,  
 Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,  
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy  
 Did Fancy mock your vows Nor let the gleam  
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,  
 Be chilled or clouded at this awful task,—  
 To learn the lore of undecentful good 390  
 And Truth eternal Though the poisonous charms  
 Of baleful Superstition guide the feet  
 Of servile numbers, through a dreary way  
 To then abide, through deserts, thorns, and mire,  
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn  
 To muse, at last, amid the ghostly gloom  
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloistered cells,

To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,  
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song  
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400  
 Yet be not you dismayed A gentler star  
 Your lovely search illumines From the grove  
 Where Wisdom talked with her Athenian sons,  
 Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath  
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,  
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel  
 Those monkish horrors then, in light divine,  
 Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps  
 Of those whom Nature chaims, through blooming  
 walks, 409  
 Through fragrant mountains, and poetic streams,  
 Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,  
 Led by their winged Genius and the choir  
 Of laurelled science and harmonious art,  
 Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,  
 Where Truth, enthroned with her celestial twins,  
 The undivided partners of her sway,  
 With good and beauty reigns Oh! let not us,  
 Lulled by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,  
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,  
 Oh! let not us a moment pause to join 420  
 That godlike band And, if the gracious Power  
 Who first awakened my untutored song  
 Will to my invocation breathe anew  
 The tuneful spirit, then, through all our paths,  
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre  
 Be wanting, whether, on the rosy mead  
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart  
 Of luxury's allurements, whether, firm  
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill,  
 To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve, 430  
 And wake the strong divinity of soul  
 That conquers chance and fate, or whether, struck

For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils  
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow  
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise,  
 To trace her hallowed light through future worlds,  
 And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man

Thus with a faithful aim have we presumed,  
 Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form,  
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp arrayed, 440  
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene  
 In Beauty's rosy smile It now remains,  
 Through various being's fair proportioned scale,  
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,  
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length  
 To full meridian splendour Of degree  
 The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth  
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,  
 Doth Beauty dwell Then higher in the line  
 And variation of determined shape, 450  
 Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound  
 Of circle, cube, or sphere The third ascent  
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts  
 With colour's bland allurement, as the pearl  
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,  
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath  
 Then, more attractive, rise the blooming forms,  
 Through which the breath of Nature has infused  
 Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins  
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,  
 In fruit and seed prolific thus the flowers 461  
 Their purple honours, with the Spring, resume,  
 And such the stately tree which Autumn bends  
 With blushing treasures But more lovely still  
 Is Nature's charm, where, to the full consent  
 Of complicated members, to the bloom  
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,  
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,

And active motion speaks the tempered soul  
So moves the bud of Juno, so the steed, 470  
With rival ardour, beats the dusty plain,  
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy,  
Salute their fellows Thus doth Beauty dwell  
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,  
Where dawns the high expression of a mind,  
By steps conducting our enraptured search  
To that eternal origin, whose power,  
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,  
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,  
Thy endless mixture of her charms diffused 480  
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven !)  
The living fountains in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime here, hand in hand,  
Sit paramount the Graces, here, enthroned,  
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,  
Invites the soul to never fading joy  
Look then abroad through nature, to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,  
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,<sup>12</sup>  
Amid the crowd of patriots, and, his arm  
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country, hail !  
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
And Rome again is free ! Is aught so fair 500  
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,  
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush



Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?  
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes ?  
 Or the mild majesty of private life, •  
 Where Peace with ever blooming olive crowns  
 The gate, where Honour's liberal hands effuse  
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings \* 510  
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?  
 Once more search, undismayed, the dark profound  
 Where Nature works in secret, view the beds  
 Of mineral treasure and the eternal vault  
 That bounds the hoary ocean, trace the forms  
 Of atoms moving with incessant change  
 Then elemental round, behold the seeds  
 Of being and the energy of life  
 Kindling the mass with ever active flame  
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520  
 Attentive turn, from dim oblivion call  
 Her fleet, ideal band, and bid them go,  
 Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour  
 That saw the heavens created then declare  
 If aught were found in those external scenes  
 To move thy wonder now For what are all  
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears—  
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?  
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows  
 The superficial impulse, dull their charms, 530  
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye  
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers  
 Of genius and design, the ambitious mind  
 There sees herself by these congenial forms  
 Touched and awakened, with intenser act  
 She bends each nerve, and meditates, well pleased,  
 Her features in the mirror For of all  
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone  
 Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye  
 To Truth's eternal measures, thence to frame

The sacred laws of action and of will, 541  
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,  
 And temperance from folly But, beyond  
 This energy of Truth, whose dictates bind  
 Assenting reason the benignant Sue,  
 To deck the honoured paths of just and good,  
 Has added bright Imagination's rays  
 Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth  
 Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake  
 The unadorned condition of her birth, <sup>13</sup> 550  
 And, dressed by Fancy in ten thousand hues,  
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,  
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,  
 The hearts of men Amid his rural walk,  
 The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires  
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade  
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin muse  
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme  
 Of harmony and wonder while, among  
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form, 560  
 Indignant, flashes on the patriot's eye,  
 And, through the rolls of memory, appeals  
 To ancient honour, or in act serene,  
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword  
 Of public Power, from dark Ambition's reach,  
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws  
 Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps,  
 Well pleased, I follow through the sacred paths  
 Of Nature and of Science, nurse divine  
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desues ! 570  
 Oh ! let the breath of thy extended praise  
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height  
 Of this untempted theme Nor be my thoughts  
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm  
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,  
 I steal, impatient, from the sordid haunts

Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend  
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,  
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profaned  
 Descend, propitious to my favoured eye, 580  
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,  
 As when the Persian tyrant, foiled and stung  
 With shame and desperation, gnashed his teeth  
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne,  
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear  
 Crouched like a slave Bring all thy martial spoils,  
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,  
 Thy smiling band of art, thy godlike sires  
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth 589  
 Warm from the schools of glory Guide my way  
 Through fair Lycéum's<sup>14</sup> walk, the green retreats  
 Of Academus,<sup>15</sup> and the thymy vale,  
 Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,  
 Ilissus<sup>16</sup> pure devolved his tuneful stream  
 In gentler murmurs From the blooming store  
 Of these auspicious fields, may I, unblamed,  
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn  
 My native clime, while, far above the flight  
 Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock  
 The springs of ancient wisdom while I join 600  
 Thy name, thrice honoured, with the immortal  
     praise  
 Of Nature, while, to my compatriot youth,  
 I point the high example of thy sons,  
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre



## BOOK II

## THE ARGUMENT

THE separation of the works of Imagination from Philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns Prospect of their re union under the influence of public Liberty Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the Imagination The pleasures of sense Particular circumstances of the mind Discovery of truth Perception of contrivance and design Emotion of the passions All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation

**W**HEN shall the laurel and the vocal  
string  
Resume their honours ? When shall  
we behold

The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,  
Aspire to ancient praise ? Alas ! how faint,  
How slow, the dawn of Beauty and of Truth,  
Breaks the reluctant shades of gothic night  
Which yet involve the nations ! Long they groaned  
Beneath the furies of rapacious force,  
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms  
Tempestuous, pouring from her frozen caves, 10  
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works  
Of Liberty and Wisdom down the gulph  
Of all devouring night As, long immured  
’n noontide darkness by the glimmering lamp,

Each Muse and each fair Science pined away  
 The sordid hours while foul, barbarian hands  
 Their mysteries profaned, unstrung the lyre,  
 And chained the soaring pinion down to earth  
 At last the Muses rose,<sup>1</sup> and spurned their bonds,  
 And, wildly warbling, scattered, as they flew, 20  
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers<sup>2</sup>  
 To Aino's<sup>3</sup> myrtle border and the shore  
 Of soft Parthenopé<sup>4</sup> But still the rage  
 Of dire ambition and gigantic power,<sup>5</sup>  
 From public aims, and from the busy walk  
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train  
 Of penetrating Science to the cells  
 Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour  
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care  
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts  
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,<sup>6</sup> 31  
 To priestly domination and the lust  
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil  
 For three inglorious ages have resigned,  
 In vain reluctant, and Torquato's tongue  
 Was tuned for slavish pæans at the throne  
 Of tinsel pomp, and Raphael's magic hand  
 Effused its fair creation to enchant  
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes  
 To blind belief, while on their prostrate necks  
 The sable tyrant plants his heel secure 41  
 But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,  
 When freedom's ample fabric, fixed at length  
 For endless years on Albion's happy shore  
 In full proportion, once more shall extend,  
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss,  
 A common mansion, a parental roof  
 There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,  
 Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,  
 Embrace the smiling family of Arts,— 50

The Muses and the Graces    Then no more  
Shall Vice, distracting their delicious gifts  
To aims abhorred, with high distaste and scorn  
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,  
The patriot bosom, then no more the paths  
Of public care or intellectual toil,  
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe,  
In gloomy state be trod the harmonious Muse  
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant  
Their sheltering laurels o'er the bleak ascent,    60  
And scatter flowers along the rugged way  
Armed with the lyre, already have we dared  
To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,  
And teach the Muse her lore, already strove  
Their long divided honours to unite,  
While, tempering this deep argument, we sang  
Of Truth and Beauty    Now the same glad task  
Impends, now, urging our ambitious toil,  
We hasten to recount the various springs  
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin    70  
Their grateful influence to the prime effect  
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge  
The complicated joy    The sweets of sense,  
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,  
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm ?  
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,  
Glow not her blush the faner ?    While we view,  
Amid the noontide walk, a limpid rill  
Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst  
Of summer, yielding the delicious draught    80  
Of cool refreshment, o'er the mossy brink  
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves  
With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?  
Nor this alone, the various lot of life  
Oft from external circumstance assumes  
A moment's disposition to rejoice

In those delights which at a different hour  
 Would pass unheeded Fair the face of Spring,  
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn  
 To every eye, but how much more to his 90  
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffused  
 Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,  
 When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales  
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun  
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life  
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain !

Or shall I mention, where celestial Truth  
 Her awful light discloses, to bestow  
 A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame ? 99  
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth  
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye,  
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,  
 Than all of taste his tongue Nor ever yet  
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctured hues  
 To me have shown so pleasing, as when first  
 The hand of Science pointed out the path  
 In which the sunbeams, gleaming from the west,  
 Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil  
 Involves the orient, and that trickling shower,  
 Piercing through every crystalline convex 110  
 Of clustering dewdrops to their flight opposed  
 Recoil at length where, concave all behind,  
 The internal surface of each glassy orb  
 Repels their forward passage into air,  
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal  
 From which their course began, and, as they strike  
 In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,  
 Assume a different lustre, through the brede  
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose  
 To the pale violet's dejected hue 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,  
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace,

Through all its fabric, Wisdom's artful aim  
Disposing every part, and gaining still  
By means proportioned her benignant end?  
Speak ye the pure delight, whose favoured steps  
The lamp of Science through the jealous maze  
Of Nature guides, when haply you reveal  
Her secret honours whether in the sky, 120  
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers  
That wheel the pensile planets round the year,  
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,  
Or smiling fruits of pleasure-pregnant earth,  
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,  
Ye scan the counsels of their Author's hand

What, when, to raise the meditated scene,  
The flame of passion, through the struggling soul  
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze  
The object of its rapture, vast of size,  
With fiercer colours, and a night of shade? 140  
What? like a storm from their capacious bed  
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might  
Of these eruptions, working from the depth  
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his flame  
Even to the base, from every naked sense  
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all  
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil  
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times  
To hide the feeling heart? Then Nature speaks  
Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150  
Big with the very motion of their souls,  
Declare with what accumulated force  
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on  
The native weight and energy of things

Yet more her honours where nor Beauty claims,  
Nor shows of good the thursty sense allure,  
From passion's power alone our nature holds  
Essential pleasure? Passion's fierce illapse



Rouses the mind's whole fabric, with supplies  
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers 160  
 Intensely poised, and polishes anew  
 By that collision all the fine machine  
 Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees  
 Incumbering, choke at last what heaven designed  
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil

But say, does every passion men endure  
 Thus minister delight? That name indeed  
 Becomes the rosy breath of love, becomes  
 The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand  
 Of admiration, but the bitter shower 170  
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,  
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,  
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart  
 Of panting indignation, find we there  
 To move delight? Then listen, while my tongue  
 The unaltered will of Heaven with faithful awe  
 Reveals, what old Harmodius wont to teach  
 My early age,—Harmodius, who had weighed  
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools  
 Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180  
 O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws  
 Which govern and support this mighty frame  
 Of universal being Oft the hours  
 From morn to eve have stolen unmarked away,  
 While mute attention hung upon his lips,  
 As thus the sage his awful tale began

“ 'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,  
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns .  
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,  
 What time pale Autumn shades the silent eve,  
 Musing I roved Of good and evil much, 191  
 And much of mortal man my thought revolved ,  
 When, starting full on fancy's gushing eye,  
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate ,

That hour, O long beloved and long deplored !  
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,  
 No Hymen's honours gathered for thy brow,  
 Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears  
 Awaile to snatch thee from the cruel grave,  
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200  
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul  
 As with the hand of Death At once the shade  
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds  
 With hoarse murmuring shook the branches Dark  
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things  
 Appeared before me, deserts, burning sands,  
 Where the parched adder dies, the frozen south,  
 And desolation blasting all the west  
 With rapine and with murder tyrant power  
 Here sits enthroned with blood, the baleful charms  
 Of superstition there infect the skies, 211  
 And turn the sun to horror Gracious Heaven !  
 What is the life of man ? Or cannot these,  
 Not these portents thy awful will suffice ?  
 That, propagated thus beyond their scope,  
 They rise to act their cruelties anew  
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed  
 The universal sensitive of pain,  
 The wretched heir of evils not its own !"  
 Thus I, impatient when, at once effused, 220  
 A flashing torrent of celestial day  
 Burst through the shadowy void With slow  
 descent  
 A purple cloud came floating through the sky,  
 And, poised at length within the circling trees,  
 Hung obvious to my view, till, opening wide  
 Its lucid orb, a more than human form,  
 Emerging, leaned majestic o'er my head,  
 And instant thunder shook the conscious grove  
 Then melted into air the liquid cloud,

And all the shining vision stood revealed 230  
 A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,  
 And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,  
 Flowed the transparent robe, around his waist  
 Collected with a radiant zone of gold  
 Æthereal there, in mystic signs engraved,  
 I read his office high and sacred name,  
 Genius of human kind ! Appalled, I gazed  
 The godlike presence, for, athwart his brow,  
 Displeasure, tempered with a mild concern,  
 Looked down reluctant on me, and his words 240  
 Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

“ Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth !  
 And impotent thy tongue Is thy short span  
 Capacious of this universal frame ?  
 Thy wisdom all sufficient ? Thou, alas !  
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord  
 Of Nature and his works ? to lift thy voice  
 Against the sovereign order he decreed,  
 All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands  
 Of tenderness innate and social love, 250  
 Holiest of things ! by which the general orb  
 Of being, as by adamantine links,  
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustained  
 From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs  
 Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal  
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish  
 The ties of Nature broken from thy frame  
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart  
 Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then  
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ? 260  
 O fair benevolence of generous minds !  
 O man by Nature formed for all mankind !”

He spoke, abashed and silent I remained,  
 As conscious of my lips' offence, and awed  
 Before his presence, though my secret soul

Disdained the imputation On the ground  
I fixed my eyes, till from his airy couch  
He stooped sublime, and touching with his hand  
My dazzling forehead, "Raise thy sight," he cried,  
"And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue"

I looked, and lo! the former scene was changed,  
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,  
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,  
Rushed on my senses 'Twas a hoarid pile  
Of hills with many a shaggy forest mixed,  
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream  
Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,  
The brown woods waved, while ever-trickling  
springs

Washed from the naked roots of oak and pine  
The crumbling soil, and still at every fall 250  
Down the steep windings of the channelled rock,  
Remurmuring, rushed the congregated floods  
With hoarser inundation, till at last  
They reached a grassy plain, which from the skirts  
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,  
And drank the gushing moisture, where confined  
In one smooth current, o'er the lilyd vale  
Clearer than glass it flowed Autumnal spoils  
Luxuriant, spreading to the rays of morn,  
Blushed o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound,  
As in a sylvan theatre, enclosed 291

That flowery level On the river's brink  
I spied a fair pavilion, which diffused  
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade  
Of osiers Now the western sun revealed,  
Between two parting cliffs, his golden orb,  
And poured across the shadow of the hills,  
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light  
That cheered the solemn scene My listening powers  
Were awed, and every thought in silence hung,

And wondering expectation    Then the voice    301  
 Of that celestial power, the mystic show  
 Declaring, thus my deep attention called

“ Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given  
 The gracious ways of Providence to learn,  
 Receive my sayings with a steadfast ear<sup>8</sup>—  
 Know then the Sovereign Spirit of the world,  
 Though, self-collected from eternal time,  
 Within his own deep essence he beheld  
 The circling bounds of happiness unite ,    310  
 Yet, by immense benignity, inclined  
 To spread around him that primeval joy  
 Which filled himself, he raised his plastic arm,  
 And sounded through the hollow depth of space  
 The strong, creative mandate    Straight arose  
 These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life,  
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine  
 Through endless forms of being    Each inhaled  
 From him its portion of the vital flame,  
 In measure such, that, from the wide complex æa  
 Of coexistent orders, one might rise,—  
 One order, all-involving and entire<sup>9</sup>  
 He too, beholding in the sacred light  
 Of his essential reason all the shapes  
 Of swift contingency, all successive ties  
 Of action propagated through the sum  
 Of possible existence, he at once,  
 Down the long series of eventful time,  
 So fixed the dates of being, so disposed  
 To every living soul of every kind    330  
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,  
 That all conspired to his supreme design,—  
 To universal good    with full accord  
 Answering the mighty model he had chose—  
 The best and fairest of unnumbered worlds<sup>10</sup>  
 That lay from everlasting in the store

Of his divine conceptions Not content,  
 By one exertion of creating power,  
 His goodness to reveal, through every age,  
 Through every moment up the tract of time, 240  
 His parent hand, with ever new increase  
 Of happiness and virtue, has adorned  
 The vast harmonious frame his parent hand,  
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore  
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds  
 For ever leads the generations on  
 To higher scenes of being, while, supplied  
 From day to day with his enlivening breath,  
 Inferior orders in succession rise  
 To fill the void below As flame ascends,  
 As bodies to their proper centre move,<sup>11</sup>  
 As the poised ocean to the attracting moon  
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream  
 Devolves its winding waters to the main,  
 So all things which have life aspire to God,—  
 The sun of being, boundless, unpaired,  
 Centre of souls! Not does the faithful voice  
 Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps  
 Aright, nor is the care of Heaven withheld  
 From granting to the task proportioned aid, 350  
 That, in their stations, all may persevere  
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach  
 For ever nearer to the life divine

“That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn,  
 Fresh-watered from the mountains Let the scene  
 Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat  
 Of man, and where the Will Supreme ordained  
 His mansion, that pavilion fan-diffused  
 Along the shady brink, in this recess  
 To wear the appointed season of his youth, 370  
 Till ripper hours should open to his toil  
 The high communion of superior minds,

Of consecrated heroes, and of gods  
 Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget  
 His tender bloom to cherish, nor withheld  
 Celestial footsteps from his green abode  
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,  
 He sent whom most he loved, the sovereign fair,  
 The effluence of his glory, whom he placed  
 Before his eyes for ever to behold,  
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows  
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends,  
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,  
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,  
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour Her the Sire  
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,  
 The folded powers to open, to direct  
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,  
 And from the laws of this majestic world  
 To teach him what was good As thus the nymph  
 Her daily care attended, by her side 391  
 With constant steps her gay companion stayed,  
 The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen  
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights  
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men  
 And powers immortal See the shining pair  
 Behold where, from his dwelling now disclosed,  
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies

I looked, and on the flowery turf there stood,  
 Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth 400  
 Whose tender cheeks displayed the vernal flower  
 Of beauty sweetest innocence illumed  
 His bashful eyes, and on his polished brow  
 Sate young simplicity With fond regard  
 He viewed the associates, as their steps they moved,  
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detained,  
 With mild regret invoking her return  
 Bright as the star of evening she appeared

Amid the dusky scene Eternal youth  
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breathed,  
 And smiles eternal from her candid eyes ~ 411  
 Flowed, like the dewy lustre of the morn,  
 Effusive, trembling on the placid waves  
 The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils  
 To bind her sable tresses - full diffused,  
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze,  
 And in her hand she waved a living branch,  
 Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm  
 The wrathful heart, and, from the brightening eyes,  
 To chase the cloud of sadness More sublime 420  
 The heavenly partner moved The prime of age  
 Composed her steps The presence of a god,  
 High on the circle of her brow enthroned  
 From each majestic motion dated awe,  
 Devoted awe! till, cherished by her looks  
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love  
 To filial rapture softened all the soul  
 Free in her graceful hand, she poised the sword  
 Of chaste dominion An heroic crown  
 Displayed the old simplicity of pomp  
 Around her honoured head A matron's robe,  
 White as the sunshine streams through vernal  
 clouds,  
 Her stately form invested Hand in hand  
 The immortal pair forsook the enamelled green,  
 Ascending slowly Rays of limpid light  
 Gleamed round their path, celestial sounds were  
 heard,  
 And, through the fragrant air, ethereal dews  
 Distilled around them, till at once the clouds,  
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew  
 Their airy veil and left a bright expanse 440  
 Of empyrean flame, where, spent and downed,  
 Afflicted vision plunged in vain to scan



What object it involved    My feeble eyes  
 Endured not    Bending down to earth I stood,  
 With dumb attention    Soon a female voice,  
 As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,  
 With sacred invocation thus began

“ Father of gods and mortals ! whose right arm,  
 With reins eternal, guides the moving heavens,  
 Bend thy propitious ear    Behold, well pleased 450  
 I seek to finish thy divine decree  
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat  
 Of man, thy offspring , from the tender seeds  
 Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve  
 The latent honours of his generous flame ,  
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot  
 From earth’s dim scene to these ethereal walks,  
 The temple of thy glory    But not me,  
 Not my directing voice he oft requires,  
 Or hears delighted    this enchanting maid, 460  
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone  
 He loves, O Father ! absent, her he craves ,  
 And but for her glad presence ever joined,  
 Rejoices not in mine    that all my hopes  
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,  
 I deem uncertain    and my daily cares  
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee  
 Still farther aided in the work divine ”

She ceased , a voice more awful thus replied  
 “ O thou ! in whom for ever I delight, 470  
 Farer than all the inhabitants of Heaven,  
 Best image of thy Author ! far from thee  
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame,  
 Who soon or late shalt every work fulfil,  
 And no resistance find    If man refuse  
 To hearken to thy dictates , or, allured  
 By meaner joys, to any other power  
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone ,

That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste  
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold 489  
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil,  
Go then, but let not this thy smiling fiend  
Partake thy footsteps In her stead, behold '  
With thee the son of Nemesis I send,  
The fiend abhorred ' whose vengeance takes re-  
Of sacred order's violated laws [count  
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,  
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath  
On yon devoted head But thou, my child,  
Control his cruel frenzy, and protect 490  
Thy tender charge, that, when despair shall grasp  
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,  
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand  
Alone sufficient, in the hour of ill,  
To save his feeble spirit, then confess  
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair '  
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will  
Of this avenging demon, all the storms  
Of night infernal, serve but to display  
The energy of thy superior charms, 500  
With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,  
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom "

Here ceased that awful voice, and soon I felt  
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve  
Was closed once more, from that immortal fire  
Sheltering my eye-lids Looking up, I viewed  
A vast gigantic spectre striding on  
Thro' mumbling thunders and a waste of clouds,  
With dreadful action Black as night his brow  
Relentless frowns involved His savage limbs 510  
With sharp impatience violent he writhed,  
As through convulsive anguish, and his hand,  
Armed with a scorpion lash, full oft he raised  
In madness to his bosom, while his eyes

Rained bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook  
 The void with horror    Silent by his side  
 The virgin came    No discomposure stirred  
 Her features    From the glooms which hung around,  
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam  
 Of her divine effulgence    Now they stoop    520  
 Upon the river bank, and now to hail  
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanced  
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade

As when a famished wolf, that all night long  
 Had ranged the Alpine snows, by chance at morn  
 Sees from a cliff, incumbent o'er the smoke  
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid  
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring,  
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,  
 And thinks he tears him    so, with tenfold rage,    530  
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey  
 Amazed the stripling stood    with panting breast  
 Feebly he poured the lamentable wail  
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,  
 And rooted to the ground    The Queen beheld  
 His terror and, with looks of tenderest care,  
 Advanced to save him    Soon the tyrant felt  
 Her awful power    His keen, tempestuous arm  
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage  
 Had aimed the deadly blow, then, dumb, retired    540  
 With sullen rancour    Lo! the sovereign maid  
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,  
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek,  
 Then grasps his hand and cheers him with her  
 tongue

“ Oh! wake thee, rouse thy spirit    Shall the spite  
 Of yon tormentor thus appal thy heart,  
 While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand  
 To rescue and to heal?    Oh! let thy soul  
 Remember what the will of Heaven ordains

Is ever good for all, and if for all, 550  
Then good for thee Not only by the warmth  
And soothing sunshine of delightful things,  
Do minds grow up and flourish Oft, misled  
By that bland light, the young unpractised views  
Of reason wander through a fatal road,  
Far from their native aim as if to lie  
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait  
The soft access of ever circling joys,  
Were all the end of being Ask thyself,  
This pleasing error, did it never lull 560  
Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refused  
The silken fetters of delicious ease ?  
Or when divine Euphrosyné appeared  
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires  
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,  
Which I revealed before thee ? and thy eyes  
Impatient of my counsels, turn away  
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?  
Know, then, for this the everlasting Sire  
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570  
O wise and still benevolent ! ordains  
This horrid visage hither to pursue  
My steps, that so thy nature may discern  
Its real good, and what alone can save  
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill  
From folly and despair O yet beloved !  
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm  
Thy scattered powers, nor fatal deem the rage  
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,  
While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580  
Above the generous question of thy aim  
Brave by thy fears and in thy weakness strong,  
This hour he triumphs but confront his might  
And dare him to the combat, then, with ease  
Disarmed and quelled, his fierceness he resigns

To bondage and to scorn while thus inured  
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,  
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,  
 Amid the outrage of external things,  
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590  
 Rests on his own foundations Blow, ye winds !  
 Ye waves ! ye thunders ! roll your tempest on,  
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky !  
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire  
 Be loosened from their seats, yet, still serene,  
 The unconquered mind looks down upon the wreck,  
 And, ever stronger as the storms advance,  
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,  
 Where Nature calls him to the destined goal "

So spake the goddess, while through all her frame  
 Celestial raptures flowed, in every word, 601  
 In every motion kindling warmth divine  
 To seize who listened Vehement, and swift  
 As lightning fires the aromatic shade  
 In Æthiopian fields, the stupling felt  
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,  
 And, starting from his languor, thus exclaimed  
 " Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,  
 If terror be upon me, if I shrink  
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610  
 When hardest it besets me Do not think  
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,  
 As late thy eyes beheld, for thou hast changed  
 My nature, thy commanding voice has waked  
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on,  
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains,  
 Through toil or peril only do not thou  
 Forsake me, Oh ! be thou for ever near,  
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,  
 And guide, by thy decrees, my constant feet 620  
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?

Say, shall the fan Euphrosyné not once  
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!  
O thou eternal arbiter of things!  
Be thy great bidding done for who am I,  
To question thy appointment? Let the frown  
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast  
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp  
With double night my dwelling, I will learn  
To hail them both, and, unrepining, bear 630  
His hateful presence but permit my tongue  
One glad request, and if my deeds may find  
Thy awful eye propitious, Oh! restore  
The rosy featured maid, again to cheer  
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles"

He spoke, when, instant, through the sable  
glooms

With which that furious presence had involved  
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came  
Swift as the lightning flash, the melting clouds  
Flew diverse, and, amid the blue serene, 640  
Euphrosyné appeared With sprightly step  
The nymph alighted on the unguious lawn,  
And to her wondering audience thus began

"Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,  
And be the meeting fortunate! I come  
With joyful tidings, we shall part no more—  
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell  
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the  
stream

Repeats the accent, we shall part no more—  
O my delightful friends! well pleased, on high, 650  
The Father has beheld you, while the might  
Of that stern foe with bitter trial proved  
Your equal doings then for ever spake  
The high decree, that thou, celestial maid!  
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps

May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more  
 Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,  
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,  
 Or leave thy loved Euphrosyné behind "

She ended, and the whole romantic scene 660  
 Immediate vanished, rocks, and woods, and rills,  
 The mantling tent, and each mysterious form  
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,  
 When sunshine fills the bed Awhile I stood  
 Perplexed and giddy, till the radiant power  
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,  
 As up to him I turned, with gentlest looks  
 Preventing my enquiry, thus began

" There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint,  
 How blind, how impious ! There behold the ways  
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man, 671  
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise  
 That Virtue's awful steps, how'er pursued  
 By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,  
 Should never be divided from her chaste,  
 Her fan attendant, Pleasure Need I urge  
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round  
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul  
 At length may learn what energy the hand  
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680  
 Of passion, swelling with distress and pain,  
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
 Of cordial pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth,  
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved  
 So often fills his arms, so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
 Oh ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 689  
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise  
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes

With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture — Ask the crowd  
Which flies impatient from the village walk  
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when, far below,  
The cruel winds have hulled upon the coast  
Some helpless bark, while sacred Pity melts  
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand  
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair,  
While every mother closer to her breast 700  
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves  
Foam through the shattered vessel, shrieks aloud  
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms  
For succour, swallowed by the roaring surge,  
As now another, dashed against the rock,  
Drops lifeless down Oh ! deemest thou indeed  
No kind endearment here by Nature given  
To mutual terror and compassion's tears ?  
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,  
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710  
To this their proper action and their end ?  
— Ask thy own heart, when, at the midnight hour,  
Slow through that studious gloom, thy pausing eye,  
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs  
Of Grecian bards, and records wrote by Fame  
For Grecian heroes, where the present power  
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,  
Even as a father blessing, while he reads  
The praises of his son If then thy soul, 720  
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,  
Mix in their deeds, and kindle with their flame,  
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,  
When, rooted from the base, heroic states  
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown  
Of curst ambition, when the pious band<sup>12</sup>  
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires



Lie side by side in gore, when ruffian pride  
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp  
Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730  
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn  
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
Of such as bow the knee, when honoured urns  
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage  
Of legal envy, strew the public way  
With hallowed ruins, when the Muse's haunt,  
The marble porch where Wisdom went to talk  
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740  
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
Or female Superstition's midnight prayer,  
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time  
Tears the destroying scythe, with sure blow  
To sweep the works of glory from their base,  
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street  
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,  
Where senates once the price of monarchs doomed,  
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds 749  
That clasp the mouldering column, thus defaced,  
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills  
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove  
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's<sup>13</sup> brow,  
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car,  
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
The big distress? Or wouldest thou then exchange  
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760  
Of mute barbarians, bending to his nod,  
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
And says within himself, 'I am a king,

And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
Intrude upon mine ear ?—The baleful dregs  
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world,  
Defiled to such a depth of sordid shame  
The native honours of the human soul,                   770  
Nor so effaced the image of its Sire ”



## BOOK III

## THE ARGUMENT

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd The origin of Vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil Inquiry into ridicule The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated Final cause of the sense of ridicule The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind The operations of the mind in the production of the works of Imagination, described The secondary pleasure from Imitation The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these pleasures with the objects which excite them The nature and conduct of taste Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well formed imagination



WHAT wonder therefore, since the en-  
dearing ties  
Of passion link the universal kind  
Of man so close, what wonder if to  
search

This common nature through the various change  
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame  
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind  
With unresisted charms ! The spacious west,

And all the teeming regions of the south,  
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight  
Of Knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10  
As man to man Nor only where the smiles  
Of Love invite, nor only where the applause  
Of cordial Honour turns the attentive eye  
On Virtue's graceful deeds For since the course  
Of things external acts in different ways  
On human apprehensions, as the hand  
Of Nature tempered to a different frame  
Peculiar minds, so, haply, where the powers  
Of Fancy neither lessen nor enlarge  
The images of things, but paint in all 20  
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore  
In Nature, there Opinion will be true,  
And Action right For Action treads the path  
In which Opinion says he follows good,  
Or flies from evil, and Opinion gives  
Report of good or evil, as the scene  
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deformed  
Thus her report can never there be true,  
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,  
With glaring colours and distorted lines 30  
Is there a man, who, at the sound of death,  
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjured up, [groans,  
And black before him, nought but death-bed  
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink  
Of light and being, down the gloomy an,  
An unknown depth? Alas! such a mind,  
If no bright forms of excellence attend  
The image of his country, nor the pomp  
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice  
Of Justice on her throne, nor right that wakes 40  
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame,  
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,  
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill

Than to betray his country ? And, in act,  
 Will he not choose to be a wretch and live ?  
 Here vice begins then From the enchanting cup  
 Which Fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst  
 Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,  
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye  
 Of Reason, till no longer he discerns, 50  
 And only guides to err Then revel forth  
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne;  
 And all is uproar Thus ambition grasps  
 The empire of the soul thus pale Revenge  
 Unsheaths her murderous dagger, and the hands  
 Of Lust and Rapine, with unholy arts,  
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws  
 That keeps them from their prey thus all the  
 plagues

The wicked bear, or, o'er the trembling scene,  
 The tragic Muse discloses, under shapes 60  
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,  
 Stole first into the mind Yet not by all  
 Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain  
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven  
 To guilty deeds, nor Reason bound in chains,  
 That Vice alone may lord it oft, adorned  
 With solemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne  
 And plays her idiot antics, like a queen  
 A thousand garbs she wears, a thousand ways  
 She wheels her giddy empire —Lo ! thus far, 70  
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre  
 I sing of Nature's charms, and touch, well pleased,  
 A stricter note now haply must my song  
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal,  
 In lighter strains, how Folly's awkward arts  
 Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,<sup>2</sup>  
 The sportive province of the comic Muse  
 See ! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance.

Each would outstrip the other, each prevent  
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80  
 Unasked, his motley features Wait awhile,  
 My curious friends! and let us first arrange  
 In proper orders your promiscuous throng

Behold the foremost band,<sup>3</sup> of slender thought  
 And easy faith, whom flattering Fancy soothes,  
 With lying spectacles, in themselves to view  
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,  
 That scorn the mansion With exulting heirs  
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,  
 And bid the world admire But chief the glance  
 Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes, 91  
 And lifts with self-applause each loudly brow  
 In number boundless as the blooms of Spring,  
 Behold their glaring idols—empty shades  
 By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up  
 For adoration Some, in Learning's garb,  
 With formal band, and sable-cinctured gown,  
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some, elate  
 With martial splendour, steely pikes and swords  
 Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100  
 Inwrought with flowering gold, assume the port  
 Of stately Valour listening by his side  
 There stands a female form, to her, with looks  
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,  
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,  
 And sulphurous mines, and ambush, then at once  
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,  
 And asks some wondering question of her fears  
 Others of graver mien, behold, adorned  
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110  
 And, bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,  
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng—  
 Ambassadors of Heaven! Nor much unlike  
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist

That mantles every feature, hides a brood  
 Of politic conceits, of whispers, nods,  
 And hints deep-omened with unwieldy schemes,  
 And dark portents of state Ten thousand more,  
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,  
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band 120

Then comes the second order, <sup>1</sup> all who seek  
 The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief  
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye  
 On some retired appearance, which belies  
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause  
 That justice else would pay Here, side by side,  
 I see two leaders of the solemn train  
 Approaching one, a female old and gray,  
 With eyes demure and wrinkle-furrowed brow,  
 Pale as the cheeks of death, yet still she stuns  
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale 131  
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn!  
 How many virgins at her triumphs pined!  
 Yet how resolved she guards her cautious heart  
 Such is her terror at the risks of love,  
 And man's seducing tongue! The other seems  
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,  
 And sordid all his habit, peevish Want  
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng  
 He stalks, resounding, in magnificent praise, 140  
 The vanity of riches, the contempt  
 Of pomp and power Be prudent in your zeal,  
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace  
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard  
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent, unfold  
 The praise of spotless honour, let the man  
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp  
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams  
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits  
 Of joy, let him, by juster measure, fix 150

The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds,<sup>5</sup> deluded long  
By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold  
The images of some peculiar things  
With brighter hues resplendent, and portrayed  
With features nobler far than e'er adorned  
Their genuine objects Hence the fevered heart  
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel chains,  
Hence, oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,  
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays, 160  
And serious manhood, from the towering aim  
Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast  
Of childish toil Behold yon mystic form,  
Bedecked with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!  
Not with intenser view the Samian sage  
Bent his fixed eye on heaven's eternal fires,  
When first the order of that radiant scene  
Swelled his exulting thought, than this surveys  
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang  
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles  
crowned, 170  
Attends that virgin form, and, blushing, kneels,  
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,  
To win her coy regard adieu, for him,  
The dull engagements of the bustling world!  
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise,  
And hope, and action! for with her alone,  
By streams and shades, to steal the sighing hours,  
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!  
Thee too, facetious Momion,<sup>6</sup> wandering here,  
Thee, dreaded censor! oft have I beheld 180  
Bewildered unawares alas! too long  
Flushed with thy comic triumphs and the spoils  
Of sly derision, till, on every side  
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth  
Assigned thee here thy station, with the slaves



Of Folly Thy once formidable name  
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard  
 In scoffs and mockery, bandied from the lips  
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,  
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn 190

But now, ye gay <sup>17</sup> to whom indulgent fate,  
 Of all the Muse's empire hath assigned  
 The fields of folly, hither each advance  
 Your sickles, here the teeming soil affords  
 Its richest growth A favourite brood appears,  
 In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,  
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares  
 At full repaid Ye most illustrious band!  
 Who, scorning Reason's tame, pedantic rules,  
 And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200  
 For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal  
 Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long usurped,  
 And yield Deformity the fond applause  
 Which Beauty wont to claim, forgive my song,  
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth,  
 It shuns the unequal province of your praise

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile  
 Of bland Imagination, Folly's train  
 Have dared our search <sup>8</sup> but now a dastard kind  
 Advance, reluctant, and with faltering feet 210  
 Shrink from the gaze's eye,—enfeebled hearts  
 Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,  
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits  
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,  
 Fantastic and delusive Here the slave,  
 Who droops abashed when sullen Pomp surveys  
 His humbler habit, here the trembling wretch,  
 Unnerved, and froze with Terror's icy bolts,  
 Spent in weak wailings, drowned in shameful tears,  
 At every dream of danger, here, subdued 220  
 By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn

Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,  
Who, blushing, half resigns the candid praise  
Of Temperance and Honour, half disowns  
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride,  
And hears, with sickly smiles, the venal mouth,  
With foulest license, mock the patriot's name

Last of the motley bands on whom the power  
Of gay Derision bends her hostile um,<sup>9</sup>  
Is that where shameful Ignorance presides  
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march  
Like blind and lame    Whate'er then doubtful  
                hands

Attempt, Confusion straight appears behind,  
And troubles all the work Thro' many a maze,  
Perplexed, they struggle, changing every path,  
O'erturning every purpose, then, at last,  
Sit down dismayed, and leave the entangled scene  
For Scorn to sport with Such then is the abode  
Of Folly in the mind, and such the shapes  
In which she governs her obsequious train 240

Through every scene of ridicule in things  
To lead the tenor of my devious lay,  
Through every swift occasion which the hand  
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful sting  
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her  
tongue,

What were it but to count each crystal drop  
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms  
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,  
Where'er the power of Ridicule displays 249  
Her quant-eyed visage, some incongruous form,  
Some stubborn dissonance of things combined,  
Strikes on the quick observer whether Pomp,  
Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim  
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,  
Where foul Deformity, are wont to dwell,

Or whether these, with violation loathed,  
 Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,  
 The charms of Beauty, or the boasts of Praise <sup>10</sup>

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire  
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260  
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust  
 Educing pleasure <sup>211</sup> Wherefore, but to aid  
 The tardy steps of Reason, and at once,  
 By this prompt impulse, urge us to depress  
 The giddy aims of Folly <sup>2</sup> Though the light  
 Of Truth, slow-dawning on the enquiring mind,  
 At length unfolds, through many a subtile tie,  
 How these uncouth disorders end at last  
 In public evil <sup>1</sup> yet benignant Heaven,  
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270  
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause  
 From labours and from care the wider lot  
 Of humble life affords for studious thought  
 To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamped  
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,  
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,  
 As to the lettered sage's curious eye

Such are the various aspects of the mind—  
 Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts  
 Attain that secret harmony which blends 280  
 The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay,  
 Oh! teach me to reveal the grateful charm  
 That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man  
 Diffuses, to behold in lifeless things,  
 The inexpressive semblance of himself,  
 Of thought and passion <sup>12</sup> Mark the sable woods  
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow,  
 With what religious awe the solemn scene  
 Commands your steps! as if the reverend form  
 Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290  
 The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glads

Move to your pausing eye Behold the expanse  
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds  
Flit o'er the heavens, before the sprightly breeze  
Now their gray cincture skirts the doubtful sun,  
Now streams of splendour, thro' their opening veil  
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn  
The aerial shadows, on the curling brook,  
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves,  
With quickest lustre glancing while you view 300  
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast,  
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth,  
With clouds and sunshine chequered, while the  
round

Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue  
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,  
Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,  
This kindred power of such discordant things ?  
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone  
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers  
At first were strung ? Or rather from the links  
Which artful custom twines around her frame ?

For when the different images of things,  
By chance combined, have struck the attentive  
With deeper impulse, or, connected long, [soul  
Have drawn her frequent eye, howe'er distinct  
The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain  
From that conjunction an eternal tie,  
And sympathy unbroken Let the mind  
Recall one partner of the various league,  
Immediate, lo ! the firm confederates rise, 320  
And each his former station straight resumes  
One movement governs the consenting throng,  
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,  
Or all are saddened with the glooms of care  
'Twas thus, if ancient fable the truth unfold,  
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch

Of the same parent stone, together drew  
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspired,  
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole <sup>13</sup> 329  
 Then, tho' disjointed by kingdoms, tho' the main  
 Rolled its broad surge betwixt, and different stars  
 \* Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserved  
 The former friendship, and remembered still  
 The alliance of their birth whate'er the line  
 Which one possessed, nor pause, nor quiet knew  
 The sure associate, ere, with trembling speed,  
 He found its path and fixed unerring there  
 Such is the secret union, when we feel

A song, a flower, a name, at once restore 339  
 Those long connected scenes where first they moved  
 The attention, backward thro' her mazy walks  
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,  
 To temples, courts, or fields, with all the band  
 Of painted forms, of passions, and designs,  
 Attendant, whence, if pleasing in itself,  
 The prospect from that sweet accession gains  
 Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind

By these mysterious ties, the busy power  
 Of Memory her ideal train preserves  
 Entire, <sup>14</sup> or, when they would elude her watch, 340  
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste  
 Of dark oblivion, thus collecting all  
 The various forms of being to present,  
 Before the curious aim of mimic art,  
 Then largest choice like Spring's unfolded blooms  
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee  
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils  
 To work her dulcet food For not the expanse  
 Of living lakes in Summer's noontide calm, 349  
 Reflects the bordering shade and sun-bright  
 heavens

With fairer semblance, not the sculptured gold

More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,  
 Than he whose birth the sister powers of art  
 Propitious viewed, and from his genial star  
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind,  
 Than his attempered bosom must preserve  
 The seal of Nature There alone unchanged,  
 Her form remains The balmy walks of May  
 There breathe perennial sweets the trembling  
 chord

Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, 370  
 Melodious and the virgin's radiant eye,  
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,  
 Shines with unbating lustre Thus at length,  
 Endowed with all that nature can bestow,  
 The child of Fancy oft in silence bends  
 O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,  
 With conscious pride From them he oft resolves  
 To frame he knows not what excelling things,  
 And win he knows not what sublime reward  
 Of praise and wonder By degrees, the mind 380  
 Feels her young nerves dilate the plastic powers  
 Labour for action blind emotions heave  
 His bosom, and, with loveliest frenzy caught,  
 From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,  
 From heaven to earth Anon ten thousand shapes,  
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,  
 Flit swift before him From the womb of earth,  
 From ocean's bed they come the eternal heavens  
 Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss  
 Pours out her but this unknown With fixed gaze  
 He marks the rising phantoms, now compares  
 Their different forms, now blends them, now  
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns, [divides,  
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,  
 And infinitely varies Either now,  
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,

With endless choice perplexed At length his plan  
Begins to open Lucid order dawns ,  
And, as from Chaos old the jarring seeds  
Of Nature, at the voice divine, repaired 400  
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveiled  
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun  
Sprung up the blue serene, by swift degrees  
Thus disentangled, his entire design  
Emerges Colours mingle, features join,  
And lines converge the fainter parts retire ,  
The fauer, eminent in light, advance ,  
And every image on its neighbour smiles  
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy  
Contemplates Then, with Promethéan art, 410  
Into its proper vehicle he breathes  
The fair conception,<sup>13</sup> which, embodied thus,  
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears  
An object ascertained while thus informed,  
The various organs of his mimic skill,  
The consonance of sounds, the featured rock,  
The shadowy picture and impassioned verse,  
Beyond their proper powers, attract the soul  
By that expressive semblance , while, in sight  
Of Nature's great original, we scan 420  
The lively child of Art, while, line by line,  
And feature after feature, we refer  
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole  
Those animating charms Thus Beauty's palm  
Betwixt them wavering hangs , applauding Love  
Doubts where to choose , and mortal man aspires  
To tempt creative praise As when a cloud  
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice  
Inclosed, and obvious to the beaming sun, 429  
Collects his large effulgence , straight the heavens  
With equal flames present on either hand  
The radiant visage Persia stands at gaze,

Appalled, and on the brink of Ganges waits  
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,  
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,  
To which his warbled orisons ascend

Such various bliss the well-tuned heart enjoys,  
Favoured of Heaven! while, plunged in sordid  
cares,

The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine,  
And harsh Austerity, from whose rebuke 440  
Young Love and smiling Wonder shrink away  
Abashed and chill of heart, with sager frowns  
Condemns the fair enchantment On my strain,  
Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge  
Casts a disdainful eye, and calls my toil,  
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,  
The dream of folly Thou, grave censor! say,  
Is Beauty then a dream, because the glooms  
Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense  
To let her shine upon thee? So the man 450  
Whose eye ne'er opened on the light of heaven,  
Might smile with scorn while raptured vision tells  
Of the gay-coloured radiance flushing bright  
O'er all creation From the wise be far  
Such gross, unhallowed pride, nor needs my song  
Descend so low, but rather now unfold,  
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,  
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,  
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound  
Result from airy motion, and from shape 460  
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair  
By what fine ties hath God connected things  
When present in the mind, which in themselves  
Have no connection? Sure the rising sun  
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,  
With equal brightness and with equal warmth  
Might roll his fiery orb, nor yet the soul



Thus feel her flame expanded, and her powers  
 Exulting in the splendour she beholds, 469  
 Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp  
 Of some 'triumphal day When, joined at eve,  
 Soft murmuring streams and gales of gentlest  
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain [breath,  
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear  
 Through all its tones the symphony pursue,  
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy  
 Steal thro' his veins, and fan the awakened heart,  
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song ?

But were not Nature still endowed at large  
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorned 480  
 With such enchantment, wherefore then her form  
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfumed  
 With such ethereal sweetness ? whence her voice,  
 Informed at will to raise or to depress [light  
 The impassioned soul ? and whence the robes of  
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp  
 Than Fancy can describe ? Whence but from Thee,  
 O source divine of ever-flowing love !  
 And thy unmeasured goodness ? Not content  
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490  
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense  
 Thou mak'st all Nature beauty to his eye,  
 Or music to his ear well-pleased he scans  
 The goodly prospect, and, with inward smiles,  
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain,  
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,  
 And living lamps that over-arch his head  
 With more than regal splendour, bends his ears  
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth,  
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 50  
 Nor doubts the painted green, or azure arch,  
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds,  
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time,

So sweet he feels their influence to attract  
The fixed soul, to brighten the dull glooms  
Of care, and make the destined road of life  
Delightful to his feet So fables tell, '   
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,  
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells  
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 513  
A visionary paradise disclosed

Amid the dubious wild, with streams, and shades,  
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,  
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame

What then is taste, but these internal powers  
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense  
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross  
In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow, 521  
But God alone, when first his active hand  
Imprints the secret bias of the soul

He, mighty Parent ! wise and just in all,  
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,  
Reveals the charms of Nature Ask the swain  
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he lingers to behold  
The sunshine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds, 530  
O'er all the western sky full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutored airs,  
Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
The form of beauty, smiling at his heart  
How lovely ! how commanding ! But tho' Heaven  
In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
Of love and admiration, yet in vain, ~  
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,  
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,

And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 548  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour, or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel Different minds  
 Incline to different objects, one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild, <sup>16</sup>  
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace, 549  
 And gentlest beauty Hence, when lightning fires  
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
 And ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad,  
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war But Waller longs, <sup>17</sup>  
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,  
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560  
 Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer  
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
 Resound, soft-warbling all the livelong day  
 Consenting Zephyr sighs, the weeping rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious, mute the groves,  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men  
 Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid  
 Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes [songs  
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570  
 Of pageant Honour can seduce, to leave  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store  
 Of Nature, fan Imagination culls,  
 To charm the enlivened soul! What tho' not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights

Of envied life, though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state,  
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and in ample state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man 500  
 Will deign to use them His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
 The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys For him, the Spring  
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds, for him, the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch 509  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fish pleasure, unproved<sup>18</sup> Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only for the attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her powers, 600  
 Becomes herself harmonious wont so long  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fan-inspired delight her tempered powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien  
 But if to ample prospects, if to gaze  
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all 610  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port

Of that Eternal Majesty that weighed  
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
 Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler Would the forms  
 Of servile custom clamp her generous powers ?  
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?  
 Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds 630  
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons all declare  
 For what the Eternal Maker has ordained  
 The powers of man we feel within ourselves  
 His energy divine he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being, to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active Thus the men  
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God  
                   himself 630  
 Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan,  
 And form to his, the relish of their souls



## NOTES ON BOOK I

Page 6, ver 7 <sup>1</sup>

**T**HE word *musical* is here taken in its original and most extensive import, comprehending as well the pleasures we receive from the beauty or magnificence of *natural* objects, as those which arise from poetry, painting, music, or any other of the elegant or imaginative arts. In which sense it has been already used in our language by writers of unquestionable authority

Page 7, ver 45 <sup>2</sup> Luciet lib ii 921

Nec me animi fallit quam sint obscura, sed acri  
 Percussit thyrsos ludis spes magna meum cor,  
 Et simul incussit suavem mihi in pectus amorem  
 Musarum, quo nunc instinctus mente vigenti  
 Avia Perfidum peragro loca, nullius ante  
 Trita solo juvat integros accedere fontem,  
 Atque haurire juvatque novos discerpere flores,  
 Insignem meo capiti petere inde coronam,  
 Unde prius nulli vclarent tempora Musæ

Page 8, ver 109 <sup>3</sup> The statue of Memnon, so famous in antiquity, stood in the temple of Serapis at Thebes, one of the great cities of old Egypt. It was of a very hard, non like stone, and, according to Juvenal, held in its hand a lyre, which, being touched by the sunbeams, emitted a distinct and agreeable sound. Tacitus mentions it as one of the principal curiosities which Germanicus took notice of in his journey through Egypt, and Strabo affirms that he, with many others, heard it

Page 10, ver 152 <sup>4</sup> In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, "Those god like geniuses," says Longinus, "were well assured that Nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being, but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory, she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the Ocean, &c." Dionys Longin *de Sublim* § 24

Page 11, ver 202 <sup>5</sup> "Ne se peut il point qu'il y a un grand espace au delà de la région des étoiles? Que ce soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, toujours cet espace immense, qui environne toute cette région, pourra être rempli de bonheur et de gloire. Il pourra être conçu comme l'océan, ou se rendent les fleuves de toutes les créatures bien heureuses, quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le système des étoiles." Leibnitz *dans le Theodicee part 1* § 19

Page 11, ver 204 <sup>6</sup> It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Page 12, ver 235 <sup>7</sup> It is here said, that in conse

quence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of habit is opposed to this observation, for there, objects at first distasteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that, when objects at first agreeable, lose their influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly passive, and the perception involuntary, but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes choice and activity accompanying it, so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's conscious determination of its own activity, and, consequently, increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged, perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to resolve or act at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gives uneasiness: this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar, and the mind, finding it at last entirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently, the mind being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked upon with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, though the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances.



attending it, by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated

Page 12, ver 240 <sup>8</sup> These two ideas are oft confounded, though it is evident the mere novelty of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of wonder whereas wonder indeed always implies novelty, being never excited by common or well known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause—the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature on this account, it is natural to treat of them together

Page 13, ver 288 <sup>9</sup> By these islands, which were also called the Fortunate, the ancients are now generally supposed to have meant the Canaries. They were celebrated by the poets for the mildness and fertility of the climate, for the gardens of the daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, and the dragon which constantly watched their golden fruit, till it was slain by the Tyrian Hercules

Page 14, ver 296 <sup>10</sup> Daphne, the daughter of Penéus, transformed into a laurel

Page 16, ver 374 <sup>11</sup> “Do you imagine,” says Socrates to Aristippus, “that what is good is not also beautiful? Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that economy of parts which constitutes them good, and in every circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was designed” *Xen Mem Societ l m c 8*

This excellent observation has been illustrated and

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<sup>†</sup> This the Athenians did in a peculiar manner, by the words *καλοκάγαθος* and *καλοκάγαθια*

extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy, see the *Characteristics*, vol. ii pp 339 and 422, and vol iii p 181. And his most ingenious disciple has particularly shown, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. "*Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, Treat 2 § 8. As to the connection between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary. And this necessity being supposed the same with truth which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that beauty is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of truth.

But others there are, who believe beauty to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing, that indeed it was a benevolent design in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are best and most perfect in themselves, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without striving to infer their usefulness from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for truth, should perceive, one of them beauty, and the other deformity, in the same relations. And upon this supposition, by that truth which is always connected with beauty, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor of Sicily, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this canon—a man or mere natural taste upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its beauty; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or

the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be just and true

Page 19, ver 493 <sup>12</sup> Cicero himself describes this fact—"Cæsare interfecto—statim cruentum altè extollens M Brutus pugionem, Ciceionem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus" Cic *Philipp* ii 12

Page 21, ver 550 <sup>13</sup> According to the opinion of those who assert moral obligation to be founded on an immutable and universal law, and that pathetic feeling which is usually called the moral sense to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest associations of ideas

Page 22, ver 591 <sup>14</sup> The school of Aristotle

Page 22, ver 592 <sup>15</sup> The school of Plato

Page 22, ver 594 <sup>16</sup> One of the rivers on which Athens was situated Plato, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with Socrates on its banks

## NOTES ON BOOK II

PAGE 24, VER 19 <sup>1</sup> About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation, a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire, and abounded in a wild fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditional legends of the Saracen wars These were the rudiments of Italian poetry But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times, such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c

Page 24, ver 21 <sup>2</sup> The famous retreat of Francesco Petrarca, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon

Page 24, ver 22 <sup>3</sup> The river which runs by Florence, the birth place of Dante and Boccaccio

Page 24, ver 23 <sup>4</sup> Of Naples, the birth place of Sannazaro The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples

Page 24, ver 24 <sup>5</sup> This relates to the civil wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century These, at last, in conjunction with the papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe

Page 24 ver, 31 <sup>6</sup> Nor were they only losers by the separation For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed from the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow drowsy, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world" Inasmuch that "a gentleman," says another excellent writer, "cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination, and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England, within these few years It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable, and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public

Page 27, ver 158 <sup>7</sup> This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it into self-love.

Suave mari magno, &c lib ii 1

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the "*Reflexions Critiques sur la Poésie et sur la Peinture*," accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state. and this, joined with the moral applause of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Page 32, ver 306 <sup>8</sup> The account of the economy of providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school. but of all the ancient philosophers, Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning Divine Providence. "The Being who presides over the whole," says he, "has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man! which, though in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet, being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You, in the mean time, are ignorant of the very

end for which all particular natures are brought into existence,—that the all comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy, existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless, since, according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature there is a constant provision of that which is best, at the same time, for you and for the whole. For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and by what situation of each individual in the general system vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness, with the greatest facility and in the highest degree possible. In this manner he ordered, through the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and through what variety of circumstances it should proceed, in the whole tenor of its existence." He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, "as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions, being humanized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness, as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom therefore you look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole." *Plato de Leg.* 1. 16

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions, whereas Plato appears very careful to

preserve it, and has been, in that respect, imitated by the best of his followers

Page 32, ver 322 <sup>9</sup> See the *Meditations* of Antoninus and the *Characteristics*, passim

Page 32, ver 335 <sup>10</sup> This opinion is so old, that Timæus Locius calls the Supreme Being *δημιουργος τῷ βελτιονος*—the artificer of that which is best, and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea, “so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement” There is no room for a caution here, to understand these expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being See also the vision at the end of the *Théodicée* of Leibnitz

Page 33, ver 351 <sup>11</sup> This opinion, though not held by Plato, nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here

Page 43, ver 726 <sup>12</sup> The reader will here naturally recollect the fate of the sacred battalion of Thebes, which at the battle of Chæronea was utterly destroyed, every man being found lying dead by his friend

Page 44, ver 755 <sup>13</sup> The Macedonian

### NOTES ON BOOK III

PAGE 47, VER 22 <sup>1</sup> The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyze the idea of what he calls his interest, he will find, that it consists chiefly of certain images of decency, beauty,

and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good, otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune, it may be answered, that though no man is born ambitious, or a miser, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects; consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination: that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail, in like manner, to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible



to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laert. *l. xii*.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiments, insomuch that the latter makes the *Χρῆσις οἷα δέῃ, φαντασιῶν*, or right management of the fancies, the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Amian l. i. c. 12* and *l. ii. c. 22*. See also the *Characteristics*, vol. 2 from p. 313 to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embellished with all the eloquence of the graces of Plato.

Page 48, ver. 76 <sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding the general influence of ridicule on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy, from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Page 49, ver. 84 <sup>3</sup> The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession, which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Page 50 ver. 121 <sup>4</sup> Ridicule from the same vanity, where, though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Page 51, ver. 152 <sup>5</sup> Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

Page 51, ver. 179 <sup>6</sup> Akenside is supposed to have satirised Richard Dawes, Master of the Newcastle Grammar School, and author of *Miscellanea Critica*.

Page 52, ver 191 <sup>7</sup> Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible This is the highest degree of the ridiculous, as in the affectation of diseases or vice<sup>6</sup>

Page 52, ver 209 <sup>8</sup> Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear

Page 53, ver 229 <sup>9</sup> Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know

Page 54, ver 258 <sup>10</sup> By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to, but others more minute we shall subjoin here Aristotle's account of the matter seems both imperfect and false, *το γὰρ γελοῖον*, says he, *ἐστὶν ἀμάρτημα τι ἢ αἰσχος, ἀνωδυνον ἢ σ' φθαρτικόν* "the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude, without pain, and not destructive to its subject," (*Poet c 5*) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous So that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed Nay farther, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas, but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name, because in them they excite a much stronger and more important feeling And this difference, among other

causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question

“That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances comparatively worthless or deformed, or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful, the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate, belonging always to the same order or class of being, implying sentiment or design, and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart”

To prove the several parts of this definition “The appearance of excellence or beauty, connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed,” is ridiculous for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom joined with ignorance or folly, in the *Socrates* of Aristophanes, and the applause of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the *Thraso* of Terence

“The appearance of deformity, or turpitude, in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable,” is also ridiculous for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station

“The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in apprehension of the person to whom they relate” in the last-mentioned instance, they both exist in the objects, in the instances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character

“The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being” A cockcomb in fine clothes, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object, because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expense of his dress. A man of sense and merit, in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous because the general ground of excellence and esteem

in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species

"Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design." A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation

And lastly, "the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart," such as terror, pity, or indignation, for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances

Page 54, *vol.* 262 <sup>11</sup> Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it, one cannot, without astonishment, reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it, and all these terms are relative, implying approbation or blame. To ask then whether ridicule be a test of truth, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be morally true can be just and becoming, or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea, which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood, so, in objects offered to the

mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When, therefore, we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to dig out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is, and thus a double advantage is gained, for we both detect the moral falsehood sooner than in the way of speculative enquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice, fairly managed, can never be dangerous, men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The *Socrates* of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn — true, but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No, but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many atheists — he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false, but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves, why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in

nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine

Page 54, ver 286 <sup>12</sup> This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction

Page 56, ver 329 <sup>13</sup> See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; *Strada Prolus vi, Academ ii c v*

Page 56, ver 350 <sup>14</sup> The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas

Page 58, ver 412 <sup>15</sup> This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses, as by sounds, in music, by lines and shadows, in painting, by diction, in poetry, &c

Page 62, ver 548 <sup>16</sup> See the note to ver 22 of this book

Page 62, ver 558 <sup>17</sup>

Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay  
Under the plantane shade and all the day  
With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c

WALLER, *Battle of the Summer-Islands*, Canto I  
And again,

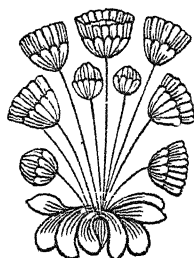
While in the park I sing, the list'ning deer  
Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c

*At Penshurst*

Page 60, ver 598 <sup>18</sup> That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this article, one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes, that there "is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive," when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things

which at first sight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, " that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order—will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into an honourable familiarity with nature and her works "

M Antonin III 2





THE  
PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION

A POEM

GENERAL ARGUMENT

**T**HE pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class, they being original to the other, and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book, to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above mentioned causes of pleasure, which



the universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin. such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and from the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate. These are the men of genius, destined by nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all, yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

## BOOK I 1757

### ARGUMENT

THE subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from Greatness or Beauty in external objects. The pleasure from Greatness, with its final cause. The natural connection of Beauty with truth\* and good. The different orders of Beauty in

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Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things, denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.

different objects    The infinite and all comprehending  
 form of Beauty, which belongs to the Divine Mind  
 The partial and artificial forms of Beauty, which  
 belong to inferior intellectual beings    The origin and  
 general conduct of beauty in man    The subordination  
 of local beauties to the beauty of the Universe    Con-  
 clusion



WITH what enchantment Nature's  
 goodly scene  
 Attracts the sense of mortals, how  
 the mind,  
 For its own eye, doth objects nobler still  
 Prepare, how men, by various lessons, learn  
 To judge of Beauty's praise, what raptures fill  
 The breast with fancy's native arts endowed,  
 And what true culture guides it to renown,  
 My verse unfolds    Ye gods, or godlike powers,  
 Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend,  
 Propitious    Hand in hand, around your bard    10  
 Move in majestic measures, leading on  
 His doubtful step through many a solemn path,  
 Conscious of secrets which, to human sight,  
 Ye only can reveal    Be great in him  
 And let your favour make him wise to speak  
 Of all your wondrous empire, with a voice  
 So tempered to his theme, that those, who hear,  
 May yield perpetual homage to yourselves  
 Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love!  
 Whate'er thy name, or Muse, or Grace, adored  
 By Grecian prophets    to the sons of Heaven    21  
 Known, while with deep amazement thou dost  
 The perfect counsels read, the ideas old, [there,  
 Of thine omniscient Father, known on earth  
 By the still horror and the blissful tear  
 With which thou seizest on the soul of man,  
 Thou chief, Poetic Spirit! from the banks

Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull  
 Fresh flowers and dews, to sprinkle on the turf  
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present And with  
 thee 30

Let Fiction come, on her aerial wings  
 Wafting ten thousand colours, which, in sport,  
 By the light glances of her magic eye,  
 She blends and shifts at will thro' countless forms,—  
 Her wild creation Goddess of the lyre!  
 Whose awful tones control the moving sphere,  
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend,  
 And join this happy train? for with thee comes  
 The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,  
 Wise Order and, where Order deigns to come,  
 Her sister, Liberty, will not be far 41  
 Be present all ye Genii, who conduct,  
 Of youthful bards, the lonely-wandering step,  
 New to your springs and shades, who touch their  
 ear

• With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye  
 The pomp of nature, and before them place  
 The fairest, loftiest countenance of things  
 Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse  
 Thy wonted partial audience What, though first  
 In years unseasoned, haply ere the sports 50  
 Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay,  
 With many splendid prospects, many charms,  
 Allured my heart, nor conscious whence they  
 sprung,  
 Nor heedful of their end? yet serious Truth  
 Her empire o'er the calm, sequestered theme  
 Asserted soon, while Falsehood's evil brood,  
 Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once  
 Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil  
 Drew to the better cause Maturer and  
 Thy friendship added, in the paths of life. 60

The busy paths, my unaccustomed feet  
Preserving nor to Truth's recess divine,  
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,  
Withholding surer guidance, while, by turns,  
We traced the sages old, or while the queen  
Of sciences (whom manners and the mind  
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice  
Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lump  
Inclined her sceptre, favouring Now the Fates  
Have other tasks imposed —to thee, my friend,  
The ministry of freedom and the faith 71  
Of popular decrees, in early youth,  
Not vainly they committed me they sent  
To wait on pain, and silent aits to urge,  
Inglorious not ignoble, if my cares,  
To such as languish on a grievous bed,  
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill  
Conciliate nor delightless, if the Muse,  
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,  
If some distinguished hours the bounteous Muse  
Impart, and grant (what she, and she alone 81  
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths  
Of fame and honest favour, which the blessed  
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt  
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,  
That these my hand, for thee and for myself  
May gather Meanwhile, Oh, my faithful friend,  
Oh early chosen, ever found the same,  
And trusted and beloved, once more the verse  
Long destined, always obvious to thine ear, 90  
Attend, indulgent so in latest years,  
When time thy head with honours shall have  
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind, [clothed,  
Amid the calm review of seasons past,  
Fair offices of friendship, or kind peace,  
Or public zeal, may then thy mind, well-pleased,

Recall these happy studies of our prime

From Heaven my strains begin from Heaven  
descends

The flame of genius to the chosen breast,  
And beauty with poetic wonder joined, 100  
And inspiration Ere the rising sun  
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night  
The moon her silver lamp suspended ere  
The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves  
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crowned,  
Then the Great Spirit, whom his works adore,  
Within his own deep essence viewed the forms,  
The forms eternal of created things  
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp, 100  
The mountains and the streams, the ample stores  
Of earth, of heaven, of nature From the first,  
On that full scene his love divine he fixed,  
His admiration, till, in time complete,  
What he admired and loved, his vital power  
Unfolded into being Hence the breath  
Of life informing each organic frame  
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves  
Hence light and shade, alternate, warmth and cold,  
And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,  
And all the fair variety of things 120

But not alike to every mortal eye  
Is this great scene unveiled For, while the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active powers of man, with wisest care  
Hath Nature on the multitude of minds  
Impressed a various bias, and to each  
Decreed its province in the common toil  
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,  
The golden zones of heaven to some she gave  
To search the story of eternal thought, 131

Of space, and time, of fate's unbroken chain,  
And will's quick movement others by the hand  
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
What healing virtue dwells in every vein  
Of herbs or trees But some to nobler hopes  
Were destined some within a finer mould  
She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame  
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,  
In fuller objects and with fairer lights, 140  
This picture of the world Through every part  
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand  
In earth, or air, the meadow's flowery store,  
The moon's mild radiance, o'er the virgin's mien,  
Dressed in attractive smiles, they see portrayed  
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)  
Those lineaments of beauty which delight  
The Mind Supreme They also feel their force,  
Enamoured, they partake the eternal joy

For, as old Memnon's image, long renowned 150  
Through fabled Egypt, at the genial touch  
Of morning, from its inmost flame sent forth  
Spontaneous music so doth Nature's hand,  
To certain attributes which matter claims,  
Adapt the finer organs of the mind  
So the glad impulse of those kindred powers  
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound  
Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)  
Detains the enlivened sense, till soon the soul  
Feels the deep concord, and assents through all  
Her functions Then the charm by fate prepared  
Diffuseth its enchantment Fancy dreams,  
Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,  
And wandering through Elysium, Fancy dreams  
Of sacred fountains, of o'er-shadowing groves,  
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound  
Fountains, which Homer visits, happy groves,

Where Milton dwells the intellectual power,  
 On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,  
 And smiles the passions, to divine repose, 170  
 Persuaded yield and love and joy alone  
 Are waking love and joy, such as await  
 An angel's meditation Oh ! attend,  
 Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,  
 Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple garb  
 Can thus command, Oh ! listen to my song,  
 And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,  
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
 And point her gracious features to thy view

Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient store,  
 Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected scenes, 181  
 With love and admiration thus inspire  
 Attentive Fancy, her delighted sons  
 In two illustrious orders comprehend,  
 Self-taught from him whose rustic toil the lark  
 Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts  
 Range the full orb of being, still the form  
 Which fancy worships, or sublime or fair  
 Her votaries proclaim I see them dawn  
 I see the radiant visions where they rise, 190  
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays  
 His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,  
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring

Say, why was man so eminently raised  
 Amid the vast creation ? why impowered  
 Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ?  
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,  
 In sight of angels and immortal minds,  
 As on an ample theatre, to join 200  
 In contest with his equals, who shall best  
 The task achieve, the course of noble toils,  
 By wisdom and by mercy preordained

Might send him forth the sovereign good to learn,  
To chase each meaner purpose from his breast,  
And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
And thro' the pelting storms of chance and pain,  
To hold straight on with constant heart, and eye  
Still fixed upon his everlasting palm, [buys  
The approving smile of Heaven Else wherefore  
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, 211  
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends,  
Happy, though restless? Why departs the soul  
Wide from the track and journey of her times,  
To grasp the good she knows not? In the field  
Of things which may be, in the spacious field  
Of science, potent wits, or dreadful arms,  
To raise up scenes in which her own desires  
Contented may repose, when things, which are,  
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale 220  
Her temper, still demanding to be free,  
Spinning the rude control of wilful might,  
Proud of her dangers braved, her griefs endured,  
Her strength severely proved? To these high aims,  
Which reason and affection prompt in man,  
Not adwise nor unapt hath nature framed  
His bold imagination For, amid  
The various forms which this full world presents,  
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast  
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute, 230  
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime?  
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye  
Around a wild horizon, and surveys  
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave  
Through mountains, plains, thro' spacious cities old,  
And regions dark with woods, will turn away  
To mark the path of some penurious rill  
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the  
Consent her soaring fancy to restrain, [soul



Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings, 240  
Destined for highest heaven ? or which of fate's  
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight  
To any humbler quarry ? The rich earth  
Cannot detain her, nor the ambient air,  
With all its changes For a while with joy  
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small  
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,  
Emerging from the deep, like clustered isles  
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye  
Reflect the gleams of morning for a while 250  
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to move each  
Round its perpetual year But soon she quits  
That prospect meditating loftier views,  
She darts adventurous up the long career  
Of comets, through the constellations holds  
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars,  
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream  
Part the blue region Empyréan tracts,  
Where happy souls beyond this concave heaven  
Abide, she then explores, whence pure light 261  
For countless ages travels through the abyss,  
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arrived  
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore  
At length she stands, and the dread space beyond  
Contemplates, half-recoiling pathless down  
The gloomy void, astonished, yet unquelled,  
She plungeth, down the unfathomable gulf  
Where God alone hath being There her hopes  
Rest at the fated goal For, from the birth 270  
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said,  
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,  
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,  
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,  
The soul should find contentment, but, from these

Tuning disdainful to an equal good,  
Through Nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,  
Till every bound at length should disappear,  
And infinite perfection fill the scene

But lo, where Beauty, dressed in gentler pomp,  
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse  
Her charms inspire O Beauty! source of praise,  
Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things,  
O thou that kindlest in each human heart  
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue  
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms  
Their own, O child of Nature and the soul!  
In happiest hour brought forth, the doubtful garb  
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,  
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe 290  
Thy form divine for thee the mind alone  
Beholds, nor half thy brightness can reveal  
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch  
O'ershadoweth thy pure essence Yet, my Muse,  
If Fortune call thee to the task, wait thou  
Thy favourable seasons then, while fear  
And doubt are absent, thro' wide nature's bounds  
Expatiate with glad step, and choose at will  
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,  
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air, 300  
To manifest unblemished Beauty's praise,  
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend  
Her gracious empire Wilt thou to the isles  
Atlantic to the rich Hesperian clime,  
Fly in the train of Autumn, and look on,  
And learn from him, while, as he roves around,  
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,  
The branches bloom with gold, where'er his foot  
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,  
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth 310  
In purple lights, till every hillock glows

As with the blushes of an evening sky ?  
 Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,  
 Where slow Penéus his clear glassy tide  
 Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs  
 Of Ossa, and the pathless woods unshorn .  
 That wave o'er huge Olympus ? Down the stream,  
 Look how the mountains with their double range  
 Embrace the vale of Tempé from each side  
 Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound 320  
 Covered with ivy and the laurel boughs  
 That crowned young Phœbus for the Python slain  
 Fan Tempé ! on whose primrose banks the morn  
 Awoke most fragrant, and the noon reposed  
 In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime  
 Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps yet  
 Had traced an entrance, were the hallowed haunt  
 Of sylvan powers immortal where they sate  
 Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,  
 Beneath some harbour branching o'er the flood, 330  
 And, leaning round, hung on the instructive lips  
 Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale  
 Danced in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,  
 While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path  
 Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,  
 And one perpetual spring But if our task  
 More lofty rites demand, with all good vows  
 Then let us hasten to the rural haunt  
 Where young Melissa dwells Nor thou refuse  
 The voice which calls thee from thy loved retreat,  
 But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn 340  
 Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,  
 O fair, O graceful, bend thy polished brow,  
 Assenting, and the gladness of thy eyes  
 Impart to me, like morning's wished light  
 Seen through the vernal air By yonder stream,  
 Where beech and elm along the bordering mead

Send forth wild melody from every bough,  
 Together let us wander, where the hills,  
 Covered with fleeces to the lowing vale 350  
 Reply, where tidings of content and peace  
 Each echo brings. Lo how the western sun  
 O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,  
 Diffuseth glad repose! There, while I speak  
 Of Beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou  
 Shalt hearken not unconscious, while I tell  
 How first from Heaven she came how after all  
 The works of life, the elemental scenes,  
 The hours, the seasons, she had oft explored,  
 At length her favourite mansion and her throne  
 She fixed in woman's form what pleasing ties 360  
 To virtue bind her, what effectual aid  
 They lend each other's power, and how divine  
 Then union, should some unambitious maid,  
 To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen,  
 Add sanctity and wisdom While my tongue  
 Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign  
 To wonder whence my rapture is inspired,  
 But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip  
 Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all 370  
 That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,  
 Which bends aside in vain, revealing more  
 What it would thus keep silent, and in vain  
 The sense of prude dissembling Then my song  
 Great Nature's winning arts, which thus inform  
 With joy and love the rugged breast of man,  
 Should sound in numbers worthy such a theme  
 While all whose souls have ever felt the force  
 Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre  
 Should throng attentive, and receive once more  
 Their influence, unobscured by any cloud 380  
 Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand  
 Of Fortune can bestow nor, to confirm

Their sway, should awful Contemplation scorn<sup>1</sup>  
 To join his dictates to the genuine strain  
 Of Pleasure's tongue, nor yet should Pleasure's  
 Be much averse Ye chiefly, gentle band [ear  
 Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish,  
 And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene  
 Of magic bright and fleeting, are allured 390  
 By various Beauty, if the pleasing toil  
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn  
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words  
 I do not mean, on blessed Religion's seat  
 Presenting Superstition's gloomy form,  
 To dash your soothing hopes I do not mean  
 To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,  
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,  
 And scare you from your joys My cheerful song  
 With happier omens calls you to the field, 400  
 Pleased with your generous ardour in the chase,  
 And warm like you Then tell me (for ye know)  
 Doth Beauty ever deign to dwell where use  
 And aptitude are strangers? is her praise  
 Confessed in aught whose most peculiar ends  
 Are lame and fruitless? or did Nature mean  
 This pleasing call, the herald of a lie,  
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,  
 And win each fond admirer into snares,  
 Foiled, baffled? No —with better providence 410  
 The general mother, conscious how infirm  
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,  
 Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,  
 Doth objects the completest of their tribe  
 Distinguish and commend Yon flowery bank  
 Clothed in the soft magnificence of Spring,  
 Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask  
 The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill  
 Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,

Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn 420  
 And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool  
 With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine,  
 Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage  
 Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl  
 Report of her, as of the swelling grape  
 Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem  
 When first it meets the sun? Or what are all  
 The various charms to life and sense adjoined?  
 Are they not pledges of a state entire,  
 Where native order reigns, with every part 430  
 In health, and every function well performed?

Thus ~~then~~ at first was Beauty sent from Heaven,  
 The lovely ministrice of Truth and Good  
 In this dark world for Truth and Good are one,  
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,  
 With like participation Wherefore then,  
 O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?  
 Oh! wherefore, with a rash and greedy aim,  
 Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene  
 Which Beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire  
 Where is the suffrage of eternal Truth, 441  
 Or where the seal of undecentful good,  
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these  
 Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,  
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy  
 Did fancy mock your vows Nor yet let hope,  
 That kindest inmate of the youthful breast,  
 Be hence appalled, be turned to coward sloth,  
 Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes  
 Incurious, and with folded hands far less 450  
 Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams,  
 Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,  
 Persuade you e'er that Beauty, or the love  
 Which waits on Beauty, may not brook to hear  
 The sacred lore of undecentful good

And Truth eternal      From the vulgar crowd,  
 Though Superstition, tyranness abhorred,  
 The reverence due to this majestic pan  
 With threats and execration still demands,  
 Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way  
 To their celestial dwelling, she constrains      461  
 To quench, or set at nought, the lamp of God  
 Within his frame, though many a cheerless wild,  
 Though forth she leads him, credulous, and dark,  
 And awed with dubious notion, though at length  
 Haply she plunge him into cloistered cells,  
 And mansions unrelenting as the grave,  
 But void of quiet, there to watch the hours  
 Of midnight, there, amid the screaming owl's  
 Dne song, with spectres or with guilty shades,      470  
 To talk of pangs and everlasting woe,  
 Yet be not ye dismayed      A gentler star  
 Presides o'er your adventure      From the bower  
 Where Wisdom sat with her Athenian sons,  
 Could but my happy hand entwine a wreath  
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,  
 Then, (for what need of cruel fear to you,  
 To you whom godlike love can well command ?)  
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel  
 Those monkish horrors, should, in words divine,  
 Relate how favoured minds like you inspired,      481  
 And taught their inspiration to conduct  
 By ruling Heaven's decree, through various walks  
 And prospects various, but delightful all,  
 Move onward, while now myrtle groves appear,  
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods  
 Of empire, both the curule throne, or now  
 The domes of contemplation and the Muse  
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye,  
 Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth,      490  
 Discerns the nobler life reserved for heaven,

Favoured alike, they worship round the shrine  
 Where Truth, conspicuous with her sister-twins,  
 The undivided partners of her sway,  
 With Good and Beauty reigns Oh ! let not us,  
 By Pleasure's lying blandishments detained,  
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,  
 Oh ! let not us one moment pause to join  
 That chosen band And if the gracious Power  
 Who first awakened my untutored song,  
 Will to my invocation grant anew  
 The tuneful spirit, then, through all our paths,  
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre  
 Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead  
 When Summer smiles, to warn the melting heart  
 Of Luxury's allurements, whether, firm  
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill,  
 To urge free Virtue's steps, and to her side  
 Summon that strong divinity of soul  
 Which conquers Chance and Fate or on the  
 height, 510

The goal assigned her, haply to proclaim  
 Her triumph, on her brow to place the crown  
 Of uncorrupted praise, through future worlds  
 To follow her interminated way,  
 And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man  
 Such is the worth of Beauty, such her power,  
 So blameless, so revered It now remains,  
 In just gradation through the various ranks  
 Of being, to contemplate how her gifts  
 Rise in due measure, watchful to attend 520  
 The steps of rising Nature Last and least,  
 In colours mingling with a random blaze,  
 Doth Beauty dwell Then higher in the forms  
 Of simplest, easiest measure, in the bounds -  
 Of circle, cube, or sphere The third ascent  
 To symmetry adds colour thus the pearl



Shines in the concave of its purple bed,  
 And punted shells along some winding shore  
 Catch with indented folds the glancing sun.  
 Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes [her  
 Which clothe the fragrant earth, which draw from  
 Their own nutrition, which are born and die,  
 Yet, in their seed, immortal such the flowers  
 With which young Maia pays the village-maids  
 That hail her natal morn, and such the groves  
 Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,  
 To feed the bowl of Ariconian swains  
 Who quaff beneath her branches Nobler still  
 Is Beauty's name where, to the full consent  
 Of members and of features, to the pride 540  
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,  
 Life's holy flame with piercing sense is given,  
 While active motion speaks the tempered soul  
 So moves the bird of Juno so the steed  
 With rival swiftness beats the dusty plun,  
 And faithful dogs, with eager airs of joy,  
 Salute their fellows What sublime pomp  
 Adorns the seat where Virtue dwells on earth,  
 And Truth's eternal day-light shines around?  
 What palm belongs to man's imperial front, 550  
 And woman, powerful with becoming smiles—  
 Chief of terrestrial natures, need we now  
 Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there  
 Her most conspicuous praise to matter lent,  
 Wheremost conspicuous through that shadowy veil  
 Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind  
 By steps directing our enraptured search  
 To Him—the first of minds, the chief, the sole,  
 From whom, thro' this wide, complicated world,  
 Did all her various lineaments begin, 560  
 To whom alone, consenting and entire,  
 At once their mutual influence all display

He, God most high, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven)

The living fountains in himself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime With Him enthroned,  
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,  
In his supreme intelligence enthroned,  
The queen of love holds her unclouded state—  
Urania Thee, O Father! this extent  
Of matter, thee, the sluggish earth and tract 570  
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendours feel,  
Pervading, quickening, moving From the depth  
Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct  
Eternal Form, and there, where Chaos reigned,  
Gavest her dominion to erect her seat,  
And sanctify the mansion All her works,  
Well-pleased, thou didst behold—the gloomy fires  
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light  
Of summer, soft Campania's new-born rose,  
And the slow weed which pines on Russian hills,  
Comely alike to thy full vision stand 581  
To thy surrounding vision, which unites  
All essences and powers of the great world  
In one sole order, fair alike they stand,  
As features well consenting, and alike  
Required by Nature, ere she could attain  
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape  
Of universal Beauty, which with thee  
Dwelt from the first Thou also, ancient Mind,  
Whom love and free beneficence await 591  
In all thy doings, to inferior minds,  
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngest son,  
Refusing no convenient gift nor good,  
Their eyes did'st open in this earth, yon heaven,  
Those stony worlds, the countenance divine  
Of Beauty to behold But not to them  
Did'st thou her awful magnitude reveal,

Such as before thine own unbounded sight  
 She stands, (for never shall created soul  
 Conceive that object) nor, to all their kinds, 600  
 The same in shape or features, didst thou frame  
 Her image Measuring well their different spheres  
 Of sense and action, thy paternal hand  
 Hath for each race prepared a different test  
 Of Beauty, owned and revered as their guide  
 Most apt, most faithful Thence informed, they  
 scan

The objects that surround them, and select,  
 Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,  
 Each for himself selects peculiar parts  
 Of Nature, what the standard fixed by Heaven  
 Within his breast approves acquiring thus 611  
 A partial Beauty, which becomes his lot,  
 A Beauty which his eye may comprehend,  
 His hand may copy, leaving, O Supreme !  
 O thou whom none hath uttered ! leaving all  
 To thee that infinite, consummate form,  
 Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne  
 And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee  
 For ever to have been, but who she is, 619  
 Or what her likeness, know not Man surveys  
 A narrower scene, where, by the mixed effect  
 Of things corporeal on his passive mind,  
 He judgeth what is fair Corporeal things  
 The mind of man impel with various powers,  
 And various features to his eye disclose  
 The powers which move his sense with instant joy,  
 The features which attract his heart to love,  
 He marks, combines, reposes Other powers  
 And features of the selfsame thing (unless  
 The beauteous form, the creature of his mind, 630  
 Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks,  
 Forgotten, or, with self-beguiling zeal,

Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,  
Half alters, half disowns The tribes of men  
Thus from their different functions and the shapes  
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,  
Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art  
Obtain the Beauty fitting man to love  
Whose proud desires from Nature's homely toil  
Oft turn away, fastidious asking still 640  
His mind's high aid, to purify the form  
From matter's gross communion, to secure  
For ever, from the meddling hand of Change,  
Or rude Decay, her features, and to add  
Whatever ornaments may suit her mien,  
Where'er he finds them scattered thro' the paths  
Of Nature or of Fortune Then he seats  
The accomplished image deep within his breast,  
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair

Thus the one Beauty of the world entire, 650  
The universal Venus, far beyond  
The keenest effort of created eyes,  
And their most wide horizon, dwells enthroned  
In ancient silence At her footstool stands  
An altar burning with eternal fire,  
Unsullied, unconsumed Here every hour,  
Here every moment, in their turns arrive  
Her offspring, an innumerable band  
Of sisters, comely all, but differing far  
In age, in stature, and expressive mien, 660  
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe  
To this maternal shrine in turns they come,  
Each with her sacred lamp, that from the source  
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,  
Then portions of its lustre they may draw  
For days, or months, or years, for ages, some,  
As their great parent's discipline requires  
Then to their several mansions they depart,

In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores  
 Of yon ethereal ocean Who can tell, 670  
 Even on the surface of this rolling earth,  
 How many make abode ? The fields, the groves,  
 The winding rivers and the azure main,  
 Are rendered solemn by their frequent feet,  
 Their rites sublime There each her destined home  
 Informs with that pure radiance from the skies  
 Brought down, and shines throughout her little  
 sphere,

Exulting Straight as travellers by night  
 Turn toward a distant flame, so some fit eye,  
 Among the various tenants of the scene, 680  
 Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,  
 And owns her charms Hence the wide universe,  
 Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,  
 Bears witness with its people, gods and men,  
 To Beauty's blissful power, and with the voice  
 Of grateful admiration still resounds  
 That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine  
 As is the cunning of the master's hand  
 To the sweet accent of the well-tuned lyre

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps  
 Have led us to these awful solitudes 691  
 Of Nature and of Science, nurse revered  
 Of generous counsels and heroic deeds,  
 Oh ! let some portion of thy matchless praise  
 Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn  
 This unattempted theme Nor be my thoughts  
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm  
 Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,  
 If I, from vulgar Superstition's walk,  
 Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites 700  
 Of splendid Adulation, to attend

With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,  
 By their malignant footsteps unprofaned

Come, O renowned power ! thy glowing mien  
 Such, and so elevated all thy form,  
 As when the great barbaric lord, agun  
 And yet again diminished, hid his face  
 Among the herd of satraps and of kings,  
 And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,  
 Crouched like a slave Bring all thy martial spoils,  
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs, 711  
 Thy smiling band of Aëts, thy godlike sires  
 Of civil wisdom, thy unconquered youth,  
 After some glorious day rejoicing round  
 Their new-erected trophy Guide my feet  
 Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive shades  
 Of Academus, and the sacred vale  
 Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath  
 That ever-living plantane's ample boughs  
 Iliuss, by Socratic sounds detained, 723  
 On his neglected urn attentive lay,  
 While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep  
 With beauteous Orithyia, his love tale  
 In silent awe suspended There let me  
 With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields,  
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn  
 My native clime while, far beyond the meed  
 Of Fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock  
 The springs of ancient wisdom while I add  
 (What cannot be disjoined from Beauty's praise)  
 Thy name and native dress, thy works beloved  
 And honoured while to my compatriot youth  
 I point the great example or thy sons,  
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre



## BOOK II 1765

## ARGUMENT

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject Of Truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (contradistinguished from opinion,) and universal truth, which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end, a circumstance essential to virtue Of Virtue, considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of Providence and the condition of man, to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty Of Vice and its origin Of Ridicule its general nature and final cause Of the Passions, particularly of those which relate to evil natural or moral and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleasure



THUS far of Beauty, and the pleasing  
forms

Which man's untutored fancy, from  
the scenes

Imperfect of this ever-changing world,

Creates, and views, enamoured Now my song

Sweeter themes demand mysterious Truth,

And Virtue, sovereign good the spells, the charms,

The progeny of Error, the dread sway  
 Of Passion, and whatever hidden stores  
 From her own lofty deeds and from herself  
 The mind acquires Severer argument 10  
 Not less attractive, nor deserving less  
 A constant ear For what are all the forms  
 Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,  
 Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts ?  
 Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows,  
 As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,  
 Their impulse on the sense while the palled eye  
 Expects in vain its tribute, asks in vain,  
 Where are the ornaments it once admired ?  
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers 20  
 Of Passion and of Thought The ambitious mind  
 With objects boundless as her own desires  
 Can there converse by these unfading forms  
 Touched and awakened still, with eager act  
 She bends each nerve, and meditates, well pleased,  
 Her gifts, her godlike fortune Such the scenes  
 Now opening round us May the destined verse  
 Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts  
 Obscure and arduous ! May the source of light,  
 All-present, all-sufficient, guide our steps 30  
 Through every maze ! and whom in childish years  
 From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth,  
 And power, thou didst apart send forth to speak  
 In tuneful words concerning highest things,  
 Him still do thou, O Father, at those hours  
 Of pensive freedom, when the human soul  
 Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still  
 Touch thou with secret lessons, call thou back  
 Each erring thought, and let the yielding strains  
 From his full bosom, like a welcome rill 40  
 Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow !

But from what name, what favourable sign,



What heavenly auspice, rather shall I date  
 My perilous excursion, than from Truth,  
 That nearest inmate of the human soul,  
 Estranged from whom, the countenance divine  
 Of man, disfigured and dishonoured, sinks  
 Among inferior things? For to the brutes  
 Perception and the transient boons of sense  
 Hath Fate imparted but to man alone, 50  
 Of sublunary beings, was it given  
 Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers  
 At leisure to review, with equal eye  
 To scan the passion of the stricken nerve,  
 Or the vague object striking, to conduct  
 From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,  
 Into the mind's wide palace one by one  
 The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,  
 And question and compare them Thus he learns  
 Their birth and fortunes, how allied they haunt  
 The avenues of sense, what laws direct 61  
 Their union, and what various discords rise,  
 Or fixed or casual which when his clear thought  
 Retains, and when his faithful words express,  
 That living image of the external scene,  
 As in a polished mirror held to view,  
 Is Truth where'er it varies from the shape  
 And hue of its exemplar, in that part  
 Dim Error lurks Moreover, from without,  
 When oft the same society of forms 70  
 In the same order have approached his mind,  
 He deigns no more their steps with curious heed  
 To trace, no more their features or their garb  
 He now examines, but of them and their  
 Condition, as with some diviner's tongue,  
 Affirms what Heaven in every distant place,  
 Through every future season, will decree  
 This too is Truth where'er his prudent lips

Wait till experience diligent and slow  
 Has authorized then sentence, this is Truth 80  
 A second, higher kind the parent this  
 Of Science, or the lofty power herself,  
 Science herself on whom the wants and cares  
 Of social life depend, the substitute  
 Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world  
 The providence of man Yet oft in vain,  
 To earn her aid, with fixed and anxious eye  
 He looks on Nature's and on Fortune's course  
 Too much in vain His duller visual ray  
 The stillness and the persevering acts 96  
 Of Nature oft elude, and Fortune oft,  
 With step fantastic, from her wonted walk  
 Turns into mazes dim, his sight is foiled,  
 And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue  
 Is but opinion's verdict, half believed  
 And prone to change Here thou, who feel'st  
 thine ear

Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,  
 Pause, and be watchful Hither to the stores  
 Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,  
 Partake the relish of their native soil, 100  
 Their parent earth But know, a nobler dower  
 Her Sire at birth decreed her, purer gifts  
 From his own treasure, forms which never deigned  
 In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense  
 Of earthly organs, but sublime were placed  
 In his essential reason, leading there  
 That vast ideal host which all his works  
 Through endless ages never will reveal  
 Thus then endowed, the feeble creature man,  
 The slave of hunger and the prey of death, 110  
 Even now, even here, in earth's dim prison bound,  
 The language of intelligence divine  
 Attains, repeating oft concerning one

And many, past and present, parts and whole,  
Those sovereign dictates which in farthest heaven,  
Where no orb rolls, Eternity's fixed ear  
Hears - from coeval Truth, when Chance nor  
Change,

Nature's loud progeny, nor Nature's self  
Dares intermeddle, or approach her throne  
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns 120  
To extend her sway, while calling from the deep,  
From earth and air, their multitudes untold  
Of figures and of motions round his walk,  
For each wide family some single birth  
He sets in view, the impartial type of all  
Its brethren, suffering it to claim, beyond  
Their common heritage, no private gift,  
No proper fortune Then whate'er his eye  
In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue  
Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound, 130  
Without condition Such the rise of forms  
Sequestered far from sense and every spot  
Peculiar in the realms of space or time  
Such is the throne which man for Truth amid  
The paths of mutability hath built  
Secure, unshaken, still, and whence he views,  
In matter's mouldering structures, the pure forms  
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,  
Impassive all, whose attributes nor force  
Nor fate can alter There he first conceives 140  
True being, and an intellectual world  
The same this hour and ever Thence he deems  
Of his own lot, above the painted shapes  
That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene  
Looks up, beyond the adamant gate  
Of death expatiates, as his birthright claims  
Inheritance in all the works of God,  
Prepares for endless time his plan of life,

And counts the universe itself his nome

Whence also but from Truth, the light of minds,  
Is human fortune gladdened with the rays 151

Of Virtue ? with the moral colours thrown

On every walk of this our social scene,

Adorning for the eye of gods and men

The passions, actions, habitudes of life,

And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place

Where Love and Praise may take delight to dwell ?

Let none with heedless tongue from Truth disjoin

The reign of Virtue Ere the dayspring flowed,

Like sisters linked in Concord's golden chain, 160

They stood before the great Eternal Mind,

Their common parent, and by him were both

Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand

Inseparably joined nor e'er did Truth

Find an apt ear to listen to her lore, [Truth's

Which knew not Virtue's voice, nor, save where

Majestic words are heard and understood,

Doth Virtue deign to inhabit Go, inquire

Of Nature not among Tartarian rocks,

Whither the hungry vulture with its prey 170

Returns not where the lion's sullen roar

At noon resounds along the lonely banks

Of ancient Tigris but her gentler scenes,

The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,

Consult, or by the meadow's fragrant hedge,

In spring-time when the woodlands first are green,

Attend the linnets singing to his mate,

Couched o'er their tender young To this fond care

Thou dost not Virtue's honourable name

Attribute, wherefore, save that not one gleam 180

Of Truth did e'er discover to themselves

Then little hearts, or teach them, by the effects

Of that parental love, the love itself

To judge, and measure its officious deeds ?

But man, whose eyelids Truth has filled with day,  
 Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends  
 His wise affections move, with free accord  
 Adopts then guidance, yields himself secure  
 To Nature's prudent impulse, and converts  
 Instinct to duty and to sacred law 190  
 Hence Right and Fit on earth while thus to man  
 The Almighty Legislator hath explained  
 The springs of action fixed within his breast,  
 Hath given him power to slacken or restrain  
 Their effort, and hath shown him how they join  
 Their partial movements with the master-wheel  
 Of the great world, and serve that sacred end  
 Which He, the unerring reason, keeps in view

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of Him  
 And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye, 200  
 Connecting every form and every change,  
 Beholds the perfect Beauty, so his will,  
 Through every hour producing good to all  
 The family of creatures, is itself

The perfect Virtue Let the grateful swam  
 Remember this, as oft, with joy and praise,  
 He looks upon the falling dews which clothe  
 His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed  
 Nourish within his furrows when between  
 Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmoved  
 The bark had languished, now a rustling gale 211  
 Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,  
 Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,  
 Remember this lest blind, o'erweening pride  
 Pollute their offerings lest their selfish heart  
 Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call  
 Relents thy power by us thy aim is moved"  
 Fools! who of God as of each other deem,  
 Who his invariable acts deduce

- From sudden counsels transient as their own, 220

Nor farther of his bounty, than the event  
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,  
Acknowledge, nor, beyond the drop minute  
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source  
That flows for all, the fountain of his love  
Which, from the summit where he sits enthroned,  
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout  
The spacious region flourishing in view,  
The goodly work of his eternal day,  
His own fun universe, on which alone 230  
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will  
Assumes her strong direction Such is now  
His sovereign purpose such it was before  
All multitude of years For his right arm  
Was never idle his bestowing love  
Knew no beginning, was not as a change  
Of mood that woke at last and started up  
After a deep and solitary sloth  
Of boundless ages No he now is good,  
He ever was The feet of hourly Time 240  
Through their eternal course have travelled o'er  
No speechless, lifeless desert, but through scenes  
Cheerful with bounty still, among a pomp  
Of worlds for gladness round the Maker's throne  
Loud-shouting, or, in many dialects  
Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence  
The fortunes of their people where so fixed  
Were all the dates of being, so disposed  
To every living soul of every kind  
The field of motion and the hour of rest, 250  
That each the general happiness might serve,  
And, by the discipline of laws divine  
Convinced of folly, or chastised from guilt,  
Each might at length be happy What remains  
Shall be like what is passed, but surer still,  
And still increasing in the godlike gifts

Of Life and Truth    The same paternal hand,  
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,  
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,  
Will ever lead the generations on                  260  
Through higher scenes of being while, supplied  
From day to day by his enlivening breath,  
Inferior orders in succession rise  
To fill the void below    As flame ascends,  
As vapours to the earth in showers return,  
As the poised ocean toward the attracting moon  
Swells, and the ever-listening planets, charmed  
By the sun's call, their onward pace incline,  
So all things which have life aspire to God,  
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day !                  270  
Centre of souls ! Nor doth the mastering voice  
Of Nature cease within to prompt aught  
Then steps , nor is the care of Heaven withheld  
From sending to the toil external aid ,  
That in their stations all may persevere  
To climb the ascent of being, and approach  
For ever nearer to the Life divine

But this eternal fabric was not raised  
For man's inspection Though to some be given  
To catch a transient, visionary glimpse 280  
Of that majestic scene, which boundless power  
Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain  
Would human life her faculties expand  
To embosom such an object Nor could e'er  
Virtue or praise have touched the hearts of men,  
Had not the Sovereign Guide, through every stage  
Of this their various journey, pointed out  
New hopes, new toils, which, to their humble sphere  
Of sight and strength, might such importance hold  
As doth the wide creation to his own 290  
Hence all the little charities of life,  
With all their duties hence that favourite palm

Of human will, when duty is sufficed,  
 And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds  
 Would manifest herself, that sacred sign  
 Of her revered affinity to Him  
 Whose bounties are his own, to whom none said,  
 "Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,  
 And make its offspring happy," who, intent  
 Some likeness of Himself among his works 300  
 To view, hath poured into the human breast  
 A ray of knowledge and of love which guides  
 Earth's feeble race to act then Maker's part,  
 Self-judging, self-obliged while, from before  
 That god-like function, the gigantic power  
 Necessity, though wont to curb the force  
 Of Chaos and the savage elements,  
 Retires abashed, as from a scene too high  
 For her brute tyranny, and with her bears  
 Her scorned followers, Terror and base Awe, 310  
 Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,  
 Obedience linked with Hatred Then the soul  
 Arises in her strength, and, looking round  
 Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,  
 Whatever counsel bearing any trace  
 Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt  
 To aid her fellows or preserve herself  
 In her superior functions unpaired,  
 Thither she turns exulting that she claims  
 As her peculiar good on that, through all 320  
 The fickle seasons of the day, she looks  
 With reverence still to that, as to a fence  
 Against affliction and the darts of pain,  
 Her drooping hopes repair and, once opposed  
 To that, all other pleasure, other wealth,  
 Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,  
 Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea  
 To him who languishes with thirst and sighs



With Virtue? Which of Nature's regions vast 330  
Can in so many forms produce to sight  
Such powerful Beauty? Beauty, which the eye  
Of Hatred cannot look upon secure

Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship? as the honoured roof,  
Whither, from highest heaven, immortal Love  
His torch ethereal and his golden bow

A rival's life to rescue ? as the young  
Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,  
That his great father's body might not want  
A peaceful, humble tomb ? the Roman wife

Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound  
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,  
Who nothing more could threaten, to afflict  
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyss, 360

Is there, among the adamantine spheres  
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void  
Aught that with half such majesty can fill

The human bosom, as when Brutus rose  
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
 Amid the crowd of patriots, and, his arm  
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud  
 On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword  
 Of justice in his rapt astonished eye, 370  
 And bade the father of his country hail,  
 For lo, the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
 And Rome again is free? Thus, thro' the paths  
 Of human life, in various pomp array'd,  
 Walks the wise daughter of the judge of heaven,  
 Fair Virtue, from her Father's throne supreme  
 Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth  
 Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote  
 The weal of all his works, the gracious end  
 Of his dread empire And tho' haply man's 380  
 Obscurer sight, so far beyond himself  
 And the brief labours of his little home,  
 Extends not, yet by the bright presence won  
 Of this divine instructress, to her sway,  
 Pleased, he assents, nor heeds the distant goal  
 To which her voice conducts him Thus hath God,  
 Still looking toward his own high purpose, fixed  
 The virtues of his creatures, thus he rules  
 The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal,  
 Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame, 390  
 The vows of gratitude, the faith of love,  
 And all the comely intercourse of praise—  
 The joy of human life, the earthly heaven!

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt  
 Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match  
 The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought  
 The bane of others or enslaved itself  
 With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire,  
 Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate

Suggested, or despotic rage imposed, 400  
 Were at that season an unwished exchange  
 When the soul loathes herself when, flying thence  
 To crowds, on every brow she sees portrayed  
 Fell demons, Hate or Scorn, which drive her back  
 To solitude, her judge's voice divine  
 To hear in secret, haply sounding through  
 The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still  
 Demanding for his violated laws  
 Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue  
 To speak the award of justice on herself 410  
 For well she knows what faithful hints within  
 Were whispered, to beware the lying forms  
 Which turned her footsteps from the safer way  
 What cautions to suspect their painted dress,  
 And look with steady eyelid on their smiles,  
 Their frowns, their tears In vain ' the dazzling  
 Of Fancy, and Opinion's eager voice, [hues  
 Too much prevailed For mortals tread the path  
 In which Opinion says they follow good  
 Or fly from evil, and Opinion gives 420  
 Report of good or evil, as the scene  
 Was drawn by Fancy, pleasing or deformed  
 Thus her report can never there be true,  
 Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye  
 With glaring colours and distorted lines  
 Is there a man to whom the name of death  
 Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjured up  
 Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,  
 And the frail soul plunged headlong from the brink  
 Of life and daylight down the gloomy air, 430  
 An unknown depth, to gulfs of torturing fire  
 Unvisited by mercy? Then what hand  
 Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils  
 Which Fancy and Opinion thus conspire  
 To twine around his heart? Or who shall hush

Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,  
 To risk those horrors, is a drier curse  
 Than basest life can bring ? Tho' Love with prayers  
 Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears  
 Beseech his aid, though Gratitude and Faith 440  
 Condemn each step which loiters, yet let none  
 Make answer for him, that if any frown  
 Of Danger thwart his path, he will not stay  
 Content, and be a wretch to be secure  
 Here Vice begins then at the gate of life,  
 Ere the young multitude to diverse roads  
 Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,  
 Sits Fancy, deep enchantress, and to each,  
 With kind maternal looks, presents her bowl,  
 A potent beverage Heedless they comply, 450  
 Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught,  
 Is tinged, and every transient thought imbibes  
 Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,  
 One homebred colour, which not all the lights  
 Of Science e'er shall change, not all the storms  
 Of adverse Fortune wash away, nor yet  
 The robe of purest Virtue quite conceal  
 Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes  
 Of good and evil—cunning phantoms apt  
 To fire or freeze the breast—with them they join  
 In dangerous parley, listening oft, and oft 460  
 Gazing with reckless passion while its garb  
 The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale  
 Repeats, with some new circumstance to suit  
 That early tincture of the hearer's soul  
 And should the guardian, Reason, but for one  
 Short moment, yield to this illusive scene  
 His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm  
 Involves him, till no longer he discerns,  
 Or only guides to err Then reel forth 470  
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne,



Distends her labouring sides and chokes her tongue,  
 Were endless as to sound each grating note  
 With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and  
 grave

Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, 510  
 The changing seasons of the sky proclaim,  
 Sun, cloud, or shower Suffice it to have said,  
 Where'er the power of Ridicule displays  
 Her quant-eyed visage, some incongruous form,  
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combined,  
 Strikes on her quick perception whether Pomp,  
 Or Praise, or Beauty be digged in and shown  
 Where sordid fashions where ignoble deeds,  
 Where foul Deformity is wont to dwell, 519  
 Or whether these, with shrewd and wayward spite,  
 Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,  
 The charms of Beauty, or the boast of Praise

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sue  
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,  
 These grateful pangs of laughter, from disgust  
 Educating pleasure? Wherefore, but to rid  
 The tardy steps of Reason, and at once,  
 By this prompt impulse, urge us to depress  
 Wild Folly's aims? For, though the sober light  
 Of Truth slow dawning on the watchful mind 520  
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,  
 How these uncouth disorders end at last  
 In public evil, yet benignant Heaven,  
 Conscious how dim the dawn of Truth appears  
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause  
 From labour and from care the wider lot  
 Of humble life affords for studious thought  
 To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamped  
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,  
 As broad, is obvious to the passing clown 540  
 As to the lettered sage's curious eye

But other evils o'er the steps of man,  
Thro' all his walks, impend, against whose might  
The slender darts of Laughter nought avail  
A trivial warfare    Some, like cruel guards,  
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend,  
With mischief armed for him whoe'er shall thwart  
The path of her inexorable wheels,  
While she pursues the work that must be done  
Thro' ocean, earth, and air    Hence, frequent forms  
Of woe, the merchant, with his wealthy bark, 551  
Buried by dashing waves, the traveller  
Pierced by the pointed lightning in his haste,  
And the poor husbandman, with folded arms,  
Surveying his lost labours, and a heap  
Of blasted chaff, the product of the field  
Whence he expected bread    But worse than these  
I deem, far worse, that other race of ills,  
Which human kind rear up among themselves,  
That horrid offspring, which misgoverned Will 560  
Bears to fantastic Error, vices, crimes,  
Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,  
The heaviest blows, of Nature's innocent hand  
Seem sport    which are indeed but as the care  
Of a wise parent, who solicits good  
To all her house, though haply at the price  
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach  
From some unthinking child, whom not the less  
Its mother destines to be happy still  
These sources then of pain, this double lot 570  
Of evil in the inheritance of man,  
Required for his protection no slight force,  
No careless watch, and therefore was his breast  
Fenced round with passions quick to be alarmed,  
Or stubborn to oppose, with Fear, more swift  
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,  
Where armies land, with Anger, uncontrolled

As the young lion bounding on his prey,  
 With Sorrow, that locks up the struggling heart,  
 And Shame, that overcasts the drooping eye, 580  
 As with a cloud of lightning These the part  
 Perform of eager monitors, and goad  
 The soul more sharply than with points of steel,  
 Her enemies to shun or to resist  
 And, as those passions that converse with good,  
 Are good themselves, as Hope, and Love, and Joy,  
 Among the fairest and the sweetest boons  
 Of life, we rightly count, so these, which guard  
 Against invading evil, still excite  
 Some pain, some tumult these, within the mind  
 Too oft admitted or too long retained, 591  
 Shock then frail seat, and by their uncurbed rage  
 To savages more fell than Libya breeds  
 Transform themselves till human thought becomes  
 A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest,  
 Of self-tormenting fiends, Horror, Despair,  
 Hatred, and wicked Envy—foes to all  
 The works of Nature and the gifts of Heaven

But when thro' blameless paths to righteous ends,  
 Those keener passions urge the awakened soul  
 I would not, as ungracious violence, 601  
 Then sway describe, nor, from their free career,  
 The fellowship of Pleasure quite exclude  
 For what can render to the self-approved,  
 Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?  
 Who knows not with what majesty divine  
 The forms of Truth and Justice to the mind  
 Appear, ennobling oft the sharpest woe  
 With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears  
 A human bosom, hath not often felt 610  
 How dear are all those ties which bind our race  
 In gentleness together, and how sweet  
 Their force, let Fortune's wayward hand the while



Be kind or cruel ? Ask the faithful youth  
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he loved,  
So often fills his arms , so often draws  
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
Oh ! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 620  
Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,  
With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture ? Ask the crowd,  
Which flies impatient from the village walk  
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when, far below,  
The savage winds have huiled upon the coast  
Some helpless bark , while holy Pity melts  
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand  
Smites then distorted limbs and horient hair , 630  
While every mother closer to her breast  
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves  
Foam through the shattered vessel, shricks aloud  
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms  
For succour, swallowed by the roaring surge,  
As now another, dashed againt the rock,  
Drops lifeless down Oh ! deemest thou indeed  
No pleasing influence here by Nature given  
To mutual terror and compassion's tears ?  
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts, 640  
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers  
To this their proper action and then end ?  
Ask thy own heart , when, at the midnight hour,  
Slow through that pensive gloom, thy pausing eye,  
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs  
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame  
For Grecian heroes, where the Sovereign Power  
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,

Even as a father meditating all 650  
The praises of his son, and bids the rest  
Of mankind there the fairest model learn ,  
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds ,  
Which yet the world hath seen If then thy soul  
Join in the lot of those diviner men ,  
Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view ,  
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states  
Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown  
Of hard Ambition , when the generous band  
Of youths who fought for freedom and then succ  
Lie side by side in death , when brutal Force suc  
Ursurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp  
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,  
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn  
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
Of such as bow the knee , when beauteous works,  
Rewards of virtue, sculptured forms which, decked  
With more than human grace the warrior's arch  
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease 670  
Tyrannic envy, strew the common path  
With awful ruins , when the Muse's haunt,  
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk  
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more  
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
Or female Superstition's midnight prayer ,  
• When ruthless Havoc from the hand of Time  
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke  
To mow the monuments of Glory down ,  
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street 680  
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate  
Where senates once the weal of nations planned  
Hideth the gliding snake, through hoary weeds  
That clasp the mouldering column thus when all  
The widely-mournful scene is fixed within

Thy throbbing bosom, when the patriot's tear  
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove  
To fix the impious wreath on Philip's brow,  
Or dash Octavius from the triumphed car,        690  
Say, doth thy secret soul repine to taste  
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange  
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
Of silent flatterers bending to his nod,  
And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,  
And says within himself, "I am a King,  
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt  
Of barbarous ages, that Cæcean draught        7  
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
Blessed be the Eternal Ruler of the world!  
Yet have not so dishonoured, so deformed  
The native judgment of the human soul,  
Nor so effaced the image of her Sire



## BOOK III 1770

**W**HAT tongue then may explun the  
 various fate  
 Which reigns o'er earth? or who to  
 mortal eyes

Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth  
 Of joy and woe, through which the feet of man  
 Are doomed to wander? That Eternal Mind,  
 From passions, wants, and envy far estranged,  
 Who built the spacious universe, and decked  
 Each part so richly with whate'er pertains  
 To life, to health, to pleasure, why bade he  
 The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute 10  
 The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,  
 While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,  
 Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?  
 Hard is the question and from ancient days  
 Hath still oppressed with care the sage's thought,  
 Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre  
 Too sad, too deeply plaintive nor did e'er  
 Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light  
 Of heavenly truth first gleamed on barbarous lands,  
 Forget this dreadful secret when they told 20  
 What wondrous things had to their favoured eyes  
 And ears on cloudy mountain been revealed,  
 Or in deep cave, by nymph or power divine,  
 Portentous oft and wild Yet one I know,  
 Could I the speech of lawgivers assume,

One old and splendid tale I would record,  
 With which the Muse of Solon, in sweet strains,  
 Adorned this theme profound, and rendered all  
 Its darkness, all its terrors, bright as noon,  
 Or gentle as the golden star of eve 30  
 Who knows not Solon? last, and wisest far,  
 Of those whom Greece, triumphant in the height  
 Of glory, styled her fathers, him whose voice  
 Through Athens hushed the storm of civil wrath,  
 Taught envious Want and cruel Wealth to join  
 In friendship, and, with sweet compulsion, tamed  
 Minerva's eager people to his laws,  
 Which their own goddess in his breast inspired?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task  
 Seemed but performed in vain when, soothed by  
 years 40

Of flattering service, the fond multitude  
 Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath  
 Of great Pisistratus that chief renowned,  
 Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had trained,  
 Even from his birth, to every powerful art  
 Of pleasing and persuading from whose lips  
 Flowed eloquence, which, like the vows of love,  
 Could steal away suspicion from the hearts  
 Of all who listened Thus from day to day  
 He won the general suffrage, and beheld 50  
 Each rival overshadowed and depressed  
 Beneath his ampler state yet oft complained,  
 As one less kindly treated, who had hoped  
 To merit favour, but submits perforce  
 To find another's services preferred,  
 Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal  
 Then tales were scattered of his envious foes,  
 Of snares that watched his fame, of daggers aimed  
 Against his life At last, with trembling limbs,  
 His hand diffused and wild, his garments loose, 60

And stained with blood from self-inflicted wounds,  
He burst into the public place, as there,  
There only, were his refuge, and declared  
In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,  
The mortal danger he had since repelled  
Fled with his tragic tale, the indignant crowd,  
To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,  
Arrayed beneath his eye for deeds of war,  
Decree O still too liberal of their trust,  
And oft betrayed by over-grateful love, 70  
The generous people! Now behold him, fenced  
By mercenary weapons, like a king,  
Forth issuing from the city-gate at eve,  
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp  
Crowding the public road The swain stops short,  
And sighs, the officious townsmen stand at gaze,  
And, shrinking, give the sullen pageant room  
Yet not the less obsequious was his brow,  
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,  
Of gracious gifts his hand the while, by stealth,  
Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,  
His train increased, till, at that fatal time,  
Just as the public eye, with doubt and shame  
Startled, began to question what it saw,  
Swift as the sound of earthquakes, rushed a voice  
Through Athens, that Pisistratus had filled  
The rocky citadel with hostile arms,  
Had barred the steep ascent, and sate within,  
Amid his henchmen, meditating death  
To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refused 90  
Where then was Solon? After ten long years  
Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores  
The sage, the lawgiver had now arrived  
Arrived, alas! to see that Athens, that  
Fair temple raised by him and sacred called  
To Liberty and Concord, now profaned

By savage hate, or sunk into a den  
 Of slaves who crouch beneath the master's scourge,  
 And deprecate his wrath, and court his chains  
 Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede 100  
 His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclined  
 One moment with such woman-like distress  
 To view the transient storms of civil war,  
 As thence to yield his country and her hopes  
 To all-devouring bondage His bright helm,  
 Even while the traitor's impious act is told,  
 He buckles on his hoary head he girds  
 With mail his stooping breast the shield, the spear  
 He snatcheth, and with swift indignant strides  
 The assembled people seeks proclaims aloud 110  
 It was no time for counsel, in their spears  
 Lay all their prudence now, the tyrant yet  
 Was not so firmly seated on his throne,  
 But that one shock of their united force  
 Would dash him from the summit of his pride  
 Headlong and grovelling in the dust "What else  
 Can re-assert the lost Athenian name,  
 So cheaply to the laughter of the world  
 Betrayed, by guile beneath an infant's faith  
 So mocked and scorned? Away, then Freedom  
 now 120

And Safety dwell not but with fame in arms  
 Myself will show you where then mansion lies,  
 And through the walks of Danger or of Death  
 Conduct you to them " While he spake, thro' all  
 Their crowded ranks his quick sagacious eye  
 He darted, where no cheerful voice was heard  
 Of social daring, no stretched arm was seen,  
 Hastening their common task, but pale mistrust  
 Winkled each brow they shook their heads, and  
 down  
 Their slack hands hung cold sighs and whispered  
 doubts 130

From breath to breath stole round The sage  
meantime,

Looked speechless on, while his big bosom heaved  
Struggling with shame and sorrow till at last  
A tear broke forth, and, "O immortal shades,  
O Theseus," he exclaimed, "O Codrus, where,  
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toiled  
Through life behold for whom ye chose to die"  
No more he added, but, with lonely steps,  
Weary and slow, his silver beard depressed,  
And, his tear eyes bent heedless on the ground,  
Back to his silent dwelling he repaired 141  
There, o'er the gate, his armour, as a man  
Whom from the service of the war his chief  
Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,  
He fixed in general view One wishful look  
He sent, unconscious, toward the public place  
At parting then beneath his quiet roof  
Without a word, without a sigh, retired

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays  
From sweet Hymettus dated o'er the fanes 150  
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,  
When, lo! on Solon's threshold met the feet  
Of four Athenians by the same sad cue  
Conducted all, than whom the state beheld  
None nobler First came Megacles, the son  
Of great Alcmaeon, whom the Lydian king,  
The mild, unhappy Cæsus, in his days  
Of glory had with costly gifts adorned,  
Fav' vessels, splendid garments, tinctured webs,  
And heaps of treasured gold, beyond the lot 160  
Of many sovereigns, thus requiting well  
That hospitable favour which, erewhile,  
Alcmaeon to his messengers had shown,  
Whom he, with offerings worthy of the god,  
Sent from his throne in Sardis to rever- e



Apollo's Delphic shrine With Megacles  
 Approached his son, whom Agarista bore,  
 The virtuous child of Clisthenes, whose hand  
 Of Græcian sceptres the most ancient far,  
 In Sicyon, swayed but greater fame he drew 170  
 From arms controlled by justice, from the love  
 Of the wise Muses, and the unenvied wreath  
 Which glad Olympia gave For thither once  
 His warlike steeds the hero led, and there  
 Contended through the tumult of the course  
 With skilful wheels Then victor at the goal,  
 Amid the applauses of assembled Greece,  
 High on his car he stood and waved his arm  
 Silence ensued when straight the herald's voice  
 Was heard, inviting every Græcian youth, 180  
 Whom Clisthenes, content, might call his son,  
 To visit, ere twice thirty days were passed,  
 The towers of Sicyon There the chief decreed,  
 Within the circuit of the following year,  
 To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand  
 With his fair daughter, him among the guests  
 Whom worthiest he should deem Forthwith from  
 all

The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came  
 From rich Hesperia, from the Illyrian shore,  
 Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge 190  
 Looks on the setting sun, from those brave tribes,  
 Chaonian or Molossian, whom the race  
 Of great Achilles governs, glorying still  
 In Troy o'erthrown, from rough Ætolia, nurse  
 Of men who first among the Greeks threw off  
 The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms  
 Devoted, from Thessalia's fertile meads,  
 Where flows Penéus, near the lofty walls  
 Of Cianon old, from strong Eretria, queen  
 Of all Eubœan cities, who, sublime 200

On the steep margin of Eumipus, views,  
Across the tide, the Marathonian plain,  
Not yet the haunt of gloiy Athens too,  
Minerva's care, among her graceful sons  
Found equal lovers for the princely mud  
Nor was proud Argos wanting, nor the domes  
Of sacred Elis, nor the Arcadian groves  
That overshadow Alphicus echoing oft [band  
Some shepherd's song But thro' the madd'ning  
Was none who might with Megacles compare, or  
In all the honours of unblemished youth  
His was the beauteous bride and now then son  
Young Clisthenes betimes, at Solon's gate  
Stood, anxious, leaning forward on the arm  
Of his great sire, with earnest eyes th'it asked  
When the slow hinge would turn, with restless feet,  
And cheeks now pale, now glowing for his heart  
Throbb'd, full of bursting passions, anger, grief  
With scorn unbittered, by the generous boy  
Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds,  
Are destined, for his country and himself,  
In ripe years to bring forth fruits divine  
Of liberty and glory Next appeared  
Two brave companions whom one mother bore  
To different lords, but whom the better ties  
Of firm esteem and friendship rendered more  
Than brothers first Miltiades, who drew  
From godlike *Æacus* his ancient line,  
That *Æacus* whose unimpeached renown  
For sanctity and justice won the lyre  
Of elder bards to celebrate him throned  
In *Ilades* o'er the dead, where his decrees  
The guilty soul within the burning gates  
Of *Tartarus* compel, or send the good  
To inhabit, with eternal health and peace,  
The valleys of *Elysium* From a stem

So sacred, ne'er could worthier scion spring  
 Than this Miltiades, whose aid, ere long,  
 The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways  
 Sent by the inspired, foreknowing maid who sits  
 Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore 241  
 To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth  
 Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect  
 With arms and laws But, nothing careful now,  
 Save for his injured country, here he stands,  
 In deep solicitude with Cimon joined,  
 Unconscious both what widely different lots  
 Await them, taught by nature as ~~they~~ they are  
 To know one common good, one common ill  
 For Cimon, not his valour, not his birth, 250  
 Derived from Codrus, not a thousand gifts  
 Dealt round him with a wise, benignant hand,  
 No, not the Olympic olive, by himself  
 From his own brow transferred to soothe the mind  
 Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve  
 From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons,  
 And their assassin dagger But, if death  
 Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,  
 Yet fate an ample recompense prepares  
 In his victorious son, that other great 260  
 Miltiades, who, o'er the very throne  
 Of Glory, shall, with Time's assiduous hand,  
 In adamant characters engrave  
 The name of Athens, and, by Freedom armed  
 'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king,  
 Shall all the achievements of the heroes old  
 Surmount, of Hercules, of all who sailed  
 From Thessaly with Jason, all who fought  
 For empire or for fame, at Thebes or Troy  
 Such were the patriots who within the porch  
 Of Solon had assembled But the gate 271  
 Now opens, and across the ample floor

Straight they proceed into an open space,  
 Bright with the beams of morn a verdant spot,  
 Where stands a rural altar, piled with sods  
 Cut from the grassy turf, and girt with wreaths  
 Of branching palm Here Solon's self they found,  
 Clad in a robe of purple pure, and decked  
 With leaves of olive on his reverend brow  
 He bowed before the altar, and, o'er cakes 280  
 Of barley, from two earthen vessels poured  
 Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream,  
 Calling, meantime, the Muses to accept  
 His simple offering, by no victim tinged  
 With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire,  
 But such as for himself Apollo claims  
 In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt  
 Is thence the Altar of the Pious named  
 Unseen, the guests drew near, and, silent, viewed  
 That worship, till the hero-priest his eye 290  
 Turned toward a seat on which, prepared, there lay  
 A branch of laurel Then his friends, confessed,  
 Before him stood Backward his step he drew,  
 As loath that care or tumult should approach  
 Those early rites divine, but soon their looks,  
 So anxious, and then hands, held forth with such  
 Desponding gesture bring him on perforce  
 To speak to their affliction "Are ye come,"  
 He cried, "to mourn with me this common shame"  
 Or ask ye some new effort which may break 300  
 Our fetters? Know then of the public cause  
 Not for yon traitor's cunning, or his might,  
 Do I despair nor could I wish from Jove  
 Aught dearer, than, at this late hour of life,  
 As once by laws, so now by stenuous arms,  
 From impious violation, to assert  
 The rights our fathers left us But alas!  
 What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye beheld

The Athenian people    Many bitter days  
 Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride 310  
 Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room  
 For just resentment, or their hands endure  
 To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all  
 Their hopes, so oft admired, so long beloved  
 That time will come, however    Be it yours  
 To watch its fair approach, and urge it on  
 With honest prudence    me it ill beseems  
 Again to supplicate the unwilling crowd  
 To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold  
 That envied power, which once, with eager zeal,  
 They offered to myself, nor can I plunge 321  
 In counsels deep and various, nor prepare  
 For distant wars, thus faltering as I tread  
 On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades  
 Of Minos and Lycuigus    But, behold  
 What care employs me now    My vows I pay  
 To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth  
 And solace of my age    If right I deem  
 Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,  
 The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn 330  
 Their old harmonious influence    Let your tongues  
 With sacred silence favour what I speak,  
 And haply shall my faithful lips be taught  
 To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm,  
 As with impenetrable steel, your breasts  
 For the long strife before you, and repel  
 The darts of adverse fate "    He said, and snatched  
 The laurel bough, and sate in silence down,  
 Fixed, wrapped in solemn musing, full before  
 The sun, who now from all his radiant orb 340  
 Drove the grey clouds, and poured his genial light  
 Upon the breast of Solon    Solon used  
 Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began

" Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove

And Memory divine, Pierian maids,  
 Hear me, propitious In the morn of life,  
 When hopeshine bright and all the prospects smiled,  
 To your sequestered mansion oft my steps  
 Were turned, O Muses, and within your gate  
 My offerings paid Ye taught me then with strains  
 Of flowing harmony to soften war's 351  
 Dire voice, or in fan colours, that might charm  
 The public eye, to clothe the form austere  
 Of civil counsel Now, my feeble age  
 Neglected, and supplanted of the hope  
 On which it leaned, yet sinks not, but to you,  
 To your mild wisdom flies—refuge beloved  
 Of solitude and silence Ye can teach  
 The visions of my bed whate'er the god,  
 In the rude ages of the world inspired, 360  
 Or the first heroes, acted ye can make  
 The morning light more gladsome to my sense  
 Than ever it appeared to active youth  
 Pursuing careless pleasure ye can give  
 To this long leisure, these unheeded hours  
 A labour as sublime as when the sons  
 Of Athens thronged, and speechless round me stood,  
 To hear pronounced, for all their future deeds  
 The bounds of right and wrong Celestial powers,  
 I feel that ye are near me and, behold! 370  
 To meet your energy divine, I bring  
 A high and sacred theme, not less than those  
 Which to the eternal custody of Fame  
 Your lips intrusted, when of old ye digned,  
 With Orpheus or with Homer, to frequent  
 The groves of Hæmus, or the Chian shore  
 "Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all  
 My various life was e'er from you estranged)"  
 Oft hath my solitary song to you  
 Revealed that dutious pride which turned my steps

To willing exile , earnest to withdraw 381  
 From envy and the disappointed thirst  
 Of lucre, lest the bold, familiar strife,  
 Which, in the eye of Athens, they upheld  
 Against her legislator, should impair  
 With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws  
 To Egypt therefore, through the Ægean isles,  
 My course I steered, and, by the banks of Nile,  
 Dwelt in Canopus Thence the hallowed domes  
 Of Sais, and the rites to Isis paid, 390  
 I sought, and in her temple's silent courts,  
 Through many changing moons, attentive, heard  
 The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue  
 At morn, or midnight, the deep story told  
 Of her who represents whate'er has been,  
 Or is, or shall be , whose mysterious veil  
 No mortal hand hath ever yet removed  
 By him exhorted, southward to the walls  
 Of On I passed, the city of the sun,  
 The ever-youthful god 'Twas there, amid 400  
 His priests and sages, who the livelong night  
 Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere  
 Or who, in wondrous fables, half disclose  
 The secrets of the elements, 'twas there  
 That great Psenophis taught my raptured ears  
 The fame of old Atlantis,—of her chiefs,  
 And her pure laws, the first which earth obeyed  
 Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale ,  
 And often, while I listened, did my mind  
 Portell with what delight her own free lyre 410  
 Should sometime for an Attic audience raise  
 A new that lofty scene, and from then tombs  
 Call forth those ancient demigods, to speak  
 Of Justice and the hidden Providence  
 That walks among mankind But yet, meantime,  
 The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons

Became less pleasing With contempt I gazed  
 On that tame garb, and those unvarying paths  
 To which the double yoke of king and priest  
 Had cramped the sullen race At last, with hymns  
 Invoking our own Pallas and the gods 421  
 Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave  
 To Egypt, and before the southern wind  
 Spread my full sails What chimes I then surveyed,  
 What fortunes I encountered in the realm  
 Of Cæsus, or upon the Cyprian shore,  
 The Muse, who prompts my bosom, doth not now  
 Consent that I reveal But when, at length,  
 Ten times the sun, returning from the south,  
 Had strowed with flowers the verdant earth, and  
 filled 430

The groves with music, pleased, I then beheld  
 The term of those long errors drawing nigh  
 'Nor yet,' I said, 'will I sit down within  
 The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod  
 The Cretan soil, have pierced those reverend haunts  
 Whence Law and Civil Concord issued forth,  
 As from their ancient home, and still to Greece  
 Their wisest, loftiest discipline proclaim'  
 Straight where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,  
 Appears, beneath famed Cnossus and her towers,  
 Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen, 441  
 I checked my prow, and thence, with eager steps,  
 The city of Minos entered O ye gods,  
 Who taught the leaders of the simpler time,  
 By written words, to curb the untoward will  
 Of mortals, how, within that generous isle,  
 Have ye the triumphs of your power displayed,  
 Munificent! Those splendid merchants, lords  
 Of traffic and the sea, with what delight  
 I saw them, at their public meal, like sons 450  
 Of the same household, join the plainer sort



Whose wealth was only freedom whence to these  
Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,  
Alike was strange, but noble concord still  
Cherished the strength untamed, the rustic faith,  
Of their first fathers Then the growing race,  
How pleasing to behold them in their schools,  
Their sports, their labours, ever placed within,  
O shade of Minos ! thy controlling eye  
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones 460  
Thy laws pronouncing, or, with lofty hymns,  
Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve  
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,  
Resounding what the Muse inspired of old,  
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,  
In heavy armour through the heats of noon  
To march, the rugged mountain's height to climb  
With measured swiftness, from the hard-bent bow  
To send resistless arrows to their mark,  
Or for the fame of prowess to contend, 470  
Now wrestling, now with fists and staves opposed,  
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence  
Of brazen shields, while still the warbling flute  
Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains  
Gave, solemn, soft, and changing headlong spite  
To thoughtful resolution cool and clear  
Such I beheld those islanders renowned,  
So tutored from their birth to meet in war  
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard  
That living flame of reverence for their laws 480  
Which not the storms of fortune, nor the flood  
Of foreign wealth diffused o'er all the land,  
Could quench or slacken First of human names  
In every Cretan's heart was Minos still,  
And holiest far, of what the sun surveys  
Tho' his whole course, were those primeval seats  
Which, with religious footsteps he had taught

Then sires to approach, the wild Dictæan cave  
 Where Jove was born, the ever-verdant meads  
 Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where <sup>490</sup>  
 His active youth he passed, and where his throne  
 Yet stands mysterious, whither Minos came  
 Each ninth returning year, the king of gods  
 And mortals, there in secret to consult  
 On justice, and the tables of his law  
 To inscribe anew    Oft also, with like zeal,  
 Great Rhea's mansion, from the Cnossian rites,  
 Men visit, nor less oft the antique fane  
 Built on that sacred spot, along the banks  
 Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove <sup>500</sup>  
 And his majestic consort joined their hands  
 And spoke their nuptial vows    Alas, 'twas there  
 That the due fame of Athens sunk in bonds  
 I first received, what time an annual feast  
 Had summoned all the genial country round,  
 By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind  
 That first great spousal, while the enamoured  
     youths

And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,  
 Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke  
 The same glad omens    There, among the crowd  
 Of strangers, from those naval cities drawn <sup>511</sup>  
 Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore,  
 A merchant of Egina I descried,—  
 My ancient host, but forward as I sprung  
 To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,  
 Stopped half averse, and, 'O Athenian guest,'  
 He said, 'art thou in Crete, these joyful rites  
 Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out  
 Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne'  
 He added names of men, with hostile deeds <sup>520</sup>  
 Disastrous, which obscure and indistinct  
 I heard, for, while he spake, my heart grew cold

And my eyes dim the altars and their train  
No more were present to me how I fared,  
Or whither turned, I know not, nor recall  
Aught of those moments other than the sense  
Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,  
And, from the toils of some distressful dream  
To break away, with palpitating heart,  
Weak limbs, and temples bathed in death-like dew,  
Makes many a painful effort When at last 531  
The sun and nature's face again appeared,  
Not far I found me, where the public path,  
Winding thro' cypress groves and swelling meads,  
From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends  
Heedless, I followed on, till soon the skirts  
Of Ida rose before me, and the vault,  
Wide opening, pierced the mountain's rocky side  
Entering within the threshold, on the ground  
I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil " 540

\* \* \* \*





THE BEGINNING OF THE  
FOURTH BOOK OF THE PLEASURES OF  
THE IMAGINATION 1770



NE effort more, one cheerful sally more,  
Our destined course will finish, and  
in peace

Then, for an offering sacred to the  
powers

Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then  
Inscribe a monument of deathless praise,  
O my adventurous song! With steady speed,  
Long hast thou, on an untried voyage bound,  
Sailed between earth and heaven hast now sur-  
veyed

Stretched out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts  
Of Passion and Opinion, like a waste 10  
Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,  
Where mortals roam bewildered and hast now,  
Exulting, soared among the worlds above,  
Or hovered near the eternal gates of heaven,  
If haply the discourses of the gods,  
A curious, but an unpresuming guest,  
Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain  
Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,  
And apt to be conceived of man below  
A different task remains, the secret paths 20  
Of early genius to explore to trace  
Those haunts where Fancy her predestined sons,

Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse,  
 Remote from eyes profane    Ye happy souls,  
 Who now her tender discipline obey,  
 Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve  
 Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon,  
 Use ye to visit, often breaking forth  
 In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,  
 Or musing, as in slumber, on the green?    30  
 —Would I again were with you!—O ye dales  
 Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands, where,  
 Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
 And his banks open, and his lawns extend,  
 Stops short the pleased traveller to view,  
 Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower  
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands  
 O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook  
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls  
 Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream,    40  
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats,  
 Beloved of old, and that delightful time  
 When, all alone, for many a summer's day,  
 Wandered through your calm recesses led  
 In silence by some powerful hand unseen  
 Nor will I e'er forget you, nor shall e'er  
 The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice  
 Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim  
 Those studies which possessed me in the dawn  
 Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind    50  
 For every future year    whence even now  
 From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,  
 And, while the world around lies overwhelmed  
 In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts  
 Of honourable fame, of truth divine  
 Of moral, and of minds to virtue won  
 The sweet magic of harmonious verse,  
 Of themes which now expect us    For thus far

On general habit, and on arts which grow  
 Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind, 70  
 Hath dwelt our argument, and how, self-taught,  
 Though seldom conscious of their own employ,  
 In Nature's or in Fortune's changeful scene,  
 Men learn to judge of Beauty, and acquire  
 Those forms, set up as idols in the soul,  
 For love and zealous praise Yet indistinct,  
 In vulgar bosoms, and unnoticed lie  
 These pleasing stores, unless the casual force  
 Of things external prompt the heedless mind  
 To recognize her wealth But some there are 75  
 Conscious of Nature, and the rule which man  
 Or Nature holds some who, within themselves  
 Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance  
 And momentary passion, can at will  
 Call up these fair exemplars of the mind,  
 Review their features scan the secret laws  
 Which bind them to each other, and display,  
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense  
 Of all the world their latent charms display,  
 Even as in Nature's frame, (if such a word, 80  
 If such a word, so bold, may from the lips  
 Of man proceed) as in this outward frame  
 Of things the great Artificer portrays  
 His own immense idea Various names  
 These among mortals bear, as various signs  
 They use, and, by peculiar organs, speak  
 To human sense There are who, by the flight  
 Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,  
 Or by extended chords, in measure taught  
 To vibrate can assemble powerful sounds, 90  
 Expressing every temper of the mind  
 From every cause, and charming all the soul  
 With passion void of cue Others, mean time,  
 The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,

Patiently taming, or with easier hand  
 Describing lines, and with more ample scope  
 Uniting colours, can to general sight  
 Produce those permanent and perfect forms,  
 Those characters of heroes and of gods,  
 Which, from the crude materials of the world, 100  
 Their own high minds created But the chief  
 Are poets, eloquent men, who dwell on earth  
 To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves  
 With language and with numbers Hence to these  
 A field is opened wide as Nature's sphere,  
 Nay, wider various as the sudden acts  
 Of human wit, and vast as the demands  
 Of human will The bard, nor length, nor depth,  
 Nor place, nor form controls To eyes, to ears,  
 To every organ of the copious mind, 110  
 He offereth all its treasures Him the hours,  
 The seasons him obey and changeful Time  
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,  
 At will outstrip it To enhance his toil,  
 He summoneth, from the uttermost extent  
 Of things which God hath taught him, every form  
 Auxiliar, every power, and all beside  
 Excludes, imperious His prevailing hand  
 Gives to corporeal essence, life, and sense,  
 And every stately function of the soul 120  
 The soul itself, to him obsequious, lies  
 Like matter's passive heap, and as he wills,  
 To reason and affection he assigns  
 Their just alliances, their just degrees  
 Whence his peculiar honours whence the race  
 Of men who people his delightful world,  
 Men genuine and according to themselves,  
 Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,  
 As earth itself to his delightful world,  
 The palm of spotless Beauty doth resign 130

\* \* \* \*



# ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS

IN TWO BOOKS BOOK I

## ODE I\*

### PREFACE

#### I



N yonder verdant hillock Iud,  
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,  
O'erlook the falling stream,  
O master of the Latin lyre,  
Awhile with thee will I retire  
From summer's noontide beam

#### II

And, lo, within my lonely bower  
The industrious bee from many a flower  
Collects her balmy dews  
"For me," she sings, "the gems are born,  
For me then silken robe adorn,  
Then fragrant breath diffuse"

#### III

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm  
This hospitable scene deform,  
Nor check thy gladsome toils,

---

\* Originally entitled 'Allusion to Horace' and first published in '*Odes on Several Subjects*,' 4to 1745



Still may the buds unsullied spring,  
Still showers and sunshine count thy wing  
    To these ambrosial spoils

## IV

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail,  
Hei fellow-labourer, thee, to hail,  
    And lucky be the strains  
For long ago did Nature frame  
Your seasons and your arts the same,  
    Your pleasures and your pains

## V

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,  
On river banks and flowery greens  
    My Muse delighted plays,  
Nor through the desert of the air,  
Though swans or eagles triumph there,  
    With fond ambition strays

## VI

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,  
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts,  
    Will she her cares employ,  
But flies from ruins and from tombs,  
From Superstition's horrid glooms,  
    To day-light and to joy

## VII

Nor will she tempt the barren waste,  
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste  
    Of any noxious thing,  
But leaves with scorn to Envy's use  
The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,  
    The nettle's sordid sting

## VIII

From all which Nature fairest knows,  
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,  
     She draws her blameless wealth,  
 And, when the generous task is done,  
 She consecrates a double boon,  
     To Pleasure and to Health

## ODE II \*

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE 1740

## I

THE radiant ruler of the year  
     At length his wintry goal attains.  
 Soon to reverse the long career,  
 And northward bend his steady reins  
 Now, piercing half Potosi's height,  
 Prone rush the fiery floods of light,  
 Ripening the mountain's silver stores  
 While, in some cavern's horrid shade,  
 The panting Indian hides his head,  
 And oft the approach of eve employs

## II

But lo, on this deserted coast,  
 How pale the sun ! how thick the air !  
 Mustering his storms, a sordid host,  
 Lo, Winter desolates the year

---

\* First printed for private distribution, afterward,  
 altered and published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to  
 1745

The fields resign their latest bloom ,  
 No more the breezes waft perfume,  
 No more the streams in music roll  
 But snows fall dark, or rains resound ,  
 And, while great Nature mourns around  
 Her griefs infect the human soul

## III

Hence the loud city's busy throngs  
 Uge the warm bowl and splendid fire  
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,  
 Against the spiteful heaven conspire  
 Meantime, perhaps with tender tears,  
 Some village dame the curfew ~~hears~~ <sup>hears</sup> ,  
 While round the hearth her children play  
 At morn their father went abroad ,  
 The moon is sunk, and deep the night ,  
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay

## IV

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,  
 And hail the sun's returning force  
 Even now he climbs the northern skies,  
 And health and hope attend his course  
 Then louder hawl the aerial waste,  
 Be earth with keener cold embraced,  
 Yet gentle hours advance their wing ,  
 And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,  
 With flowers, and dews, and streaming light,  
 Already decks the new-born spring

## V

O fountain of the golden day !  
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,  
 How soon before thy vernal ray  
 Should each unkindly damp recede !

How soon each hovering tempest fly,  
 Whose stores for mischief um the sky,  
 Prompt on our heads to burst unman,  
 To rend the forest from the steep,  
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,  
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

## VI

But let not man's unequal views  
 Presume o'er Nature and her laws  
 'Tis his, with grateful joy, to use  
 The indulgence of the Sovereign Cause,  
 Secure that health and beauty springs,  
 Through this majestic frame of things,  
 Beyond what he can reach to know,  
 And that Heaven's all-subduing will,  
 With good, the progeny of ill,  
 Attempereth every state below

## VII

How pleasing wears the wintry night,  
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!  
 While, by the taper's trembling light,  
 I seem those awful scenes to tread,  
 Where chiefs or legislators lie,  
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,  
 In arms and antique pomp arrayed,  
 While now I taste the Ionian song,  
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue  
 Resounding through the olive shade

## VIII

But should some cheerful, equal friend  
 Bid leave the studious page awhile,  
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,  
 And social ease on learned toil

Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,  
 Each dictates to the god of wine  
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,  
 What flattering dreams each bosom warm,  
 While absence, heightening every charm,  
 Invokes the slow-returning May !

## IX

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,  
 When will thy genial star arise ?  
 The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,  
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes,  
 Within her sylvan haunt, behold,  
 As in the happy garden old,  
 She moves like that primeval fair.  
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,  
 Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,  
 Fond hope, and mutual faith, repair

## X

And if believing love can read,  
 His better omens in her eye,  
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid !  
 And every pain of absence die  
 Then shall my jocund harp, attuned  
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound,  
 Pursue the free Horatian song,  
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,  
 And Echo, down the bordering vale,  
 The liquid melody prolong

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE, DECEMBER 11, 1740

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

NOW to the utmost southern goal  
The sun has traced his annual way,  
And backward now prepares to roll  
And bless the north with earlier day  
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,  
Floods of sublimer splendour flow,  
Ripening the latent seeds of gold  
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,  
Th' afflicted Indian hides his head,  
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold

But lo! on this deserted coast,  
How faint the light, how chill the air!  
Lo! armed with whirlwind, hail, and frost,  
Fierce Winter desolates the year  
The fields resign their cheerful bloom,  
No more the breezes breathe perfume,  
No more the warbling waters roll,  
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,  
Successive tempests bloat the sky,  
And gloomy damps oppress the soul

But let my drooping genius rise,  
And hail the sun's remotest ray  
Now, now he climbs the northern skies  
To-morrow nearer than to-day  
Then louder howl the stormy waste,  
Be land and ocean worse defaced,  
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,  
And Fancy, through the wintry gloom,

Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,  
Already hails th' emerging spring

O fountain of the golden day !  
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,  
How soon before thy vernal ray  
Should each unkindly damp recede  
How soon each tempest, hovering, fly,  
That now, fermenting, loads the sky,  
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,  
To rend the forest from the steep,  
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,  
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain

But let not man's imperfect views  
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws ,  
'Tis his with silent joy to use  
Th' indulgence of the Sovereign Cause ,  
Secure that from the whole of things  
Beauty and good consummate springs,  
Beyond what he can reach to know,  
And that the providence of Heaven  
Has some peculiar blessing given  
To each allotted state below

Even now how sweet the wintry night  
Spent with the old, illustrious dead !  
While, by the taper's trembling light,  
I seem those awful courts to tread,  
Where chiefs and legislators lie,  
Whose triumphs move before my eye,  
With every laurel fresh displayed ,  
While, charmed, I rove in classic song,  
Or bend to freedom's fearless tongue,  
Or walk the academic shade

## ODE III

TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE \*

## I

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find  
That wealth can trouble wishes gain,  
Hād e'er disturbed your thoughtful mind,  
Or caused one serious moment's pain,  
I should have said that all the rules  
You learned of moralists and schools,  
Were very useless, very vain

## II

Yet I perhaps mistake the case —  
Say, though with this heroic air,  
Like one that holds a nobler chase,  
You try the tender loss to bear,  
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?  
Seems not my censure strangely wrong,  
To count it such a slight affair?

## III

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,  
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,  
Methinks I see you cast your eye  
Back to the morning scenes of love  
Each pleasing word you heard her say,  
Her gentle look, her graceful way,  
Again your struggling fancy move

---

\* Originally entitled, "To a Gentleman whose Mistress  
had married an Old Man," and first published in "*Odes  
on Several Subjects*," 4to 1743



## IV

Then tell me, is your soul entire ?  
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne ?  
Then can you question each desire,  
Bid this remain, and that begone  
No tear half-starting from your eye ,  
No kindling blush, you know not why ,  
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan .

## V

Away with this unmanly mood !  
See where the hoary churl appears,  
Whose hand hath seized the favourite good  
Which you reserved for happier years  
While, side by side, the blushing maid  
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid,  
Spite of the sickly joy she wears

## VI

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,  
This chaste, harmonious pair behold ,  
And thus reward the generous flame  
Of all who barter vows for gold  
O bloom of youth ! O tender charms !  
Well-buried in a dotard's arms  
O equal price of beauty sold !

## VII

Cease then to gaze with looks of love  
Bid her adieu, the venal fan  
Unworthy she your bliss to prove ,  
Then wherefore should she prove your care ?  
No lay your myrtle garland down ,  
And let awhile the willow's crown  
With luckier omens bind your hair

## VIII

Oh! just escaped the faithless main,  
 Though driven unwilling on the land  
 To guide your favoured steps again,  
 Behold your better Genius stand  
 Where Truth revolves her page divine,  
 Where Virtue leads to Honour's shine,  
 Behold, he lifts his awful hand

## IX

Fix but on these your ruling aim,  
 And Time, the sire of manly care,  
 Will fancy's dazzling colours tame,  
 A soberer dress will beauty wear  
 Then shall esteem, by knowledge led,  
 Inthroned within your heart and head  
 Some happier love, some truer fair.

## ODE IV

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE TO THE SAME

## I

YES you condemn the perjured maid  
 Who all your favourite hopes betrayed  
 Nor, though her heart should home return  
 Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,  
 Her winning eyes your faith implore,  
 Would you her hand receive again,  
 Or once dissemble your disdain,  
 Or listen to the syren's theme,  
 Or stoop to love, since now esteem,  
 And confidence, and friendship, is no more

## II

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,  
 When, summoning your pride, you try  
 To meet her looks with cool neglect,  
 Or cross her walk with slight respect,  
 (For so is falsehood best repaid)  
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow ?  
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow ?  
 What means that darkness on your brow ?  
 As if with all her broken vow  
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid ?

## ODE V \*

## AGAINST SUSPICION

## I

**O**H! fly, 'tis dire Suspicion's mien,  
 And, meditating plagues unseen,  
 The sorceress hither bends  
 Behold! her touch in gall imbrued  
 Behold! her garment drops with blood  
 Of lovers and of friends

## II

Fly far already in your eyes  
 I see a pale suffusion rise,  
 And soon through every vein,  
 Soon will her secret venom spread,  
 And all your heart and all your head  
 Imbibe the potent stain

---

\* First published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to  
 1745

## III

Then many a demon will she raise  
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways,  
While gleams of lost delight  
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,  
As lightning shines across the main,  
Through whirlwinds and through night

## IV

No more can faith or candour move,  
But each ingenuous deed of love,  
Which reason would applaud,  
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,  
Fancy malignant strives to dress  
Like injury and fraud

## V

Farewell to virtues peaceful times  
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes  
Which thus you stoop to fear  
Guilt follows guilt, and where the train  
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,  
What horrors form the rear!

## VI

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,  
Suspicion waits the sullen hour  
Of fretfulness and strife,  
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,  
Or Eurus waves his murky wings,  
To damp the seats of life

## VII

But come, forsake the scene unblessed  
Which first beheld your faithful breast  
To groundless fears a prey

Come where, with my prevailing lyre  
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire  
To charm your doubts away

## VIII

Throned in the sun's descending car,  
What power unseen diffuseth far  
This tenderness of mind ?  
What Genius smiles on yonder flood ?  
What God, in whispers from the wood,  
Bids every thought be kind ?

## IX

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,  
Whose wisdom our untoward frame  
With social love restrains,  
Thou, who, by fan affection's ties,  
Giv'st us to double all our joys -  
And half disarm our pains,

## X \*

If, far from Dyson and from me,  
Suspicion took, by thy decree,  
Her everlasting flight,  
If, firm on virtue's ample base,  
Thy parent hand has deigned to raise  
Our friendship's honoured height,

## XI

Let universal candour still,  
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,  
Preserve my open mind,

---

\* This stanza was found in a copy presented by Aken-  
side to a friend —AMERICAN EDITOR

Nor this nor that man's crooked ways  
 One sordid doubt within me raise,  
 To injure human kind

ODE VI<sup>4</sup>

## HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS

HOW thick the shades of evening close !  
 How pale the sky with weight of snows !  
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,  
 And bid the joyless day retire  
 —Alas, in vain I try within  
 To brighten the dejected scene,  
 While, roused by grief, these fiery pains  
 Tear the frail texture of my veins,  
 While Winter's voice, that storms around,  
 And yon deer death-bell's groaning sound,  
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,  
 Till starting Horror shakes the room  
 Is there in nature no kind power  
 To soothe affliction's lonely hour ?  
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,  
 And teach these wintry shades to please ?  
 Come, Cheerfulness —triumphant fair,  
 Shine through the hovering cloud of care  
 O sweet of language, mild of mien !  
 O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen !  
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,  
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest,  
 And, while thy gracious gifts I feel,  
 My song shall all thy praise reveal

---

\* First published in ' *Odes on Several Subjects*,' 4to  
 1745

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)  
 The vernal powers renewed their train,  
 It happened that immortal Love  
 Was ranging through the spheres above,  
 And downward hither cast his eye,  
 The year's returning pomp to spy  
 He saw the radiant god of day  
 Waft in his car the rosy May,  
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours  
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers,  
 Before his wheels Aurora passed,  
 And Hesper's golden lamp was lost  
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,  
 When Health majestic moved along,  
 Delighted to survey below  
 The joys which from her presence flow,  
 While earth, enlivened, hears her voice,  
 And swans, and flocks, and fields rejoice,  
 Then mighty Love her charms confessed,  
 And soon his vows inclined her breast,  
 And, known from that auspicious morn,  
 The pleasing Cheerfulness was born

Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven designed  
 To sway the movements of the mind,  
 Whatever fretful passion springs,  
 Whatever wayward fortune brings  
 To disarrange the power within,  
 And strain the musical machine,  
 Thou Goddess, thy attempering hand  
 Doth each discordant string command,  
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong,  
 And, joining Nature's general song,  
 Through many a varying tone unfolds  
 The harmony of human souls

Fair guardian of domestic life,  
 Kind banisher of homebred strife,

Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye  
 Deforms the scene where thou art by  
 No sickening husband damns the hour  
 Which bound his joys to female power,  
 No pining mother weeps the cares  
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs  
 The officious daughters pleased attend,  
 The brother adds the name of friend  
 By thee, with flowers thine board is crowned,  
 With songs from thee thine walks resound  
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,  
 And evening, unperceived, declines

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart  
 Labours with love's unpitied smart?  
 Though now he stray by rills and bowers,  
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,  
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,  
 Debase the story of his pain  
 With slavish looks, discoloured eyes,  
 And accents faltering into sighs,  
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease  
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,  
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,  
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,  
 With more commanding passion move,  
 And teach the dignity of love  
 , Friend to the Muse and all her train,  
 For thee I count the Muse again  
 The Muse for thee may well exert  
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,  
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway  
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey  
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue  
 Repeat what later bards have sung,  
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,  
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight



Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attired  
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspired  
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume  
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom,  
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale  
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,  
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,  
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre

But see where yonder pensive sage  
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,  
Perhaps by tender griefs oppressed,  
On glooms, congenial to his breast)  
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,  
And bids the joyless world farewell  
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,  
Alone, beneath the mountain laid,  
He sees the nightly damps ascend,  
And gathering storms aloft impend,  
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,  
And raging thunders shake the pole  
Then, struck by every object round,  
And stunned by every horrid sound,  
He asks a clue for Nature's ways,  
But evil haunts him through the maze  
He sees ten thousand demons rise  
To wield the empire of the skies,  
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,  
And Malice blot the throne of God

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,  
Thy lenient influence hither bring,  
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,  
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,  
Till fields and shades then sweets exhale,  
And music swell each opening gale  
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,  
And let him learn the timely hour

To trace the world's benignant laws,  
And judge of that presiding cause  
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,  
Converts to pleasure every pain,  
Subdues each hostile form to rest,  
And bids the universe be blessed

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,  
If right I touch the votive string,  
If equal praise I yield thy name,  
Still govern thou thy poet's flame,  
Still with the Muse my bosom share,  
And soothe to peace intruding care  
But most exert thy pleasing power  
On friendship's consecrated hour,  
And, while my Sophron points the road  
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,  
Or, warm in freedom's ancient cause,  
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,  
Add thou o'er all the generous toil  
The light of thy unclouded smile  
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,  
From him and friendship torn away,  
I court the Muse's healing spell  
For griefs that still with absence dwell,  
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams  
To such indulgent, placid themes,  
As just the struggling breast may cheer,  
And just suspend the starting tear,  
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe  
Which none but friends and lovers know

## ODE VII

## ON THE USE OF POETRY

## I

NOT for themselves did human kind  
 Contrive the parts by heaven assigned  
 On life's wide scene to play  
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill  
 Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,  
 If Fortune close the way

## II

Yet still the self-depending soul,  
 Though last and least in Fortune's roll  
 His proper sphere commands,  
 And knows what Nature's seal bestowed,  
 And sees, before the throne of God,  
 The rank in which he stands

## III

Who trained by laws the future age,  
 Who rescued nations from the rage  
 Of partial, factious power,  
 My heart with distant homage views,  
 Content if thou, celestial Muse,  
 Didst rule my natal hour

## IV

Not far beneath the hero's feet,  
 Nor from the legislator's seat  
 Stands far remote the bard  
 Though not with public terrors crowned,  
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,  
 More lasting his award

## V

Lycurgus fashioned Sparta's fame,  
 And Pompèy to the Roman name  
     Gave universal sway  
 Where are they ?—Homer's reverend page  
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,  
     And tongues and climes obey

## VI

And thus when William's acts divine  
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line  
     Draw one vindictive vow,  
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,  
 And Russell move the patriot's breast  
     No more than Brutus now,

## VII

Yet then shall Shakespeare's powerful art  
 C'er every passion, every heart,  
     Confirm his awful throne  
 Tyrants shall bow before his laws,  
 And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,  
     Then dread assertor own

## ODE VIII \*

## ON LEAVING HOLLAND

## I 1

**F**AREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,  
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat,

---

\* Composed in 1744, and first published in ' *Odes on Several Subjects*,' 4to 1745

Where, dealing fiugal gifts around  
 To all the favourites at her feet,  
 She trains the body's bulky frame  
 For passive, persevering toils,  
 And lest, from any prouder aim,  
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,  
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless  
 flame

## I 2

Farewell the grave, pacific air,  
 Where never mountain zephyr blew  
 The marshy levels lank and bare,  
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew  
 The Naiads, with obscene attire,  
 Urging in vain their urns to flow,  
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,  
 And haply soothe some lover's prudent woe,  
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre

## I 3

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain  
 Snatched in your cradles from the god of Love  
 She rendered all his boasted arrows vain,  
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove  
 Ye too, the slow-eyed fathers of the land,  
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,  
 Unowned, undignified by public choice,  
 I go where Liberty to all is known,  
 And tells a monarch on his throne,  
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice

## II 1

O my loved England, when with thee  
 Shall I sit down, to part no more?  
 Far from this pale, discoloured sea,  
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore

When shall I plough thy azure tide ?  
 When on thy hills the flocks adinne,  
 \* Like mountain snows, till down their side  
 I trace the village and the sacred spire, [vide ?  
 While bowers and copses green the golden slope di-

## II 2

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,  
 Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,  
 With whom I went at morn to rove,  
 With whom at noon I talked in dreams,  
 Oh ! take me to your haunts again,  
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade,  
 To guide my lonely footsteps deign,  
 To prompt my slumbers in the muir-mingshade,  
 And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain

## II 3

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn  
 Thy drooping mistress's inauspicious hand  
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,  
 Now fairer moods thy melody demand  
 Daughters of Albion listen to my lyre  
 O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,  
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,  
 When all the virgin duties above,  
 With Venus and with Juno move  
 In concert round the Olympian father's throne ?

## III 1

Thee too, protectress of my lays,  
 Elate with whose majestic call,  
 Above degenerate Latium's praise,  
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul,  
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,  
 And wanton sloth's ignoble chains,

The honours of a poet's name,  
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hampden's arms,  
 Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine  
 flame,

## III 2

Great citizen of Albion Thee  
 Heroic Valour still attends,  
 And useful Science, pleased to see  
 How Art her studious toil extends  
 While Truth, diffusing from on high  
 A lustre unconfined as day,  
 Fills and commands the public eye,  
 Till, pierced and sinking by her powerful ray,  
 Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons,  
 fly

## III 3

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour  
 shares  
 Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy,  
 And holy passions and unsullied cares,  
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ  
 O fair Britannia, hail ! With partial love,  
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,  
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame  
 But when for generous minds and manly laws  
 A nation holds her prime applause,  
 There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim

## ODE IX

TO CURIO 1744 \*

## I

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded  
fame  
Since I, exulting, grasped the tuneful shell  
Eager through endless years to sound thy name,  
Proud that my memory with thine should dwell  
How hast thou stained the splendour of my choice !  
Those godlike forms which hovered round thy  
voice,  
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown ?  
What can I now of thee to Time report,  
Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,  
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own ?

## II

There are, with eyes unmoved and reckless heart,  
Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,  
Who deemed thy arm extended but to dart  
The public vengeance on thy private foe  
But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,  
The owl-eyed race whom virtue's lustre blinds,  
Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,  
I still believed thy aim from blemish free,  
I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee  
And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice

---

\* Published in 4to, 1744, as "*An Epistle to Curio*,"  
but afterwards altered into the above Ode



## III

"Thou didst not dream of liberty decayed,  
 Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong  
 But the rash many, first by thee misled,  
 Bore thee at length unwillingly along"  
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old,  
 For faith deserted, or for cities sold,  
 Own here one untried, unexampled deed,  
 One mystery of shame from Curio learn,  
 To beg the infamy he did not earn [meed  
 And 'scape in Guilt's disguise from Virtue's offered

## IV

For saw we not that dangerous power avowed  
 Whom Freedom oft hath found her mortal foe,  
 Whom public Wisdom ever strove to exclude,  
 And but with blushes suffereth in her train?  
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,  
 O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,  
 And called herself the state's directing soul  
 Till Curio, like a good magician, tried,  
 With Eloquence and Reason at his side, [trol  
 By strength of holier spells the enchantress to con-

## V

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends  
 The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds  
 Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends  
 His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns  
 The learned recluse, with awful zeal who read  
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,  
 Now with like awe doth living merit scan  
 While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat  
 Bade social ease and public passions meet,  
 Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man

## VI

At length in view the glorious end appeared  
 We saw thy spirit through the senate reign,  
 And Freedom's friends thy instant onen heard  
 Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain  
 Waked in the strife the public Genius rose  
 More keen, more ardent from his long repose  
 Deep through her bounds the city felt his call,  
 Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his  
                   power,

And, murmuring, challenged the deciding hour  
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all

## VII

O ye good powers who look on human kind,  
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,  
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Cæsar's mind,  
 And steer his passions steady to the goal  
 O Alfred, father of the English name,  
 O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,  
 O William, height of public virtue pure,  
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,  
 Behold the sum of all your labours nigh,  
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule  
                   secure

## VIII

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith  
                   estranged!

O Albion, oft to flattering vows a prey!

'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy  
                   changed?

What rushing palsy took thy strength away?

Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?

The man so great, so honoured, so beloved?

Whom the dead envied and the living blessed ?  
 This patient slave, by tinsel boys allured ?  
 This wretched suitor, for a boon abjured ?  
 Whom those that feared him, scorn, that trusted  
 him, detest ?

## IX

Oh ! lost alike to action and repose ,  
 With all that habit of familiar fame,  
 Sold to the mockery of relentless foes, .  
 And doomed to exhaust the days of life in shame,  
 To act with burning brow and throbbing heart  
 A poor deserter's dull exploded part,  
 To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,  
 Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,  
 Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,  
 And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign  
 shore

## X

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,  
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,  
 By courtly passions try the public cause, .  
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end  
 O race erect ! by manliest passions moved,  
 The labours which to Virtue stand approved,  
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey ,  
 Yet, where Injustice works her wilful claim,  
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,  
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay

## XI

These thy heart owns no longer    In their room  
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,  
 Couched in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom  
 Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell

Before her ~~rites~~ thy sickening reason flew,  
 Divine Pers~~u~~asion from thy tongue withdrew,  
 While Laughter mocked, or Pity stole a sigh  
 Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame  
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame  
 Can Fancy's feeble springs the force of Truth  
 supply ?

## XII

But come 'tis time strong Destiny impends  
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed  
 With princes filled, the solemn fane ascends,  
 By Infamy, the mindful demon, swayed  
 Their vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,  
 From nations fettered, and from townsland waste,  
 For ever through the spacious courts resound  
 Their long posterity's united groan  
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,  
 Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground

## XIII

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits  
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,  
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates  
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August  
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan  
 Whence every treaty, every war began,  
 Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims  
 And still his hands despoil them on the road  
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestowed,  
 And crush their trophies huge, and raise their  
 sculptured names

## XIV

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend  
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks

Low doth proud Wentworth to<sup>s</sup> the stranger  
 bend,  
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks  
 " He comes, whom fate with surer arts prepared  
 To accomplish all which we but vainly dared ,  
 Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign ,  
 Who soothed with gaudy dreams their raging  
 power,  
 Even to its last irrevocable hour ,  
 Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them  
 to the chain "

## XV

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires,  
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she  
 claims,  
 (That household godhead whom of old your sires  
 Sought in the woods of Elbe and bore to Thames)  
 Drive ye this hostile omen far away ,  
 Then own fell efforts on her foes repay ,  
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be hers alone  
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side ,  
 Still frame your laws her generous test to abide ,  
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne

## XVI

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood  
 Of golden Luxury, which Commerce pours,  
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your  
 blood,  
 Which not her lightest discipline endures  
 Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause  
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws  
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,  
 O sons of Alfred, were for you assigned  
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,  
 And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man

## ODE X \*

TO THE MUSE

## I

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,  
Ah, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid ?  
Ah, why forsaken thus my breast,  
With inauspicious damps oppressed ?  
Where is the dread prophetic heat,  
With which my bosom wont to beat ?  
Where all the bright mysterious dreams  
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,  
That wooed my genius to divinest themes ?

## II

Say, goddess, can the festal board,  
Or young Olympia's form adored,  
Say, can the pomp of promised fame  
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame ?  
Or have melodious airs the power  
To give one free, poetic hour ?  
Or, from amid the Elysian train,  
The soul of Milton shall I gain,  
To win thee back with some celestial strain ?

## III

O powerful strain ! O sacred soul !  
His numbers every sense control  
And now again my bosom burns,  
The Muse, the Muse herself returns

---

\* First published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to 1745, and originally entitled, "On the Absence of the Poetic Inclination "

Such on the banks of Tyne, confessed,  
 I hailed the fair, immortal guest,  
 When first she sealed me for her own,  
 Made all her blissful treasures known,\*  
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone

## ODE XI \*

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.\*

## I

NO, foolish youth—to virtuous fame  
 If now thy early hopes be vowed,  
 If true ambition's nobler flame  
 Command thy footsteps from the crowd,  
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare,  
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,  
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair

## II

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,  
 The wreath of just renown is worn,  
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils  
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn  
 But Love unbends the force of thought,  
 By Love unmanly fears are taught,  
 And Love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought

## III

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,  
 And heard from many a zealous breast,

---

\* First published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to 1745, and originally entitled, "To a Friend, on the Hazard of falling in Love"

The pleasing tale of beauty's praise  
In wisdom's lofty language dressed,  
Of beauty powerful to impart  
Each finer sense, each comelier art, ~  
And soothe and polish man's ungente heart

## IV

If then, from Love's deceit secure,  
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,  
Go, see the white-winged evening hour  
On Delia's vernal walk descend  
Go, while the golden light serene,  
The grove, the lawn, the softened scene,  
Becomes the presence of the rural queen

## V

Attend, while that harmonious tongue  
Each bosom, each desire commands  
Apollo's lute, by Hermes strung,  
And touched by chaste Minerva's hands,  
Attend I feel a force divine,  
O Delia! win my thoughts to thine,  
That half the colour of thy life is mine

## VI

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,  
Soon would I turn my steps away,  
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,  
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway  
But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs  
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes,  
And thy tongue falters, and thy colour flies

## VII

So soon again to meet the fair?  
So pensive all this absent hour?



O yet, unlucky youth, beware,  
 While yet to think is in thy power  
 In vain with friendship's flattering name  
 Thy passion veils its inward shame,  
 Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame !

## VIII

Once, I remember, new to Love,  
 And dreading his tyrannic chain,  
 I sought a gentle maid to prove  
 What peaceful joys in friendship reign  
 Whence we forsooth might safely stand,  
 And pitying view the lovesick band,  
 And mock the winged boy's malicious hand

## IX

Thus frequent passed the cloudless day,  
 To smiles and sweet discourse resigned,  
 While I exulted to survey  
 One generous woman's real mind  
 Till friendship soon my languid breast  
 Each night with unknown cares possessed,  
 Dashed my coy slumbers, or my dreams distressed

## X

Fool that I was ! And now, even now,  
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,  
 Unless I shun Olympia's view,  
 An hour unsays it all again  
 O friend ! when Love directs her eyes  
 To pierce where every passion lies,  
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise ?

## ODE XII

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET

## I

**B**EHOLD, the Balance in the sky  
Swift on the wintry scale inclines,  
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,  
And the bare pastures Pan resigns  
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread,  
With recent soil, the twice-mown mead,  
Tainting the bloom which Autumn knows  
He whets the rusty coulter now,  
He binds his oxen to the plough,  
And wide his future harvest throws

## II

Now, London's busy confines round,  
By Kensington's imperial towers,  
From Highgate's rough descent profound,  
Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,  
Where'er I pass, I see approach  
Some rural statesman's eager coach  
Hurried by senatorial cares  
While rural nymphs (alike, within,  
Aspiring courtly praise to win)  
Debate then, dress, reform their airs

## III

Say, what can now the country boast,  
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,  
When peevish winds and gloomy frost  
The sunshine of the temper stain?

Say, are the priests of Devon grown  
 Friends to this tolerating throne,  
 Champions for George's legal right ?  
 Have general freedom, equal law,  
 Won to the glory of Nassau  
 Each bold Wessexian squire and knight ?

## IV

I doubt it much , and guess at least  
 That when the day, which made us free,  
 Shall next return, that sacred feast  
 Thou better may'st observe with me  
 With me the sulphurous treason old  
 A far inferior part shall hold  
 In that glad day's triumphal strain ,  
 And generous William be revered,  
 Nor one untimely accent heard  
 Of James, or his ignoble reign

## V

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine  
 With modest cups our joy supplies,  
 We'll truly thank the Power divine  
 Who bade the chief, the patriot rise ,  
 Rise from heroic ease, (the spoil  
 Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,  
 From Belgium to her saviour son,)  
 Rise with the same unconquered zeal  
 For our Britannia's injured weal,  
 Her laws defaced, her shrines o'erthrown

## VI

He came    The tyrant from our shore,  
 Like a forbidden demon, fled ,  
 And to eternal exile bore  
 Pontific rage and vassal dread

There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign  
New years came forth, a liberal train,  
Called by the people's great decree  
That day, my friend, let blessings crown —  
Fill, to the demigod's renown,  
From whom thou hast that thou art free

## VII

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part  
The public and the private weal ?)  
In vows to her who sways thy heart,  
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal  
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,  
On the soft ornaments that speak  
So eloquent in Daphne's smile,  
Whether the piercing lights that fly  
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,  
Haply thy fancy then beguile

## VIII

For so it is —thy stubborn breast,  
Though touched by many a slighter wound,  
Hath no full conquest yet confessed,  
Nor the one fatal charmer found  
While I, a true and loyal swan,  
My fair Olympia's gentle reign  
Through all the varying seasons own  
Her genius still my bosom warms,  
No other maid for me hath charms,  
Or I have eyes for her alone

## ODE XIII \*

## ON LYRIC POETRY

## I 1

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,  
 And taste the inspiring fount again  
 O parent of the Grecian lyre!  
 Admit me to thy powerful strain  
 And lo, with ease my step invades  
 The pathless vale and opening shades,  
 Till now I spy her verdant seat,  
 And now at large I drink the sound,  
 While these her offspring, listening round,  
 By turns her melody repeat

## I 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,  
 His silver tresses breathe perfume,  
 His cheek displays a second spring  
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom  
 Away, deceitful cares, away,  
 And let me listen to his lay,  
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,  
 While in smooth dance the light-winged hours  
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers,  
 Kind laughter and convivial joy

## I 3

Broke from the fetters of his native land,  
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,

---

\* First published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to.  
 1745

With louder impulse, and a threatening hand,  
 The Lesbian patriot\* smites the sounding chords  
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,  
 Ye cursed of gods and free-born men,  
 Ye murderers of the laws,  
 Though now ye glory in your lust,  
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,  
 Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your  
 dreadful cause

## II 1

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs  
 Descends the radiant queen of love  
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares  
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move  
 Why is my faithful maid distressed ?  
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast ?  
 Say, flies he ? Soon he shall pursue  
 Shuns he thy gifts ? He soon shall give  
 Slights he thy sorrows ? He shall grieve,  
 And soon to all thy wishes bow

## II 2

But, O Melpomene, for whom  
 Awakes thy golden shell again ?  
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume  
 To echo that unbounded strain ?  
 Majestic in the frown of years,  
 Behold, the man of Thebes† appears  
 For some there are, whose mighty frame  
 The hand of Jove at birth endowed  
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd,  
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,

---

\* Alcæus

† Pindar

## II 3

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,  
 And clamours far below — Propitious Muse,  
 While I so late unlock thy purer springs,  
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,  
     Wilt thou for Albion's sons around  
     (Ne'er hadst thou audience more renowned)  
     Thy charming arts employ,  
     As when the winds from shore to shore  
     Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,  
 Till towns and isles and seas returned the vocal joy?

## III 1

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,  
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,  
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song  
 Pollute with impious revels dire  
 O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade  
 May no foul discord here invade,  
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,  
 Except what earth's untroubled ear  
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,  
 And Heaven's unerring thine approve

## III 2

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat  
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow,  
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,  
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow  
 Thy strings adapt their varied strain  
 To every pleasure, every pain,  
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove;  
 And straight our passions rise or fall,  
 As at the wind's imperious call  
 The ocean swells, the billows move

## III 3

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,  
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear  
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,  
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear  
And ever watchful at thy side,  
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide  
The tenor of thy lay  
To her of old by Jove was given  
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven,  
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway

## IV 1

Oft as, to well-earned ease resigned,  
I quit the maze where Science toils,  
Do thou refresh my yielding mind  
With all thy gay, delusive spoils  
But, O indulgent, come not nigh  
The busy steps, the jealous eye  
Of wealthy care, or gainful age,  
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,  
And hold as foes to reason's reign  
Whome'er thy lovely works engage

## IV 2

When friendship and when lettered mirth  
Haply partake my simple board,  
Then let thy blameless hand call forth  
The music of the Teian chord  
Or, if invoked at softer hours,  
Oh! seek with me the happy bowers,  
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue,  
To beauty linked with virtue's train,  
To love devoid of jealous pain,  
There let the Sapphic lute be strung



## IV 3

But when from envy and from death to claim  
 A hero bleeding for his native land ,  
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame  
 Of Liberty, my genius gives command,  
 Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre  
 From thee, O Muse, do I require ,  
 While my presaging mind,  
 Conscious of powers she never knew,  
 Astonished, grasps at things beyond her view,  
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confined

## ODE XIV

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND ,

FROM THE COUNTRY

## I

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast  
 To pay thee for the pleasures lost,  
 The health to-day resigned ,  
 When Spring from this her favourite seat  
 Bade Winter hasten his retreat,  
 And met the western wind

## II

Oh ! knew'st thou how the balmy air,  
 The sun, the azure heavens prepare  
 To heal thy languid flame,  
 No more would noisy courts engage ,  
 In vain would lying faction's rage  
 Thy sacred leisure claim

## III

Oft I looked forth, and oft admired,  
Till with the studious volume tired

I sought the open day,  
And sure, I cried, the rural gods  
Expect me in their green abodes,  
And chide my tardy lay

## IV

But ah! in vain my restless feet  
Traced every silent shady seat  
Which knew their forms of old  
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,  
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,  
Did now their rites unfold

## V

Whether to nurse some infant oak  
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook,  
And catch the pearly showers,  
Or brush the mildew from the woods,  
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,  
Or breathe on opening flowers

## VI

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,  
The eyes of care can never view,  
And care hath long been mine  
And hence, offended with their guest,  
Since grief of love my soul oppressed,  
They hide their toils divine

## VII

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue  
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,  
With noble hope inspire

Then will the sylvan powers again  
 Receive me in their genial train,  
 And listen to my lyre

2

VIII

Beneath yon Diyad's lonely shade  
 A rustic altar shall be paid,  
 Of turf with laurel framed.  
 And thou the inscription wilt approve,  
 "This for the peace which, lost by love,  
 By friendship was reclaimed"

## ODE XV

TO THE EVENING STAR

I

**T**O-NIGHT retired, the queen of heaven  
 With young Endymion stays,  
 And now to Hesper it is given  
 Awhile to rule the vacant sky,  
 Till she shall to her lamp supply  
 A stream of brighter rays

II

O Hesper, while the starry throng  
 With awe thy path surrounds,  
 Oh ! listen to my suppliant song,  
 If haply now the vocal sphere  
 Can suffer thy delighted ear  
 To stoop to mortal sounds

III

So may the bridegroom's genial strain  
 Thee still invoke to shine  
 So may the bride's unmarried train

To Hymen chaunt then flattering vow,  
Still that his lucky torch may glow  
With lustre pure as thine

## IV

Far other vows must I prefer  
To thy indulgent power  
Alas, but now I paid my tear  
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb  
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam  
Of Philomela's bower

## V

Propitious send thy golden ray,  
Thou purest light above  
Let no false flame seduce to stray  
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm,  
But lead where music's healing charm  
May soothe afflicted love

## VI

To them, by many a grateful song  
In happier seasons vowed,  
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong  
Oft by yon silver stream we walked,  
Or fixed, while Philomela talked,  
Beneath yon copses stood

## VII

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs  
That roofless tower invade,  
We came, while her enchanting Muse  
The radiant moon above us held  
Till, by a clamorous owl compelled,  
She fled the solemn shade

## VIII

But hark , I hear her liquid tonẽ  
Now, Hesper, guide my feet  
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,  
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,  
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane,  
Which leads to her retreat

## IX

See the green space on either hand  
Enlarged it spreads around  
See, in the midst she takes her stand,  
Where one old oak his awful shade  
Extends o'er half the level mead,  
Inclosed in woods profound

## X

Hark,\* how through many a melting note  
She now prolongs her lays  
How sweetly down the void they float !  
The breeze their magic path attends ,  
The stars shine out , the forest bends ,  
The wakeful heifers gaze

## XI

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring  
To this sequestered spot,  
If then the plaintive Syren sing,  
Oh ! softly tread beneath her bower,  
And think of Heaven's disposing power,  
Of man's uncertain lot

## XII

Oh ! think, o'er all this mortal stage,  
What mournful scenes arise  
What ruin waits on kingly rage

How often virtue dwells with woe,  
 How many griefs from knowledge flow;  
 How swiftly pleasure flies

## XIII

O sacred bud, let me at eve,  
 Thus wandering all alone,  
 Thy tender counsel oft receive,  
 Bear witness to thy pensive airs,  
 And pity Nature's common cares,  
 Till I forget my own

## ODE XVI

TO CALER HARDINGE, M D

## I

WITH sordid floods the wintry Urn\*  
 Hath stained fair Richmond's level green  
 Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,  
 No longer a poetic scene  
 No longer there thy raptured eye  
 The beauteous forms of earth or sky  
 Surveys, as in thine Author's mind,  
 And London shelters from the year  
 Those whom thy social hours to share  
 The Attic Muse designed

## II

From Hampstead's airy summit me  
 Her guest the city shall behold,  
 What day the people's stern decree  
 To unbelieving kings is told,

---

\* Aquarius

When common men (the dread of fame)  
 Adjudged as one of evil name,  
 Before the sun, the anointed head  
 Then seek thou too the pious town,  
 With no unworthy cares to crown  
 That evening's awful shade

## III

Deem not I call thee to deplore  
 The sacred martyr of the day,  
 By fast and penitential lore  
 To purge our ancient guilt away.  
 For this, on humble faith I rest,  
 That still our advocate, the priest,  
 From heavenly wrath will save the land,  
 Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,  
 Nor how his potent sounds restrain  
 The thunderer's lifted hand

## IV

No, Hardinge peace to church and state !  
 That evening, let the Muse give law,  
 While I anew the theme relate  
 Which my first youth enamoured saw  
 Then will I oft explore thy thought,  
 What to reject which Locke hath taught,  
 What to pursue in Virgil's lay,  
 Till hope ascends to loftiest things,  
 Nor envies demagogues or kings  
 Their frail and vulgar sway

## V

Oh ! versed in all the human frame,  
 Lead thou where'er my labour lies,  
 And English fancy's eager flame  
 To Grecian purity chastise

While hand in hand, at Wisdom's shine,  
 Beauty with truth I strive to join,  
 And grave assent with glad applause,  
 To paint the story of the soul,  
 And Plato's visions to control  
 By Verulamian\* laws

## ODE XVII

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY 1747

## I

COME then, tell me, sage divine,  
 Is it an offence to own  
 That our bosoms e'er incline  
 Toward immortal Glory's throne ?  
 For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,  
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,  
 So can Fancy's dream rejoice,  
 So conciliate Reason's choice,  
 As one approving word of her impartial voice

## II

If to spurn at noble praise  
 Be the passport to thy heaven,  
 Follow thou those gloomy ways,  
 No such law to me was given  
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,  
 Faring like my friends before me,  
 Nor an holier place desire  
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,  
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

---

\* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon,  
 author of the *Novum Organum*



## ODE XVIII

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS, EARL OF  
HUNTINGDON 1747

I 1

THE wise and great of every clime,  
Through all the spacious walks of time,  
Where'er the Muse her power displayed,  
With joy have listened and obeyed  
For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine,  
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,  
To mortal sense impart  
They best the soul with glory fire,  
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire,  
And high o'er fortune's rage enthroned the fixed  
heart

I 2

Nor less prevailing is their charm  
The vengeful bosom to disarm,  
To melt the proud with human woe,  
And prompt unwilling tears to flow  
Can wealth a power like this afford?  
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,  
An equal empire claim?  
No, Hastings Thou my wars wilt own  
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse has known,  
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name

## I 3

The Muse's awful art,  
 And the blest function of the poet's tongue,  
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour, to assert,  
 From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung  
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings  
 Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bower,  
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings,  
 By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,  
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign  
     A different strain,  
     And other themes,  
 From her prophetic shades and hallowed streams,  
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear  
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell  
 Rejoicing listened, godlike sounds to hear,  
     To hear the sweet instructress tell  
     (While men and heroes thronged around)  
     How life its noblest use may find,  
     How well for freedom be resigned,  
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crowned

## II 1

Such was the Chian father's strain  
 To many a kind domestic train,  
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl  
 Had cheered the reverend pilgrim's soul  
 When, every hospitable rite  
 With equal bounty to requite,  
     He struck his magic strings,  
     And poured spontaneous numbers forth,  
 And seized their ears with tales of ancient worth,  
 And filled their musing hearts with vast heroic  
     things

## II 2

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,  
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,  
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,  
 The Genius of his country stands  
 To listening gods he makes him known,  
 That man divine, by whom were sown  
     The seeds of Grecian fame  
 Who first the race with freedom fired,  
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspired,  
 From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies  
     came

## II 3

O noblest, happiest age !  
 When Aristides ruled, and Cimon fought,  
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page  
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought  
 O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hailed of me  
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine,  
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee,  
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,  
 Pandanced then measure with the sylvan throng  
     But that thy song  
     Was proud to unfold  
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold,  
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell  
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame  
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell  
     But thou, O faithful to thy fame,  
     The Muse's law didst rightly know,  
     That who would animate his lays,  
     And other minds to virtue raise,  
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

## III 1

Are there, approved of later times,  
 Whose verse adorned a tyrant's\* crimes ?  
 Who saw majestic Rome betrayed, •  
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?  
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,  
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,  
     Or Tibur's hills replied,  
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire,  
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,  
 With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task  
     they hide

## III 2

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,  
 Amid the domes of modern hands  
 Amid the toys of idle state,  
 How simply, how severely great !  
 Then turn, and, while each western clime  
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,  
     So mark thou Milton's name,  
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng  
 The spirit which informed thy awful song,  
 Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's  
     fame "

## III 3

Yet hence barbaric zeal  
 His memory with unholy rage pursues,  
 While from these arduous cares of public weal  
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his  
     Muse  
 O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind  
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey,  
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,  
 The world's most perfect image to display,

---

\* Octavianus Cæsar

Can e'er his country's majesty behold,  
 Unmoved or cold  
 O fool ! to deem  
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,  
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know,  
 Inspired by Nature, or by Fortune taught,  
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,  
 With false ignoble science flaught,  
 Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band,  
 That he their dear defence will shun,  
 Or hide their glories from the sun,  
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

## IV 1

I care not that in Arno's plain,  
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,  
 From public themes the Muse's quire  
 Content with polished ease retire  
 Where priests the studious head command,  
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand  
 To vile ambition's aim,  
 Say, what can public themes afford,  
 Save venal honours to a hateful lord, [fame ?  
 Reserved for angry heaven, and scorned of honest

## IV 2

But here, where Freedom's equal throne  
 To all her valiant sons is known,  
 Where all are conscious of her cares,  
 And each the power that rules him, shares ;  
 Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue  
 Leaves public arguments unsung,  
 Bid public praise farewell  
 Let him to fitter climes remove,  
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,  
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell

## IV 3

O Hastings, not to all  
 Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend  
 Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,  
 That to one general weal then different powers  
     they bend,  
 Unenvious Thus alone, though strains divine  
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ,  
 Though with new honours the patrician's line  
 Advance from age to age , yet thus alone  
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame  
     The poet's name  
     He best shall prove  
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move  
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,  
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires  
 The fate which formed thee in a chosen mould,  
     The grateful country of thy sires,  
     Thee to sublimer paths demand ,  
     Sublimer than thy sires could trace,  
     Or thy own Edward teach his race,  
 Tho' Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand

## v 1

From rich domains, and subject farms,  
 They led the rustic youth to arms ,  
 And kings their stern achievements feared ,  
 While private strife their banners reared  
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,  
 Where empire's wide established throne  
     No private master fills  
 Where, long foretold, the People reigns  
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ,  
 And judgeth what he sees , and, as he judgeth, wills.

## v 2

Here be it thine to calm and guide,  
 The swelling democratic tide,  
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,  
 And baffle Faction's partial aim  
 But chiefly, with determined zeal,  
 To quell that servile band, who kneel  
     To Freedom's banished foes,  
 That monster, which is daily found  
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound,  
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows

## v 3

'Tis highest Heaven's command,  
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue,  
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the  
     hand,  
 And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too  
 But look on Freedom —see, thro' every age,  
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdained,  
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,  
 Have her dread offspring conquered or sustained,  
 For Albion well have conquered Let the strains  
     Of happy swains,  
     Which now resound  
 Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures  
     bound,  
 Bear witness —there, oft let the farmer hail  
 The sacred orchard which embowels his gate,  
 And show to strangers, passing down the vale,  
     Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne sate,  
     When, bursting from their country's chain,  
     Even in the midst of deadly harms,  
     Of papal snares and lawless arms,  
 They planned for Freedom this her noblest reign

## VI 1

This reign, these laws, this public care,  
Which Nassau gave us all to share,  
Had ne'er adorned the English name,  
Could Fear have silenced Freedom's claim  
But Fear in vain attempts to bind  
Those lofty efforts of the mind  
Which social good inspires,  
Where men, for this, assault a throne,  
Each adds the common welfare to his own,  
And each unconquered heart the strength of all  
acquires

## VI 2

Say, was it thus, when late we viewed  
Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?  
When fortune crowned the barbarous host,  
And half the astonished isle was lost ?  
Did one of all that vaunting train  
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,  
Durst one in arms appeal ?  
Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?  
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?  
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to  
cheer ?

## VI 3

Yet, Hastings, these are they  
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love,  
The true, the constant, who alone can weigh,  
What glory should demand, or liberty approve  
But let their works declare them Thy free  
powers,  
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind  
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,  
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were designed.



Be thou thy own approver    Honest praise  
    Oft nobly sways  
    Ingenuous youth,    2  
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,  
Praise is reproach    Eternal God alone  
For mortals fixeth that sublime award  
He, from the faithful records of his throne,  
    Bids the historian and the bard  
Dispose of honour and of scorn,  
Discein the patriot from the slave,  
And write the good, the wise, the brave,  
For lessons to the multitude unborn




## BOOK II.

## ODE I

## THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL, WHILE THE FRENCH COMEDIANS WERE  
ACTING BY SUBSCRIPTION 1749

 F, yet regardful of your native land,  
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign  
to understand,  
Lo ! from the blissful bowers where  
heaven rewards

Instructive sages and unblemished bards,  
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,  
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,  
What form of wit your fancies have embraced,  
And whither tends your elegance of taste,  
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,  
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,  
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim  
To crown the rivals of your country's fame

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse  
The measured walks of Grecian art refuse ?  
Or, though the frankness of my hardy style,  
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file ?  
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,

Impartial I surveyed, and fearless drew  
 And say, ye skilful in the human heart,  
 Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,  
 What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field  
 For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?  
 I saw this England break the shameful bands  
 Forged for the souls of men by sacred hands,  
 I saw each groaning realm her aid implore,  
 Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore,  
 Her naval standard (the due Spaniard's bane)  
 Obeyed through all the circuit of the main  
 Then, too, great Commerce, for a late-found world,  
 Around your coast her eager sails unfurled  
 New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fired,  
 New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspired,  
 Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,  
 In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose

Disgraced I this full prospect which I drew?  
 My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?  
 Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,  
 Confessed the living draught of men and things?  
 What other bard in any clime appears  
 Alike the master of your smiles and tears?  
 Yet, have I deigned your audience to entice  
 With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?  
 Or have my various scenes a purpose known  
 Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan,  
 It should be yours to crown what I began  
 And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,  
 And equal laws and social science reign,  
 I thought, now surely shall my zealous eyes  
 View nobler bards and juster critics rise,  
 Intent with learned labour to refine  
 The copious ore of Albion's native mine,  
 Our stately Muse more graceful aims to teach,

And form her<sup>2</sup> tongue to more attractive speech,  
Till rival nations listen at her feet,

And own her polished, as they own her great

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil ?

I- France at last the standard of your skill ?

\* Alas, for you ! that so betray a mind

Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind

Say, does her language your ambition raise,

Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,

Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,

And maims the cadence of poetic sounds ?

Say, does your humble admiration choose

The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,

While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,

Charged to say nought but what the king may hear ?

Or rather melt your sympathising hearts,

Won by her tragic scene's romantic aits,

Where old and young declaim on soft desire,

And heroes never, but for love, expire ?

No Though the charms of novelty, awhile,

Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,

Yet not for you designed indulgent fate

The modes or manners of the Bourbon state

And all your minds my partial judgment reads,

And many an augury my hope misleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train

To their light courtship would an audience deign,

On those chaste matrons a Parisian wife

Choose for the model of domestic life,

Or if one youth of all that generous band,

The strength and splendour of their native land,

Would yield his portion of his country's fame,

And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,

With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,

And judge of glory by a king's decree

\* Oh ! blest at home with justly-envied laws,

Oh ! long the chiefs of Europe's géneral cause,  
 Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour  
 To check the inroads of barbaric power,  
 The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,  
 And guard the social world from bonds and shame,  
 Oh ! let not luxury's fantastic charms  
 Thus give the lie to your heroic aims  
 Nor, for the ornaments of life, embrace  
 Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,  
 Whom, fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate  
 Despotie rule was heir to freedom's hate),  
 Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,  
 In civil council, and in pleasing art,  
 The judge of earth predestined for your foes,  
 And made it fame and virtue to oppose

## ODE II \*

## TO SLEEP

## I

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway  
 Charms every anxious thought away,  
 In whose divine oblivion drowned,  
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,  
 Love is with kinder looks beguiled,  
 And grief forgets her fondly cherished wound,  
 Oh ! whither hast thou flown, indulgent god ?  
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,

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\* First published in "*Odes on Several Subjects*," 4to 1745 It was afterwards much altered, and is now printed from Peach's *Collection of Poems*, vol iii p. 54, ed 1775

Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod ?  
 Around whose temples now thy opiate anis diffuse ?

## II

Lo ! Midnight from her stary reign  
 Looks awful down on earth and main  
 The tuneful birds lie hushed in sleep,  
 With all that crop the verdant food,  
 With all that skim the crystal flood,  
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep  
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers,  
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,  
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,  
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose

## III

Oh, let not me alone complain,  
 Alone invoke thy power in vain !  
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes,  
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,  
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,  
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies,  
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's  
     rest,  
 Nor those the hurling soldier loves to see,  
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast  
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams  
     from me

## IV

Nor yet those awful forms present,  
 For chiefs and heroes only meant  
 The figured brass, the choral song,  
 The rescued people's glad applause,  
 The listening senate, and the laws

Fixed by the counsels of Timoleon's\* tor gue,  
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways,  
 And tho' they shine in youth's ingenuous view,  
 The sober gainful arts of modern days  
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu

## V

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care  
 To banish Love's presentments fair  
 Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye,  
 Can arm him with such strong command,  
 That the young sorcerer's fatal hand  
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie  
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile  
 (A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)  
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile  
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according  
 strain

## VI

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing  
 Such honourable visions bring,  
 As soothed great Milton's injured age,  
 When, in prophetic dreams, he saw  
 The race unborn, with pious awe,  
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page  
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows  
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explored,  
 Have saved the infant from an orphan's woes,  
 Or to the trembling sue his age's hope restored

---

\* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it —PI UTARCH

## ODE III

## TO THE CUCKOO

## I

O RUSTIC herald of the spring,  
At length in yonder woody vale  
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing,  
And, studious of thy homely tale,  
Amid the vespers of the grove,  
Amid the chaunting choir of love,  
Thy sage responses hail !

## II

The time has been when I have frowned  
To hear thy voice the woods invade ,  
And while thy solemn accent frowned  
Some sweeter poet of the shade,  
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care,  
Some constant youth, or generous fan,  
With dull advice upbraid

## III

I said, " While Philomela's song  
Proclaims the passion of the grove,  
It ill beseems a cuckoo's tongue  
Her charming language to reprove"—  
Alas, how much a lover's ear  
Hates all the sober truth to hear,  
The sober truth of love !

## IV

When hearts are in each other blessed  
When nought but lofty faith can rule



The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,  
 How cuckoo-like in Cupid's school,  
 With store of grave prudential saws  
 On fortune's power and custom's laws,  
 Appears each friendly fool!

## V

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train  
 Whom love and hope and fancy sway,  
 Who every harsher care disdain,  
 Who by the morning judge the day,  
 Think that, in April's fairest hours,  
 To warbling shades and painted flowers  
 The cuckoo joins his lay

## ODE IV

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND,  
 IN THE COUNTRY 1750.

## I 1

HOW oft shall I survey  
 This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood  
 shade,  
 The vale with sheaves o'erspread,  
 The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee  
 When will thy cheerful mind [stray?  
 Of these have uttered all her dear esteem?  
 Or, tell me, dost thou deem  
 No more to join in glory's toilsome race,  
 But here content embrace  
 That happy leisure which thou hadst resigned?

## I 2

Alas, ye happy hours,  
 When books and youthful sport the soul could share,  
 Ere one ambitious care  
 Of civil life had awed her simpler powers,  
 Oft as your winged train  
 Revisit here my friend in white array,  
 O fail not to display  
 Each fairer scene, where I perchance had part,  
 That so his generous heart  
 The abode of even friendship may remain !

## I 3

For not imprudent of my loss to come,  
 I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell  
 His feet ascending to another home,  
 Where public praise and envied greatness dwell  
 But shall we therefore, O my lyre !  
 Reprove ambition's best desire ?  
 Extinguish glory's flame ?  
 Far other was the task enjoined  
 When to my hand thy strings were first assigned  
 Far other faith belongs to friendship's honoured  
 name

## II 1

Thee, Townshend, not the arms  
 Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,  
 Were destined to detain  
 No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms  
 For them high Heaven prepares  
 Their proper votaries, an humble band  
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand  
 Have deigned to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,  
 Nor Harrington to tell  
 What habit an immortal city wears,

## II 2

Had this been born to shield  
 The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betrayed,  
 Or that, like Veie, displayed  
 His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field  
 Yet where the will divine  
 Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,  
 With reason clad in strains  
 Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,  
 And virtue's living fire  
 To feed and eternize in hearts like thine

## II 3

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways,  
 So quell my purpose, or my tongue control,  
 That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,  
 Because its master's friendship moved my soul  
 Yet, if this undissembling strain  
 Should now perhaps thine ear detain  
 With any pleasing sound,  
 Remember thou that righteous fame  
 From hoary age a strict account will claim  
 Of each auspicious palm, with which thy youth was  
 crowned

## III 1

Nor obvious is the way  
 Where heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,  
 Through flowers or fragrant meads,  
 Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay  
 The impartial laws of fate  
 To nobler virtues wed severer cares  
 Is there a man who shares  
 The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?  
 Ask him (for he can tell)  
 What storms beat round that rough laborious height

## III 2

Ye heroes, who of old  
 Did generous England freedom's throne ordain,  
 From Alfred's parent reign  
 To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold,  
 I know your perils hard,  
 Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,  
 The night estranged from ease,  
 The day by cowardice and falsehood vexed,  
 The head with doubt perplexed,  
 The indignant heart disdaining the reward

## III 3

Which envy hardly grants But, O renown!  
 O praise from judging Heaven and virtuous men!  
 If thus they purchased thy divinest crown,  
 Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?  
 And now they sit on thrones above  
 And when among the gods they move  
 Before the Sovereign Mind,  
 "Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they  
 Who, to the laws of mine eternal sway,  
 From violence and fear asserted human kind"

## IV 1

Thus honoured while the train  
 Of legislators in his presence dwell,  
 If I may aught foretell,  
 The statesman shall the second palm obtain  
 For dreadful deeds of arms  
 Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,  
 More glittering trophies raise  
 But wisest Heaven what deeds may chiefly move  
 To favour and to love?  
 What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

## IV 2

Nor to the embattled field  
 Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown,  
 The green immortal crown  
 Of valour, or the songs of conquest, yield  
 Not Fairfax, wildly bold,  
 While bare of crest he hewed his fatal way  
 Through Naseby's firm array,  
 To heavier dangers did his breast oppose  
 Than Pym's free virtue chose,  
 When the proud force of Strafford he controled

## IV 3

But what is man at enmity with truth ?  
 What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious  
 mind,  
 When (blighted all the promise of his youth)  
 The patriot in a tyrant's league had joined ?  
 Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,  
 Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,  
 Let menaced London tell  
 How impious guile made wisdom base,  
 How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place  
 And how unblest he lived, and how dishonoured  
 fell

## V 1

Thence never hath the Muse  
 Around his tomb Pierian roses flung  
 Nor shall one poet's tongue  
 His name for music's pleasing labour choose  
 And sure, when Nature kind  
 Hath decked some favoured breast above the throng,  
 That man with grievous wrong  
 Afflicts and wounds his genius, if he bends  
 To guilt's ignoble ends  
 The functions of his ill-submitting mind

## v 2

For worthy of the wise  
Nothing can seem but virtue, nor earth yield  
Their fame an equal field,  
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize  
There Somers fixed his name,  
Imolled the next to William There shall Time  
To every wondering clime  
Point out that Somers, who from faction's crowd,  
The slanderous and the loud,  
Could fan assent and modest reverence claim

## v 3

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,  
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land  
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,  
Without his guidance, his superior hand  
And rightly shall the Muse's care  
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,  
Whose mind's enamoured aim  
Could forms of civil beauty draw,  
Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,  
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame

## vi 1

Let none profane be near  
The Muse was never foreign to his breast  
On power's grave seat confessed,  
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear  
And, if the blessed know  
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,  
Where haply Milton roves  
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echoes round  
Through farthest heaven resound  
Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below

## VI 2

He knew, the patriot knew,  
 That letters and the Muse's powerful art  
     Exalt the ingenuous heart,  
 And brighten every form of just and true  
     They lend a nobler sway  
 To civil wisdom, than corruption's lure  
     Could ever yet procure  
 Thy too from envy's pale malignant light  
     Conduct her forth to sight,  
 Clothed in the fairest colours of the day

## VI 3

O Townshend ! thus may Time, the judge severe,  
 Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell  
 And when I speak of one to freedom dear  
 For planning wisely and for acting well,  
     Of one whom glory loves to own,  
     Who still by liberal means alone  
     Hath liberal ends pursued,  
     Then, for the guerdon of my lay,  
     " This man with faithful friendship," will I say,  
 " From youth to honoured age my arts and me  
     hath viewed !"

## ODE V

## ON LOVE OF PRAISE

## I

OF all the springs within the mind  
 Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,  
 From none more pleasing aid we find  
     Than from the genuine love of praise

## II

Nor any partial, private end  
Such reverence to the public bears ,  
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,  
So like to virtue's self appears

## III

For who in glory can delight  
Without delight in glorious deeds ?  
What man a charming voice can slight,  
Who counts the echo that succeeds ?

## IV

But not the echo on the voice  
More, than on virtue praise, depends ,  
To which, of course, its real price  
The judgment of the praiser lends

## V

If praise then with religious awe  
From the sole perfect Judge be sought,  
A nobler aim, a purer law,  
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught

## VI

With which, in character the same,  
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,  
I count that soul of human fame,  
The suffrage of the good and wise



## ODE VI

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE, WITH THE  
WORKS OF CHAULIEU

## I

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre,  
While, fluent as the skylark sings  
When first the morn allures its wings,  
The epicure his theme pursues  
And tell me if, among the choir  
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,  
So full, so free, so rich a strain  
E'er dictated the warbling Muse

## II

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear  
Admires the well-dissembled art  
That can such harmony impart  
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes,  
While wit from affectation clear,  
Bright images, and passions true,  
Recall to thy assenting view  
The envied bards of nobler times

## III

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?  
This priest of Pleasure, who aspires  
To lead us to her sacred fires,  
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?  
Say (her sweet influence to thy song  
So may the goddess still afford),  
Doth she consent to be adored  
With shameless love and frantic wine?

## IV

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here  
Need we, in high indignant phrase,  
From then Elysian quiet raise,  
But Pleasure's oracle alone  
Consult, attentive, not severe  
O Pleasure, we blaspheme not thee,  
Nor emulate the rigid knee  
Which bends but at the Stoic throne

## V

We own had fate to man assigned  
Nor sense, nor wish but what obey  
On Venus soft or Bacchus gay,  
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed  
Most haply govern human kind  
Unless perchance what he hath sung  
Of tortured joints and nerves unstrung,  
Some wrangling heretic should plead

## VI

But now, with all these proud desires  
For dauntless truth and honest fame,  
With that strong master of our frame,  
The inexorable judge within,  
What can be done? Alas, ye fires  
Of love, alas, ye rosy smiles,  
Ye nectared cups from happier soils,  
Ye have no bribe his grace to win!

## ODE VII

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN, LORD  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER 1754 \*

## I 1

FOR toils which patriots have endured,  
For treason quelled and laws secured,  
In every nation time displays  
The palm of honourable praise  
Envy may rail, and faction fierce  
May strive, but what, alas ! can those  
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)  
To gratitude and love oppose,  
To faithful story and persuasive verse ?

## I 2

O nurse of freedom, Albion ! say,  
Thou tamer of despotic sway,  
What man, among thy sons around,  
Thus hen to glory hast thou found ?  
What page, in all thy annals bright,  
Hast thou with purer joy surveyed  
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,  
Shines through imposture's solemn shade,  
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night ?

## I 3

To Him the Teacher blessed,  
Who sent religion, from the palmy field

---

\* First published in "Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*,"  
vol vi 1758

By Jordan, like the morn, to cheer the west,  
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth  
     concealed,  
 To Hordly thus his mandate He addressed  
 "Go thou, and rescue my dishonoured law  
 From hands rapacious and from tongues impure  
 Let not my peaceful name be made a lure  
 Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid  
 Let not my words be impious chains to draw  
 The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,  
 To faith without assent, allegiance unpaid"

## II 1

No cold or unperforming hand  
 Was armed by Heaven with this command  
 The world soon felt it and, on high,  
 To William's ear with welcome joy  
 Did Locke among the blest unfold  
 The rising hope of Hordly's name,  
 Godolphin then confirmed the fame,  
 And Somers, when from earth he came,  
 And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told

## II 2

Then drew the lawgivers around,  
 (Sons of the Grecian name renowned,)  
 And listening asked, and wondering knew,  
 What private force could thus subdue  
 The vulgar and the great combined,  
 Could war with sacred folly wage,  
 Could a whole nation disengage  
 From the dread bonds of many an age,  
 And to new habits mould the public mind?

## II 3

For not a conqueror's sword,  
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,

Were his but truth, by faithful search explored  
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown  
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restored  
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought  
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,  
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shine,  
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage  
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,  
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,  
 Nor St John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage

## III 1

But where shall recompense be found ?  
 Oh how such arduous merit crowned ?  
 For look on life's laborious scene  
 What rugged spaces lie between  
 Adventurous Virtue's early toils  
 And her triumphal throne ! The shade  
 Of death, meantime, does oft invade  
 Her progress, nor, to us displayed,  
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils

## III 2

Yet born to conquer is her power  
 Oh Hoadly ! if that favourite hour  
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe  
 We own just Heaven's indulgent law,  
 And proudly thy success behold,  
 We attend thy reverend length of days  
 With benediction and with praise,  
 And hail thee in our public ways  
 Like some great spirit famed in ages old

## III 3.

While thus our vows prolong  
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resigned

Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng  
Who rescued or preserved the rights of human kind,

Oh! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue  
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name  
Oh! never, proudly, in thy country's eyes,  
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,  
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile,  
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim  
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,  
Which thou hast kept entire from force and fac-  
tious guile

## ODE VIII

## I

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,  
If it be fixed in Love's decrees,  
That Beauty ought not to be tried  
But by its native power to please,  
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,  
What fair can Amoret excel?

## II

Behold that bright unsullied smile,  
And wisdom speaking in her mien  
Yet (she so artless all the while,  
So little studious to be seen)  
We nought but instant gladness know,  
Nor think to whom the gift we owe

---

\* First published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, vol  
vi edit 1755

## III

But neither music, nor the powers,  
 Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,  
 Add half that sunshine to the hours,  
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,  
 As memory brings it to the eye  
 From scenes where Amoret was by

## IV

Yet not a satirist could there  
 Or fault or indiscretion find,  
 Nor any prouder sage declare  
 One virtue, pictured in his mind,  
 Whose form with lovelier colours glows  
 Than Amoret's demeanor shows

## V

This, sure, is Beauty's happiest part  
 This gives the most unbounded sway  
 This shall enchant the subject heart  
 When rose and lily fade away,  
 And she be still, in spite of time,  
 Sweet Amoret in all her prime

## ODE IX

## AT STUDY

## I.

**W**HITHER did my fancy stray?  
 By what magic drawn away  
 Have I left my studious theme?  
 From this philosophic page  
 From the problems of the sage,  
 Wandering through a pleasing dream?

## II.

'Tis in vain, alas ! I find,  
Much in vain, my zealous mind  
    Would to learned Wisdom's throne  
Dedicate each thoughtful hour  
Nature bids a softer power  
    Claim some minutes for his own

## III

Let the busy or the wise  
View him with contemptuous eyes ,  
    Love is native to the heart  
Guide its wishes as you will ,  
Without Love you'll find it still  
    Void in one essential part

## IV

Me though no peculiar fair  
Touches with a lover's care ,  
    Though the pride of my desire  
Asks immortal friendship's name,  
Asks the palm of honest fame,  
    And the old heroic lye ,

## V

Though the day have smoothly gone,  
On to lettered leisure known,  
    Or in social duty spent ,  
Yet at eve my lonely breast  
Seeks in vain for perfect rest  
    Languishes for true content



## ODE X

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ, ON THE LATE  
EDITION OF MR POPE'S WORKS 1751 \*

## I

**B**ELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain  
The license of a railer's tongue  
Is what but seldom men obtain  
By sense or wit, by prose or song  
A task for more Herculean powers,  
Not suited to the sacred hours  
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers

## II

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,  
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides  
Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm  
Her eloquence harmonious guides  
While, shut for ever from her gate,  
Oft tnying, still repining, wait  
Fierce envy and calumnious hate

## III

Who then from her delightful bounds  
Would step one moment forth, to heed  
What impotent and savage sounds  
From their unhappy mouths proceed ?  
No rather Spenser's lye again  
Prepare, and let thy pious strain  
For Pope's dishonoured shade complain

---

\* First published in May, 1766, in folio

## IV

Tell how displeased was every baird,  
When lately in the Elysian grove  
They of his Muse's guardian head,  
His delegate to fame above,  
And what with one accord they said  
Of wit in drooping age misled,  
And Warburton's officious aid

## V

How Virgil mourned the sordid fate  
To that melodious lyre assigned,  
Beneath a tutor, who so late  
With Midas and his rout combined,  
By spiteful clamour, to confound  
That very lyre's enchanting sound,  
Tho' listening realms admired around

## VI

How Horace owned he thought the fire  
Of his friend Pope's satiric line  
Did farther fuel scarce require  
From such a militant divine  
How Milton scorned the sophist vain,  
Who durst approach his hallowed stain  
With unwashed hands and lips profane

## VII

Then Shakespeare, debonair and mild,  
Brought that strange comment forth to view,  
Conceits more deep, he said and smiled,  
Than his own fools or madmen knew,  
But thanked a generous friend above,  
Who did with free adventurous love  
Such pageants from his tomb remove

## VIII

And if to Pope, in equal need,  
 The same kind office thou wouldst pay,  
 Then, Edwards, all the band decreed  
 That future bards, with frequent lay,  
 Should call on thy auspicious name,  
 From each absurd intruder's claim  
 To keep inviolate their fame

## ODE XI

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND 1758 \*

## I

**W**HITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?  
 Where are those valiant tenants of her  
 shore,

Who from the warrior-bow the strong dart sped,  
 Or with firm hand the rapid pole-axe bore?

Freeman and Soldier was their common name.

Who late with reapers to the furrow came,

Now in the front of battle charged the foe,

Who taught the steer the wintry plough to  
 endure,

Now in full councils checked encroaching power,  
 And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know

## II

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons  
 To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seme,  
 From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,  
 And cities looking on the Cimbric main,

---

\* First published, 4to 1758

Ye lost, ye self-deseited ? whose proud lords  
Have baffled your tame hands, and given you  
swords

To slavish ruffians, hued for their command  
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,  
See rified nations crouch beneath their rod  
These are the Public Will, the Reason of the land

## III

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas, the while  
Dost thou presume ? Oh, inept in arms,  
Yet vain of Freedom, how dost thou beguile,  
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms ?  
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renowned,  
The praise and envy of the nations round,  
What care hast thou to guard from Fortune's  
sway ?

Amid the storms of war, how soon may all  
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,  
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day !

## IV

No thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales  
Add Industry's wise gifts to nature's store,  
And every port is crowded with thy sails,  
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore  
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm  
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy aim  
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,  
Those gifts, that treasure, is no longer thine  
Oh, rather far be poor ! Thy gold will shine,  
Tempting the eye of Force, and deck thee to thy  
bane

## V

But what hath Force or War to do with thee ?  
Girt by the azure tide, and throned sublime

Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,  
 With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime  
 Dashed ere it reach thee    Sacred from the foe  
 Are thy fan fields    athwart thy guardian prow  
 No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand  
 Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind  
 Obey thee ?    Hast thou all thy hopes resigned  
 To the sky's fickle faith ?    the pilot's wavering hand ?

## VI

For, oh, may neither fear nor stronger love,  
 (Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won,)  
 Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,  
 With mighty armies stationed round the throne  
 To trust thy safety !    Then, farewell the claims  
 Of Freedom !    Her proud records to the flames  
 Then bear, an offering at Ambition's shrine,  
 Whate'er thy ancient patriots dared demand  
 From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,  
 Or what great William sealed for his adopted line

## VII

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,  
 If liberal laws with liberal arts they prize,  
 Let them, from conquest and from servile shame,  
 In War's glad school then own protectors rise  
 Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultured plains,  
 Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,  
 Now not unequal to your birth be found  
 The public voice bids arm your rural state,  
 Paternal hamlets for you ensigns wait,  
     grange and fold prepare to pour their youth  
     around

## VIII

Why are ye tardy ?    what inglorious care  
 Detains you from their head, your native post ?

Who most their country's fame and fortune share,  
 'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most  
 Each man his task in social life sustains  
 With partial labours, with domestic gains  
 Let others dwell to you indulgent Heaven,  
 By counsel and by arms, the public cause  
 To serve for public love and love's applause,  
 The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath  
     given

## IX

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?  
 Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?  
 Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?  
 The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?  
 Your lot was then the farmer and the swain  
 Met his loved patron's summons from the plain,  
 The legions gathered, the bright eagles flew  
 Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourned,  
 The conquerors to their household gods returned,  
 And fed Calabrian flocks, and steered the Sabine  
     plough

## X

Shall, then, this glory of the antique age,  
 This pride of men, be lost among mankind?  
 Shall war's heroic arts no more engage  
 The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?  
 Doth valour to the race no more belong?  
 No more with scorn of violence and wrong  
 Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,  
 That, like some mystery to few revealed,  
 The skill of arms abashed and awed they yield,  
 And from their own defence with hopeless hearts  
     retire?

## XI

O shame to human life, to human laws !  
 The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,  
 Who his fell sword without affection draws,  
 Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,  
 This man the lessons of the field can learn,  
 Can every palm which decks a warrior earn,  
 And every pledge of conquest while in vain,  
 To guard your altars, your paternal lands,  
 Are social arms held out to your free hands  
 Too arduous is the lore, too unksome were the  
 pain

## XII

Meantime by pleasure's lying tales allured,  
 From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray,  
 And, deep in London's gloomy haunts immured,  
 Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's  
 decay  
 O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue !  
 The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields  
 renew,  
 The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend,  
 While he doth riot's orgies haply share,  
 Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,  
 Or at some courtly shine with slavish incense bend

## XIII

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain  
 That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng,  
 That the rude village-inmates now disdain  
 Those homely ties which ruled their fathers long  
 Alas, your fathers did by other arts  
 Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,  
 And led in other paths their ductile will,  
 By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,

Won them the ancient manners to revere,  
To prize their country's peace, and Heaven's due  
rites fulfil

## XIV

But mark the judgement of experienced Time,  
Tutor of nations Doth light discord tear  
A state ? and impotent sedition's crime ?  
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there,  
The powers who, to command and to obey,  
Instruct the valiant There would civil sway  
The rising race to manly concord tame ?  
Oft let the marshalled field their steps unite,  
And in glad splendour bring before their sight  
One common cause and one hereditary fame

## XV

Nor yet be awed, nor yet your task disown,  
Though war's proud votaries look on severe,  
Though secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,  
They deem profaned by your intruding ear  
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,  
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,  
And mock the old simplicity, in vain  
To the time's warfare, simple or refined,  
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind,  
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain

## XVI

Say then \*, if England's youth, in earlier days,  
On glory's field with well-trained armies vied,  
Why shall they now renounce that generous  
praise ?  
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride ?  
Tho' Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,  
And Albert rushed on Henry's way-worn band,



With Europe's chosen sons in arms renowned,  
 Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they looked,  
 Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen  
     brooked  
 They saw then standard fall, and left their monarch  
     bound

## XVII

Such were the laurels which your fathers won,  
 Such glory's dictates in their dauntless breast  
 Is there no voice that speaks to every son?  
 No nobler, holier call to You addressed?  
 Oh! by majestic Freedom, righteous laws,  
 By heavenly Truth's, by manly Reason's cause,  
 Awake, attend, be indolent no more  
 By friendship, social peace, domestic love,  
 Rise, aim, your country's living safety prove,  
 And train her valiant youth, and watch around  
     her shore

## ODE XII

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,  
 IN THE COUNTRY 1758

## I

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill!  
     Once more I seek, a languid guest  
 With thobbing temples and with burdened breast  
 Once more I climb thy steep aerial way  
 O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,  
     Now call thy sprightly breezes round,  
     Dissolve this rigid cough profound, [play  
 And bid the springs of life with gentler movement

## II

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn,  
 By weary lungs, thy healing gale,  
 The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale !  
 How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove  
 Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,  
 Awaked I stop, and look to find  
 What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,  
 Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the  
 grove !

## III

Now, ere the morning walk is done,  
 The distant voice of health I hear,  
 Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear  
 "Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries,  
 "Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,  
 Meet thee beneath yon chestnut bower,  
 And lenient on thy bosom pour [skies"  
 That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

## IV

The goddess promised not in vain  
 I found her at my favourite time  
 Nor wished to breathe in any softer clime,  
 While (half-reclined, half-slumbering as I lay)  
 She hovered o'er me Then, among her train  
 Of Nymphs and Zephyrs, to my view  
 Thy gracious form appeared anew, [day  
 Then first, O Heavenly Muse, unseen for many a

## V

In that soft pomp, the tuneful maid  
 Shone like the golden star of love.  
 I saw her hand in careless measures move,  
 I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,

While my whole frame the sacred sound obeyed  
 New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,  
 New colours clothe external things,  
 And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire

## VI

O Goulder's Hill ! by thee restored,  
 Once more to this enlivened hand,  
 My harp, which late resounded o'er the land  
 The voice of glory, solemn and severe,  
 My Dorian harp, shall now with mild accord  
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,  
 And send a less-ambitious lay  
 Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear

## VII.

For when within thy shady seat  
 First from the sultry town he chose,  
 And the tired senate's cares, his wished repose,  
 Then wast thou mine, to me a happier home  
 For social leisure where my welcome feet,  
 Estranged from all the entangling ways  
 In which the restless vulgar strays,  
 Through Nature's simple paths with ancient Faith  
 might roam

## VIII

And while around his sylvan scene  
 My Dyson led the white-winged hours,  
 Oft from the Athenian academic bowers  
 Their sages came oft heard our lingering walk  
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green  
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,  
 Though much for liberty afraid,  
 With us of lettered ease, or virtuous glory talk.

## IX

But other guests were on their way,  
 And reached ere long this favoured grove ,  
 Even the celestial progeny of Jove, ,  
 Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,  
 Whose golden shaft most willingly obey  
 The best and wisest As they came,  
 Glad Hymen waved his genial flame,  
 And sang their happy gifts, and praised their spot-  
 less throne

## X

I saw when through yon festive gate  
 He led along his chosen maid,  
 And to my friend, with smiles presenting, said,  
 " Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven as-  
 signed  
 To human fortune Did thy lonely state  
 One wish, one utmost hope confess ?  
 Behold ! she comes, to adorn and bless  
 Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind "

## ODE XIII

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE  
 OF BRANDENBURGH 1751

## I

THE men renowned as chiefs of human race,  
 And born to lead in counsels or in arms,  
 Have seldom turned their feet from glory's chace  
 To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms ,  
 Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought  
 Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,

There still we own the wise, the great, or good  
 And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,  
 As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,  
 As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood

## II

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim ?  
 Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,  
 Except for this ? except that future Fame  
 Might read thy genius in the faithful page ?  
 That if hereafter envy shall presume  
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,  
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,  
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,  
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,  
 And view in native lights the hero and the king

## III

O evil foresight and pernicious care !  
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal ?  
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare  
 With private honour, or with public zeal ?  
 Whence then at things divine those darts of  
     scorn ? [borne  
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have  
 For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given ?  
 What fiend, what foe of Nature, urged thy arm  
 The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm ?  
 To push this earth adrift and leave it loose from  
     Heaven ?

## IV.

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,  
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,  
 Ye first of mortals, with the blessed enrolled,  
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,

When thus, by impious vanity impelled,  
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld  
 Affronting civil order's holiest bands ?  
 Those bands which ye so laboured to improve ?  
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above,  
 Which tamed the savage world to your divine  
     commands ?

## ODE XIV

## THE COMPLAINT

## I

AWAY ! away !  
 Tempt me no more, insidious love  
     Thy soothing sway  
 Long did my youthful bosom prove  
 At length thy treason is discerned,  
 At length some dear-bought caution earned  
 Away ! nor hope my riper age to move

## II

I know, I see  
 Her merit Needs it now be shown,  
     Alas, to me ?  
 How often, to myself unknown,  
 \*The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid  
 Have I admired ! How often said,  
 What joy to call a heart like hers one's own !

## III

But, flattering god,  
 O squanderer of content and ease,  
     In thy abode  
 Will care's rude lesson learn to please ?

Oh say, deceiver, hast thou won  
 Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,  
 Or placed thy friends above her stern decrees ?

## ODE XV

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS

(UNFINISHED )

## I

**M**EEK honour, female shame,  
 Oh ! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,  
 From Albion dost thou fly ?  
 Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame  
 O beauty's only friend,  
 Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire ,  
 Who selfish, bold desire,  
 Dost to esteem and dear affection turn,  
 Alas, of thee forlorn  
 What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend ?

## II

Behold ! our youths in vain  
 Concerning nuptial happiness inquire  
 Our maids no more aspire  
 The arts of bashful Hymen to attain ,  
 But, with triumphant eyes  
 And cheeks impassive, as they move along,  
 Ask homage of the throng  
 The lover swears that in a harlot's arms  
 Are found the selfsame charms,  
 And, worthless and deserted, lives and dies

## III

Behold ' unblessed at home,  
The father of the cheerless household mourns  
The night in vain returns,  
For love and glad content at distance roam ,  
While she, in whom his mind  
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,  
To meet him she prepares,  
Thro' noise and spleen, and all the gamester's art,  
A listless, harassed heart,  
Where not one tender thought can welcome find

## IV

'Twas thus, along the shore  
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,  
From many a tongue preferred,  
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore  
At which the queen divine,  
Indignant, with her adamant spear,  
Like thunder sounding near,  
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,  
And thus her wrath revealed  
(I watched her awful words and made them mine)

\* \* \* \*





## NOTES ON THE TWO BOOKS OF ODES

### BOOK I Ode XVIII Stanza II 2

**L**YCURGUS, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works. At Platæa was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece under Pausanias and Aristides. — Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians, by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success, in which it is very remarkable that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this

ΕΞ ΟΥ Γ' ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ ΑΣΙΑΣ ΔΙΧΑ ΠΟΝΤΟΣ  
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ  
ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΕΑΣ ΘΗΝΤΩΝ ΘΟΥΡΟΣ ΑΡΗΣ ΕΠΕ  
ΧΕΙ  
ΟΥΔΕΝ ΠΩ ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΤ',  
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ  
ΕΡΓΩΝ ΕΝ ΕΠΕΙΡΩΙ ΚΑΙ ΚΑΤΑ ΠΟΝΤΩΝ  
ΑΜΑ  
ΟΙΔΕ ΓΑΡ ΕΝ ΚΥΠΡΩΙ ΜΗΔΟΥΣ ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ  
ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ  
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ ΕΚΑΤΟΝ ΝΑΥΣ ΕΛΘΩΝ ΕΝ ΠΙ  
ΛΑΓΕΙ  
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ ΜΕΓΑ Δ' ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ  
ΑΣΙΣ ΥΠ' ΑΥΤΩΝ  
ΠΑΛΓΕΙΣ' ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ ΧΕΡΣΙ ΚΡΑΤΕΙ  
ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ

The following translation is almost literal

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast  
 Divided Europe, and the god of war  
 Assailed imperious cities, never yet,  
 At once among the waves and on the shore,  
 Hath such a labour been achieved by men  
 Who earth inhabit They, whose arms the Medes  
 In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the same,  
 Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships  
 Crowded with warriors Asia groans, in both  
 Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war

Stanza n 3 Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country, though his fellow-citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece (*Isthm* 8) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platea, and Himeia (*Pyth* 1) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him First, then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow citizens had shamefully betrayed And, as the argument of this Ode implies, that great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do re

ciprocally produce and assist each other, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition, through all the fortunes of their commonwealth, at the time of its ruin by Philip, and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens, in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

Stanza iii 3 Alluding to his Defence of the people of England against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza iv 3 Edward the Third, from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza v 3 At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm house, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of the plotting parlour.

BOOK II Ode vii. Stanza ii 1 Mr Locke died in 1704, when Mr Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power. Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the Protestant establishment, and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

Ode x Stanza v During Mr Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester,

did with great zeal cultivate their friendship, having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy, a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them, he treated Mr Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen, a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

Ode XIII. In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, à Berlin et à la Haye," with a privilege signed Frederic, the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this Ode more particularly refers.

"Il se fit une émigration (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) dont on n'avoit gueres vu d'exemples dans l'histoire un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes quatre cens mille ames s'expatrièrent ainsi, et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux psaumes de Clement Marot" p 163

"La crainte donna le jour à la crédulité, et l'amour propre interessa bientôt le ciel au destin des hommes" p 242.



## HYMN TO THE NAIADS 1746 \*

### ARGUMENT

THE Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature, according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer breezes, as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation, as contributing to the fulness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce, and by that means to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive, in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.



'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight  
pale  
Walks forth from darkness, and the  
God of day,  
With bright Astræa seated by his side,

---

\* First published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, vol. vi edit 1758

Waits yet to leave the ocean Tarry, Nymphs,  
 Ye Nymphs, ye blue-eyed progeny of Thames,  
 Who now the mazes of this rugged heath  
 Trace with your fleeting steps, who all night long  
 Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,  
 Your lonely murmurs, tarry, and receive  
 My offered lay To pay you homage due, 10  
 I leave the gates of sleep, nor shall my lyre  
 Too far into the splendid hours of morn  
 Engage your audience my observant hand  
 Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam  
 Approach you To your subterranean haunts  
 Ye then may timely steal, to pace with care  
 The humid sands, to loosen from the soil  
 The bubbling sources, to direct the rills  
 To meet in wider channels, or, beneath  
 Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon 20  
 To slumber, sheltered from the burning heaven

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?  
 Wide is your praise and copious First of things,  
 First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,  
 Were Love<sup>1</sup> and Chaos<sup>2</sup> Love, the sire of Fate,<sup>3</sup>  
 Elder than Chaos Born of Fate was Time,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who many sons and many comely births  
 Devoured,<sup>5</sup> relentless father, till the child  
 Of Rhea<sup>6</sup> drove him from the upper sky,<sup>7</sup> 30  
 And quelled his deadly might Then social reigned<sup>8</sup>  
 The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,  
 And spotless Vesta, while supreme of sway  
 Remained the Cloud-Compeller From the couch  
 Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,<sup>9</sup>  
 Who, from a thousand uns, o'er every clime,  
 Send tribute to their parent, and from them  
 Are ye, O Naiads 10—Aëthusa fan,  
 And tuneful Aganippe, that sweet name,  
 Bandusia, that soft family which dwelt

With Syrian Daphne,<sup>11</sup> and the honoured tribes  
 Beloved of Pæon<sup>12</sup> Listen to my strain, 41  
 Daughters of Tethys, listen to your praise

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring,<sup>13</sup> which of old  
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,  
 Owns, and your aid beseecheth When the might  
 Of Hyperion,<sup>14</sup> from his noontide throne,  
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you  
 They ask, Favonius and the mild South-west  
 From you relief implore Your sallying streams<sup>15</sup>  
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart 50  
 Again they fly, disporting, from the mead  
 Half-ripened and the tender blades of corn,  
 To sweep the noxious mildew, or dispel  
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth  
 Breathes on her fainting sons From noon to eve,  
 Along the river and the paved brook,  
 Ascend the cheerful breeze, hailed of bards  
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre  
 Solicit, nor unwelcome to the youth  
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclined 60  
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand  
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,  
 Or tombs, or pillared aqueducts, the pomp  
 Of ancient Time, and haply, while he scans  
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves  
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid  
 The rural powers confess, and still prepare  
 For you their choicest treasures Pan commands,  
 Oft as the Delian king<sup>16</sup> with Sirius holds 70  
 The central heavens, the father of the grove  
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes  
 To spread their deepest umbrage Well the god  
 Remembereth how, indulgent, ye supplied  
 Your genial dew to nurse them in their prime

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,  
 Pursues your steps, delighted, and the path  
 With living verdure clothes Around your haunts  
 The laughing Chloris,<sup>17</sup> with profusest hand,  
 Throws wide her blooms, her odours— Still with  
 you

80

Pomona seeks to dwell and o'er the lawns,  
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames  
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea<sup>18</sup> pours,  
 Well-pleased, the wealth of that Ammonian horn,  
 Her dower, unmindful of the fragrant isles,  
 Nysæan or Atlantic Nor canst thou,  
 (Albert oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock  
 The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,  
 O Biomus, O Lenæan) nor canst thou  
 Disown the powers whose bounty, all repaid, 90  
 With nectar feeds thy tendrils Yet from me,  
 Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,  
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,  
 Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band<sup>19</sup>

For better praise awaits you Thames, your sire,  
 As down the verdant slope your duteous rills  
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,  
 Delighted, and your piety applauds,  
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure,  
 For faithful are his daughters, and with words 100  
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now  
 His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings  
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts  
 Extremest isles to bless And oft at morn,  
 When Hermes,<sup>20</sup> from Olympus bent o'er earth  
 To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill  
 Stoops lightly-sailing, oft intent your springs  
 He views and waving o'er some newborn stream  
 His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries, 109  
 "Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse



And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,  
 Flows wealth and kind society to men  
 By you my function and my honoured name  
 Do I possess, while o'er the Bœtic vale,  
 Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms  
 By sacred Ganges watered, I conduct  
 The English merchant with the buxom fleece  
 Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe  
 Sarmatian kings, or to the household gods  
 Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore, 120  
 Dispense the mineral treasure,<sup>41</sup> which of old  
 Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land  
 Was yet unconscious of those generous arts  
 Which wise Phœnicia, from their native clime,  
 Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven "

Such are the words of Hermes such the praise,  
 O Naiads, which from tongues celestial wafts  
 Your bounteous deeds From bounty issueth  
 power

And those who, sedulous in prudent works,  
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays 130  
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,  
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might  
 Of wicked men Your kind unfailing urns  
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts  
 Of Hermes yield then store For, O ye Nymphs,  
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen  
 Of arms<sup>22</sup> to court your friendship? You she owns,  
 The fair associates who extend her sway  
 Wide o'er the mighty deep, and graceful things  
 Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore 140  
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks  
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads  
 To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough  
 Cantabrian surge,<sup>23</sup> her auspices divine  
 Imparting to the senate and the prince

Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,  
 The Iberian, or the Celt The pride of kings  
 Was ever scorned by Pallas and of old  
 Rejoiced the virgin, from the brazen prow  
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,<sup>24</sup> 150  
 To drive her clouds and storms, o'erwhelming all  
 The Persian's promised glory, when the realms  
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,  
 When Libya's torrid champaign and the rocks  
 Of cold Imaus joined their servile bands,  
 To sweep the sons of Liberty from earth  
 In vain Minerva on the bounding brow  
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice  
 Denounced her terrors on their impious heads,  
 And shook her burning ægis Xerxes saw<sup>25</sup> 160  
 From Heclaëum, on the mountain's height  
 Throned in his golden car, he knew the sign  
 Celestial, felt unrighteous hope forsake  
 His faltering heart, and turned his face with shame

Hail, ye who shun the stern Minerva's power  
 Who aim the hand of Liberty for war,  
 And give to the renowned Britannie name  
 To awe contending monarchs, yet benign,  
 Yet mild of nature, to the works of peace  
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills 170  
 Which wait on human life Your gentle aid  
 Hygeia well can witness, she who saves,  
 From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,  
 The wretch devoted to the entangling snares  
 Of Bacchus and of Comus Him she leads  
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts To spread the toils,  
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn  
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,  
 She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams,  
 And, where his breast may drink the mountain-  
 breeze,

And where the fervour of the sunny vale  
 May beat upon his brow, through devious paths  
 Beckons his rapid courser Nor when ease,  
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers, have becalmed  
 His eager bosom, does the queen of health  
 Her pleasing care withhold His decent board  
 She guards, presiding, and the frugal powers  
 With joy sedate leads in and while the brown  
 Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores,  
 While, changing still, and comely in the change,  
 Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread 191  
 The garden's banquet, you to crown his feast,  
 To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair  
 Hygeia calls, and from your shelving seats,  
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring  
 To slake his veins till soon a purer tide  
 Flows down those loaded channels, washeth off  
 \* The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds  
 Of crude disease, and through the abodes of life  
 Sends vigour, sends repose Hail, Naiads! hail,  
 Who give to labour, health, to stooping age, 201  
 The joys which youth had squandered Oft your  
 urns

Will I invoke, and frequent in your praise,  
 Abash the frantic Thyrsus<sup>g</sup> with my song

For not estranged from your benignant arts  
 Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine  
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares  
 Belong, the learned Paon Oft when all  
 His cordial treasures he hath searched in vain,  
 When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm,  
 Rich with the genial influence of the sun, 211  
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,  
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win  
 Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast  
 Which pines with silent passion,) he in vain

Hath proved, to your deep mansions he descends.  
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,  
 He entereth, where impurpled veins of ore  
 Gleam on the roof, where through the rigid mine  
 Your tickling rills insinuate There the god 220  
 From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl  
 Wafts to his pale-eyed suppliants, wafts the seeds  
 Metallic and the elemental salts [and soon  
 Washed from the pregnant glebe They drink  
 Flies pain, flies inauspicious care and soon  
 The social haunt of unfrequented shade  
 Hears Io, Io Pæan,<sup>27</sup> as of old,  
 When Python fell And, O propitious Nymphs,  
 Oft as for hapless mortals I implore  
 Your salutary springs, through every urn! 230  
 Oh, shed your healing treasures! With the first  
 And finest breath, which from the genial strife  
 Of mineral fermentation springs, like light  
 O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then  
 The fountain, and inform the rising wave

My lyre shall pay your bounty Scorn not ye  
 That humble tribute Though a mortal hand  
 Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes  
 Not unregarded of celestial powers,  
 I frame then language, and the Muses deign 240  
 To guide the pious tenor of my lay  
 The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)  
 In early days did to my wondering sense  
 Their secrets oft reveal oft my raised ear  
 In slumber felt their music oft at noon,  
 Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,  
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words  
 Of power, from death and envy to preserve [my mind,  
 The good man's name Whence yet with grateful  
 And offerings unprofaned by ruder eye, 250  
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats

Of rocky Cürha,<sup>28</sup> where with you they dwell  
Where you, their chaste companions, they admit,  
Through all the hallowed scene where oft intent,  
And leaning on Castalia's mossy verge,  
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,  
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose  
To their consorted measure till again,  
With emulation all the sounding chon,  
And bight Apollo, leader of the song, 260  
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,  
And sweep their lofty strings those powerful  
strings

That charm the mind of gods <sup>29</sup> that fill the courts  
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet  
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares ,  
Assuage the terrors of the throned Jove ,  
And quench the formidable thunderbolt  
Of unrelenting fire With slackened wings,  
While now the solemn concert breathes around,  
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord <sup>270</sup>  
Sleeps the stern eagle, by the numbered notes,  
Possessed, and satiate with the melting tone  
Sovereign of birds The furious god of war,  
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels  
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,  
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,  
Most welcome ease The sire of gods and men,  
In that great moment of divine delight,  
Looks down on all that live, and whatsoever  
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er <sup>280</sup>  
The interminated ocean, he beholds  
Cursed with abhorrence by his doom severe,  
And troubled at the sound Ye, Naiads, ye  
With ravished ears the melody attend,  
Worthy of sacred silence But the slaves  
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive

To drown the heavenly strains, of highest Jove,  
 Reverent, and, by mad presumption fired,  
 Their own discordant raptures to advance  
 With hostile emulation    Down they run    291  
 From Nysa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames  
 Of Thiaee, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,  
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd  
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild  
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air  
 The ivy-mantled Thyrsus, or the torch  
 Thro' black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's<sup>30</sup>  
 Shall voice, and to the clashing cymbal, mixed  
 With shrills and frantic uproar    May the gods  
 From every unpolluted ear avert    300  
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,  
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds  
 The guardian key,<sup>31</sup> if haply there be found  
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band  
 And hearken to their accents, who aspires  
 From such instructors to inform his breast  
 With verse    let him, fit votarist, employ  
 Their inspiration    He, perchance, the gifts  
 Of young Lyæus, and the dead exploits,  
 May sing in aptest numbers    he the fate    310  
 Of sober Pentheus,<sup>32</sup> he the Paphian rites,  
 And naked Mars with Cytherea chained,  
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,  
 May celebrate, applauded    But with you,  
 O Naiads, far from that unhallowed rout,  
 Must dwell the man whose'er to praised themes  
 Invokes the immortal Muse    The immortal Muse  
 To your calm habitations, to the cave  
 Corycian,<sup>33</sup> or the Delphic mount,<sup>34</sup> will guide  
 His footsteps, and with your unsullied streams  
 His lips will bathe    whether the eternal love    311  
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,

To mortals he reveal, or teach his lyre  
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,  
In those unfading islands of the blessed,  
Where sacred bards abide    Hail, honoured

Nymphs !

Thrice hail ! For you the Cyrenaic shell,<sup>30</sup>  
Behold, I touch, revering    To my songs  
Be present ye, with favourable feet,  
And all profaner audience far remove



## NOTES ON THE HYMN TO THE NAIADS

Ver 25 <sup>1</sup>

**H**ESIOD, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings, though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers, both of verse and prose and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods Yet Aristophanes, in "The Buds," affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus were first, and that Love was produced from an egg, which the sable winged night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus" But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ, or second person, of the old Grecian trinity, to whom is inscribed a hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser, who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world, as Macrobius,



and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus which they have preserved

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described, in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances, yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular, though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves, and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history, upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed, adding that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in later times call Phanes, was the father of the eternally-begotten Night," who is generally represented by these mythological poets as being herself the parent of all things, and who, in the "Indigamenta," or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre, in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude, how the heaven had its boundary determined, the generation of the earth, the depth of the ocean, and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self sufficient, with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another." Which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his *Metaphysics* than any of those which he has there quoted, to show that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with Empedocles,

Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason, to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus yet, beyond all question, they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aislogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble, and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor, Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipsic. “*Thesaurum me reperisse credidi,*” says he, “*et profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest, nocturnum, cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, et in adeundis, quibus scatet uis illa, vis doctis, sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbar, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna, μέλανφάτους istos hymnos ad manus sumsi.*”

Ver 25<sup>2</sup> The unformed, undigested mass, of Moses and Plato which Milton calls,

“The womb of nature”

Ver 25<sup>3</sup> Fate is the universal system of natural

causes, the work of the Omnipotent Mind, or Love so Minucius Felix. "Quid enim aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est" So also Cicero, in the First Book on Divination "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ id est, ordinem senemque causarum, cum causa causæ nec a rem ex se gignat—ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dictum causa æterna rerum" To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates, or Destinies of the Poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic Indigamēta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love), and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender hearted. According to Hesiod, Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

Ver. 26 <sup>4</sup> Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cælum and Tellus. But the author of the Hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the starry heaven, that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

Ver. 28 <sup>5</sup> The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies, which are produced and destroyed by Time.

Ver. 29 <sup>6</sup> Jupiter, so called by Pindar.

Ver. 29 <sup>7</sup> That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us that by Jupiter

was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system

Ver 30 <sup>8</sup> Our mythology here supposeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter), the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition, but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves Tethys was the wife of the Ocean, Ops, or Rhea, the Earth, Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, Fire, and the Cloud compeller, or Ζεύς νεφεληγερετης, the Air though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him

Ver 34 <sup>9</sup> The river gods, who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys

Ver 37 <sup>10</sup> The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology Homer, *Odys* αἱ κοῦραι Διὸς Virgil, in The Eighth Book of *Æneid*, speaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as pertaining to every single river On the other hand, Callimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Thessalian river god, the father of his nymphs and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river gods Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called, by patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong

Ver 40 <sup>11</sup> The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains

Ver 41 <sup>12</sup> Mineral and medicinal springs Pæon was the physician of the gods

Ver 43 <sup>13</sup> The Winds, who, according to Hesiod

and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora

Ver 46 <sup>14</sup> \* A son of Cælum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer, in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself

Ver 49 <sup>15</sup> The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams, and that more especially in hot seasons. first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact, and secondly, they communicate their own motion, and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is, of consequence, more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion

Ver 70 <sup>16</sup> One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him

Ver 79 <sup>17</sup> The ancient Greek name for Flora

Ver 83 <sup>18</sup> The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymoetes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymoetes, had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean, there he saw the island of Nysa, and learned from the inhabitants, that " Ammon, King of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans. that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whose name was Amalthea, had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile, which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea. that, fearing the jealousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, with his mother, in the island of Nysa," the beauty of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of

Milton, the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to,—

—“ that Nysean isle

Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,  
(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,)  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye ”

Ver 94 <sup>19</sup> The priestesses and other ministers of Bacchus, so called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated

Ver 105 <sup>20</sup> Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce, in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author of the *Indigitamenta*, in these beautiful lines

*Ἑρμηνεῦ πάντων, κερδεμπορε, λυσιμεριμνε,  
Ὅς χειρὶσθιν ἔχεις εἰρηνης ὄπλον ἀμέμφες*

Ver 121 <sup>21</sup> The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coast of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin

Ver 137 <sup>22</sup> Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of war for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade, which exemplifies the preceding observation, that “ from bounty issueth power ”

Ver 144 <sup>23</sup> Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay

Ver 150 <sup>24</sup> Near this island, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Persian navy

Ver 160 <sup>25</sup> This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his *Life of Themistocles*, describes the sea fights of Artemisium and Salamis

Ver 204 <sup>26</sup> A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy of constant use in the Bacchanalian mysteries

Ver 227 <sup>27</sup> An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python

Ver 252 <sup>28</sup> One of the summits of Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses Nysa, the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus

Ver 263 <sup>29</sup> This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian Ode

Ver 297 <sup>30</sup> The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions

Ver 303 <sup>31</sup> It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities, whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys, and on that account styled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ

Ver 311 <sup>32</sup> Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries

Ver 319 <sup>33</sup> Of this cave, Pausanias, in his Tenth Book, gives the following description "Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus, is a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen One may walk a great way into it without a torch 'Tis of a considerable height, and hath several springs within it, and yet a much greater quantity of water distils from the shell and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan <sup>34</sup>

Ver 319 <sup>34</sup> Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky situation, on the skirts of Parnassus

Ver 327 <sup>35</sup> Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion, which is assumed

in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner, solely by way of exercise the manner itself being now almost entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader, it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed, to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.





## INSCRIPTIONS

### I

#### FOR A GROTTO



O me, whom, in their lays, the shepherds  
call

Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring  
stream,

This cave belongs The fig-tree and the vine,  
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,  
Were placed by Glycon He, with cowslips pale,  
Primrose, and purple lychuis, decked the green  
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls  
With honeysuckle covered Here, at noon,  
Lulled by the murmur of my rising fount,  
I slumber here my clustering fruits I tend,  
Or from the humid flowers at break of day,  
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my  
bounds

Each thing impure or noxious Enter in,  
O stranger, undismayed Nor bat, nor toad  
Here lurks and, if thy breast of blameless thoughts  
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread  
My quiet mansion chiefly, if thy name  
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own

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\* I—VI were first published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, vol vi 1758

## II

## FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK

SUCH was old Chaucer    Such the placid mien  
 Of him who first with harmony informed  
 The language of our fathers    Here he dwelt  
 For many a cheerful day    These ancient walls  
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe  
 He sang, of love, of knighthood, of the wiles  
 Of homely life    through each estate and age,  
 The fashions and the follies of the world  
 With cunning hand portraying    Though perchance  
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come,  
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain  
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold  
 To him, this other hero, who, in times  
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse  
 To tame the rudeness of his native land

## III

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer  
 lies  
 Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove  
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old  
 Imbosoms    There dwells Albert, generous lord  
 Of all the harvest round    And onward thence  
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light  
 Fast by a silent rivulet    Humbly walk,  
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground,  
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou seest

Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand  
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew  
 Sweet-smelling flowers For there doth Edmund  
 The learned shepherd, for each rural art [rest,  
 Famed, and for songs harmonious, and the woes  
 Of ill-requited love The faithless pride  
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave [ven  
 In manhood's prime But soon did righteous Hea-  
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,  
 Avenge her falsehood Nor could all the gold  
 And nuptial pomp, which lured her plighted faith  
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,  
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside  
 The strokes of death Go, traveller, relate  
 The mournful story Haply some fair maid  
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught  
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love

## IV

## FOR A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE

O YOUTHS and virgins! O declining eld!  
 O pale misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell  
 Unknown with humble quiet, ye who wait  
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings!  
 O sons of sport and pleasure! O thou wretch  
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds  
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand  
 Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam  
 In exile, ye who through the embattled field  
 Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms  
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause,  
 Approach! behold this marble Know ye not

The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue  
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,  
 The secrets of your bosom ? Here, then, round  
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,  
 Say to each other "This was Shakespeare's form ;  
 Who walked in every path of human life,  
 Felt every passion, and to all mankind  
 Doth now, will ever, that experience yield  
 Which his own genius only could acquire"

## V

## ON WILLIAM THE THIRD.

GVLIELMVS III FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM  
 INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADVVISSET  
 SALVS IPSE VNICA, CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLCÆ  
 BRITANNICÆ VINDEXT RENVCNCHATVS ESSET AIQVE  
 STATOR, TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNO-  
 VIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO  
 IMPOTENTI CEDDRENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA,  
 GENDRIS HVMANI AVCTORI PVBLICÆ  
 FELICITATIS P G A M A.

## VI

## FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse  
 here,  
 While Thames among his willows from thy view  
 Retires, O stranger, stay thee, and the scene  
 Around contemplate well This is the place

Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms  
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king  
 (Then rendered tame) did challenge and secure  
 The charter of thy freedom    Pass not on  
 Till thou hast blessed their memory, and paid  
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward  
 Of public virtue    And if chance thy home  
 Salute thee with a father's honoured name,  
 Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt  
 They owe their ancestors, and make them swear  
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born

## VII

## THE WOOD NYMPH

**A**PPROACH in silence 'Tis no vulgar tale  
 Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,  
 Pronounce to mortal ears    The second age  
 Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose  
 On this fair lawn    The groves of yonder vale  
 Are, all, my offspring    and each Nymph, who  
                                 guards  
 The copses and the furrowed fields beyond,  
 Obeys me    Many changes have I seen  
 In human things, and many awful deeds  
 Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove,  
 Against the tyrants of the land, against  
 The unhallowed sons of luxury and guile,  
 Was armed for retribution    Thus at length,  
 Expert in laws divine, I know the paths  
 Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end  
 Have oft presaged    and now well-pleased I wait

Each evening till a noble youth, who loves  
 My shade, awhile released from public cares,  
 Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down  
 Beneath my branches Then his musing mind  
 I prompt, unseen, and place before his view  
 Sincerest forms of good, and move his heart  
 With the dread bounties of the sire supreme  
 Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,  
 The lofty voice of glory, and the faith  
 Of sacred friendship Stranger, I have told  
 My function If within thy bosom dwell  
 Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not  
 leave  
 Unhonoured my abode, nor shall I hear  
 A sparing benediction from thy tongue

## VIII

**Y**E powers unseen, to whom the bards of  
 Greece

Erected altars, ye, who to the mind  
 More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart  
 With more divine emotions, if erewhile  
 Not quite displeasing have my votive rites  
 Of you been deemed, when oft this lonely seat  
 To you I consecrated, then vouchsafe  
 Here with your instant energy to crown  
 My happy solitude It is the hour  
 When most I love to invoke you, and have felt  
 Most frequent your glad ministry divine  
 The air is calm the sun's unveiled orb  
 Shines in the middle heaven The harvest round  
 Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves  
 The reapers lie reclined The neighbouring groves  
 Are mute, nor even a linnet's random strain

Echoeth amid the silence    Let me feel  
 Your influence, ye kind powers    Aloft in heaven,  
 Abide ye ' or on those transparent clouds  
 Pass ye from hill to hill ? or, on the shades  
 Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below,  
 Do you converse retired ? From what loved haunt  
 Shall I expect you ? Let me once more feel  
 Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers,  
 And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought  
 Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move  
 Across my bosom unobserved, unstored  
 By faithful memory    And then, at some  
 More active moment, will I call them forth  
 Anew, and join them in majestic forms,  
 And give them utterance in harmonious strains,  
 That all mankind shall wonder at your sway

## IX

**M**E though in life's sequestered vale  
 The Almighty Sire ordained to dwell,  
 Remote from glory's toilsome ways,  
 And the great scenes of public praise,  
 Yet let me still with grateful pride  
 Remember how my infant frame  
 He tempered with prophetic flame,  
 And early music to my tongue supplied

'Twas then my future fate he weighed,  
 And, this be thy concern, he said,  
 At once with Passion's keen alarms,  
 And Beauty's pleasurable charms,  
 And sacred Truth's eternal light,  
 To move the various mind of Man,  
 Till, under one unblemished plan,  
 His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite





If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,  
 Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,  
 Had awed ambition's wild audacious hate,  
 And dragged at length corruption to her fate,  
 If every tongue its large applauses owed,  
 And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed,  
 If public justice urged the high reward,  
 And freedom smiled on the devoted bard,  
 Say then, to him whose levity or lust  
 Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust,  
 Who taught ambition firmer heights of power,  
 And saved corruption at her hopeless hour,  
 Does not each tongue its execrations owe?  
 Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?  
 And public justice sanctify th' award?  
 And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet, long reluctant, I forbore thy name,  
 Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,  
 Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,  
 And wished and hoped the light again would rise  
 But since thy guilt still more entire appears,  
 Since no art hides, no supposition clears,  
 \* Since vengeful slander now, too, sinks her blast,  
 And the first rage of party-hate is past,  
 Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come  
 To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom  
 So may my trust from all reproach be free,  
 And earth and time confirm the fair decree

There are who say they viewed without amaze  
 The sad reverse of all thy former praise  
 That, through the pageants of a patriot's name,  
 They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim,  
 Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw  
 The public thunder on a private foe  
 But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,  
 Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,

Who saw the spirits of each glorious age  
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage,  
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,  
The owl-eyed race, whom virtue's lustre blinds  
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,  
And all who prove that "each man has his price,"  
I still believed thy end was just and free,  
And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee  
Even tho' thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,  
Uiged by the wretched impotence of shame,  
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid  
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed,  
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show,  
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe,  
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,  
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear,  
How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,  
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all  
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old,  
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!  
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,  
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt,  
Yet must you one untampted vileness own,  
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone,  
With studied arts his country's praise to spin,  
To beg the infamy he did not earn,  
To challenge hate when honour was his due,  
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew  
Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose  
From each fair feeling human nature knows?  
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear  
To all that reason, all that sense would hear?  
Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,  
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?  
Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,  
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,  
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,  
When now of conquest and dominion sure,  
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure,  
When, taught by these, oppression hid the face,  
To leave corruption stronger in her place,  
By silent spells to work the public fate,  
And taint the vitals of the passive state,  
Till healing wisdom should avail no more,  
And freedom loath to tread the poisoned shore  
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save  
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,  
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake  
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake,  
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe  
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,  
Against corruption liberty to arm,  
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm  
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,  
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew  
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed,  
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed,  
Of thee, with awe, the rural hearth resounds,  
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns,  
Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,  
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires,  
The learned recluse, who oft amazed had read  
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,  
With new amazement hears a living name  
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame,  
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,  
Left the tame track of these dejected days,  
The life of nobler ages to renew  
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,  
Roused by thy labours from the blest retreat,  
Where social ease and public passions meet,

Again ascending treads the civil scene,  
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,  
And the great end appeared at last in view  
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,  
We saw the senate bending to thy voice,  
The friends of freedom hailed the approaching reign  
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain,  
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,  
Shunk at thén frown, and self-abandoned lay  
Waked in the shock the public Genius rose,  
Abashed and keener from his long repose,  
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear  
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear  
The city felt his call from man to man,  
From street to street, the glorious horror ran  
Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his power,  
And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears,  
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears  
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,  
Oh! ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame,  
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,  
And guide each movement steady to the goal  
Ye spirits by whose providential art  
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,  
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,  
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind  
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,  
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,  
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,  
And view the crown of all your labours high  
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,  
The sword submitted, and the laws her own  
See public Power chastised beneath her stands,  
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands

See private Life by wisest arts reclaimed ,  
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed ,  
See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,  
If Curio, only Curio will be true

'Twas then—O shame ! O trust how ill repaid !  
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed !—  
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole ?  
What spells unsinewed thy determined soul ?  
Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved ?  
The man so great, so honoured, so beloved ?  
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured ?  
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured ?  
This Curio, hated and despised by all ?  
Who fell himself to work his country's fall ?

Oh ! lost alike to action and repose ,  
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes ,  
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,  
Sold to the insults of a foe defied  
With all that habit of familiar fame,  
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame  
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art  
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,  
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,  
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,  
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,  
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind  
Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,  
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,  
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,  
And cast their own impieties on you  
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power  
My soul was vowed from reason's earliest hour,  
How have I stood, exulting to survey  
My country's virtues, opening in thy ray !  
How, with the sons of every foreign shore  
Thomore I matched them, honoured heirs the more !

O race erect! whose native strength of soul,  
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,  
Busts the tame round of animal affairs,  
And seeks a noble centre for its cares,  
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,  
And fix dominion's limits by its end  
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,  
By conscious reason judging every state,  
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,  
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise  
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view  
Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow,  
Or, all awake at pity's soft command,  
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand  
Thence large of heart, from envy far removed,  
When public toils to virtue stand approved,  
Not the young lover fonder to admire,  
Not more indulgent the delighted sire,  
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,  
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,  
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,  
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay  
But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,  
My country must with him renounce her cause,  
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,  
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod,  
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,  
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail  
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away  
To where the Gracchi,<sup>1</sup> where the Bruti stay

---

<sup>1</sup> The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

O long revered, and late resigned to shame !  
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,  
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,  
Not well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn ,  
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,  
When truth exerts her unresisted power,  
Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's glare,  
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare ,  
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,  
And ask thyself if all be well within  
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,  
Which labour could not stop, nor fear control ?  
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,  
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw ?  
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause ?  
Where the delightful taste of just applause ?  
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,  
On which the senate fired, or trembling hung ?  
All vanished, all are sold , and in their room,  
Couched in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,  
See the pale form of barbarous Gandeus dwell,  
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell !  
To her in chains thy dignity was led ,  
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled ,  
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crowned ,  
Thy powerful tongue with poisoned philters bound,  
That baffled reason straight indignant flew,  
And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew  
For now no longer truth supports thy cause ,  
No longer glory prompts thee to applause ,  
No longer virtue, breathing in thy breast,  
With all her conscious majesty confest,  
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,  
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,  
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,  
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul ,

But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,  
And formal passions mock thy struggling will,  
O, if thy genius e'er forget his chain,  
And reach, impatient, at a nobler strain,  
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth  
Shoot thro' thy breast, and stab the generous birth,  
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,  
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,  
Perhaps thy anguish dains a real tear,  
While some with pity, some with laughter hear  
Can art, alas ! or genius, guide the head,  
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled ?  
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,  
When the prime function of the soul is broke ?

But come, unhappy man ! thy fates impend,  
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend,  
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,  
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign,  
For see the hand of destiny displayed  
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed  
See the dire fane of Infamy arise  
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies,  
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,  
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain  
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road  
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode,  
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,  
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly  
There, black with frowns, relentless time awaits,  
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates,  
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,  
Evokes their secrets, and their guilt proclaims,  
And still his hands despoil them, on the road,  
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed,  
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,  
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars



At last the gates his potent voice obey,  
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,  
 Where, ever armed with adamantinè chains,  
 The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,  
 O'er mighty nâmes and giant-powers of lust,  
 The great, the sage, the happy, and august<sup>1</sup>  
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,  
 No sound of honour hails their unblest ears,  
 But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,  
 The childless sire, and violated maid,  
 But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,  
 From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste,  
 But long posterity's united groan,  
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,  
 For ever through the trembling space resound,  
 And sink each impious forehead to the ground

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,  
 Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!  
 Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,  
 See Curio's toil your proudest claims effacè!—  
 Awed at the name, fierce Appius<sup>2</sup> rising bends,  
 And hardy Cinna from his throne attends  
 "He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assigned  
 With sure arts to work what we designed,  
 From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,  
 Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey,  
 Till owned then guide, and trusted with their power,  
 He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour,  
 Then, tried and yielding, led them to the chain,  
 And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain"

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<sup>1</sup> Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men

<sup>2</sup> Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason

But thou, Supreme! by whose eternal hands  
Fan Liberty's heroic empire stands,  
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,  
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,  
Oh, turn this dreadful omen far away!  
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay  
Relume her sacred fire so near suppressed,  
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast  
Though bold corruption boast around the land,  
"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand?"  
Though bolder now she urge the accursed clam,  
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame,  
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,  
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth  
O friend and father of the human mind,  
Whose art for noblest ends our frame designed!  
If I, though fated to the studious shade  
Which party-strife, nor anxious power invade,  
If I aspire in public virtue's cause,  
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,  
Do thou her own authority impart,  
And give my numbers entrance to the heart  
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smothered flame,  
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame  
Perhaps by worthy thoughts of human kind,  
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind,  
Or dash corruption in her proud career,  
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear



## THE VIRTUOSO \*

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE AND STANZA

—————Videmus  
Nugari solitos      PERSIUS



HILOM by silver Thames's gentle  
stream,  
In London town there dwelt a subtle  
wight,

A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,  
Book-learned and quaint, a Virtuo-o hight  
Uncommon things, and rare, were his delight,  
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,  
Nor ceasen he from study, day or night,  
Until (advancing onward by degrees)  
He knew whatever breeds on earth, on an, or seas

He many a creature did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land,  
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,  
That oft with gory crimson was distained  
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat,  
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,  
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,  
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat

---

\* First published in the *Gentleman's Mag* for April,  
1737

He knew the various modes of ancient times,  
 Then arts and fashions of each different guise,  
 Then weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,  
 Their strength, then learning eke, and rarities,  
 Of old habiliments, each sort and size,  
 Male, female, high and low, to him were known,  
 Each gladiator-dress, and stage disguise,  
 With learned, clerkly phrase he could have shown  
 How the Greek tunic differed from the Roman  
                   gown

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,  
 And boasted many a course of ancient com,  
 Well as his wife's he knewen every face,  
 From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine  
 For some rare sculptor he would oft ypine,  
 (As green-sick damosels for husbands do,)  
 And when obtained, with enaptured eyne,  
 He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,  
 And look, and look again, as he would look it  
                   through

His rich museum, of dimensions fair, [flaught  
 With goods that spoke the owner's mind was  
 Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,  
 From sea and land, from Greece and Rome  
                   were brought,  
 Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought  
 On these all tides with joyous eyes he pored,  
 And, sooth to say, himself he great thought,  
 When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,  
 Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord

Here, in a corner, stood a rich scrutoire,  
 With many a curiosity replete,  
 In seemly order furnished every drawer,  
 Products of art or nature as was meet,

Air-pumps and prisms were placed beneath his feet,  
 A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head,  
 Here phials with live insects small and great,  
 There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid,  
 Above, a crocodile diffused a grateful shade

Fast by the window did a table stand,  
 Where hodiein and antique rarities, [land,  
 From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and  
 Were thick-bespiant of every sort and size  
 Here a Bahaman-spider's carcass lies,  
 There a due serpent's golden skin doth shine,  
 Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies,  
 There gums and amber found beneath the line,  
 The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,  
 There stood a spright ycleped Phantasy,  
 Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near  
 Her look was wild, and roving was her eye,  
 Her hair was clad with flowers of every dye,  
 Her glistening robes were of more various hue,  
 Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,  
 Or all the spangled drops of morning dew,  
 Their colour changing still at every different view

Yet in this shape all tides she did not stay,  
 Various as the chameleon that she bore,  
 Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,  
 Now mendicant in silks and golden ore  
 A statesman now, equipped to chase the boar,  
 Or cowed monk, lean, feeble, and unfed,  
 A clown-like lord, or swain of courtly lore  
 Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,  
 Or papal father now, in homely weeds arrayed

The wight whose brain this phantom's power doth  
fill,

On whom she doth with constant care attend,  
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,  
Or a grand palace in a hog-sty find  
(From her dire influence may Heaven defend !)  
All things with vitiated sight he spies ,  
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,  
Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,  
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys

## AMBITION AND CONTENT \*

### A FABLE

Optat quietem HOR



WHILE yet the world was young, and  
men were few,  
Nor lurking fraud, nor tyrant rapine  
knew,  
In virtue rude, the gaudy arts they scorned,  
Which, virtue lost, degenerate times adorned  
No sumptuous fabrics yet were seen to rise,  
Nor gushing fountains taught to invade the skies  
With nature, art had not begun the strife,  
Nor swelling marble rose to mimic life  
No pencil yet had learned to express the fair,  
The bounteous earth was all their homely care  
Then did Content exert her genial sway,  
And taught the peaceful world her power to obey

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\* First published in the *Gentleman's Mag* for May, 1737.

Content, a female of celestial race,  
 Bright and complete in each celestial grace  
 Serenely fair she was, as rising day,  
 And brighter than the sun's meridian ray,  
 Joy of all hearts, delight of every eye,  
 Nor grief nor pain appeared when she was by,  
 Her presence from the wretched banished care,  
 Dispersed the swelling sigh, and stopt the falling  
                   tear

Long did the nymph her regal state maintain,  
 As long mankind were blessed beneath her reign,  
 Till due Ambition, hellish fiend, arose,  
 To plague the world, and banish man's repose  
 A monster sprung from that rebellious crew,  
 Which mighty Jove's Phlegrean thunder slew  
 Resolved to dispossess the royal fair,  
 On all her friends, he threatened open war  
 Fond of the novelty, vain, fickle man,  
 In crowds to his infernal standard ran,  
 And the weak maid, defenceless left alone,  
 To avoid his rage, was forced to quit the throne

It chanced as wandering through the fields she  
                   strayed,  
 Forsook of all, and destitute of aid,  
 Upon a rising mountain's flowery side  
 A pleasant cottage, roofed with turf, she spied  
 Fast by a gloomy, venerable wood  
 Of shady planes and ancient oaks it stood  
 Around a various prospect charmed the sight,  
 Here waving harvests clad the fields with white,  
 Here a rough shaggy rock the clouds did pierce,  
 From which a torrent rushed with rapid force,  
 Here mountain-woods diffused a dusky shade,  
 Here flocks and herds in flowery valleys played,  
 While o'er the matted grass the liquid crystal  
                   strayed

In this sweet place there dwelt a cheerful pair,  
Though bent beneath the weight of many a year,  
Who wisely flying public noise and strife,  
In this obscure retreat had passed their life,  
The husband Industry was called, Frugality the  
wife

With tenderest friendship mutually blest,  
No household jars had e'er disturbed their rest  
A numerous offspring graced their homely board,  
That still with nature's simple gifts was stored  
The father rural business only knew,  
The sons the same delightful art pursue  
An only daughter, as a goddess fair,  
Above the rest was the fond mother's care,  
Plenty, the brightest nymph of all the plain,  
Each heart's delight, adored by every swain  
Soon as Content this charming scene espied,  
Joyful within herself the goddess cried,  
" This happy sight my drooping heart doth raise,  
The gods, I hope, will grant me gentler days  
When with prosperity my life was blest,  
In yonder house I've been a welcome guest  
There now, perhaps, I may protection find,  
For royalty is banished from my mind  
I'll thither haste how happy should I be,  
If such a refuge were reserved for me!" [wav

Thus spoke the fan, and straight she bent her  
To the tall mountain, where the cottage lay  
Arrived, she makes her changed condition known  
Tells how the rebels drove her from the throne,  
What painful, dreary wilds she wandered o'er,  
And shelter from the tyrant doth implore

The faithful, aged pair at once were seized  
With joy and grief, at once were pained and pleased,  
Grief for their banished queen their hearts possess,  
And joy succeeded for their future guest,



“ And if you'll deign, bright goddess, here to dwell,  
And with your presence grace our humble cell,  
Whate'er the gods have given with bounteous hand,  
Our harvests, fields and flocks, our all command ”

Meantime, Ambition, on his rival's flight,  
Sole lord of man, attuned his wish's height,  
Of all dependance on his subjects eased,  
He raged without a curb, and did whate'er he  
pleased,

As some wild flame, driven on by furious winds,  
Wide spreads destruction, nor resistance finds,  
So rushed the fiend destructive o'er the plain,  
Defaced the labours of th' industrious swain,  
Polluted every stream with human gore,  
And scattered plagues and death from shore to shore

Great Jove beheld it from the Olympian towers,  
Where sate assembled all the heavenly powers,  
Then, with a nod that shook the empyrean throne,  
Thus the Saturnian thunderer begun

“ You see, immortal inmates of the skies,  
How this vile wretch almighty power defies,  
His daring crimes, the blood which he has spilt,  
Demand a torment equal to his guilt  
Then, Cyprian goddess, let thy mighty boy  
Swift to the tyrant's guilty palace fly,  
There let him choose his sharpest, hottest dart,  
And with his former rival wound his heart  
And thou, my son, (the god to Hermes said,)  
Snatch up thy wand, and plume thy heels and head,  
Dart through the yielding air with all thy force,  
And down to Pluto's realms direct thy course,  
There rouse Oblivion from her sable cave,  
Where dull she sits by Lethe's sluggish wave,  
Command her to secure the sacred bound,  
Where lives Content retired, and all around  
Diffuse the deepest glooms of Stygian night,

And screen the virgin from the tyrant's sight,  
That the vain purpose of his life may try  
Still to explore, what still eludes his eye"  
He spoke, loud praises shake the bright abode,  
And all applaud the justice of the god

THE POET\*

A RHAPSODY



F all the various lots around the ball,  
Which Fate to man distributes, absolute,  
Avert, ye gods! that of the Muse's  
Cursed with dire poverty! poor hungry wretch!  
What shall he do for life? he cannot work  
With manual labour shall those sacred hands,  
That brought the counsels of the gods to light,  
Shall that inspired tongue, which every Muse  
Has touched divine, to chain the sons of men,  
These hallowed organs! these! be prostitute  
To the vile service of some fool in power,  
All his behests submissive to perform,  
Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns  
The ignoble thought, with generous disdain,  
More eligible deeming it to starve,  
Like his famed ancestors renowned in verse,  
Than poorly bend to be another's slave,  
Than feed and fatten in obscurity

These are his firm resolves, which fate, nor time,  
Nor poverty can shake Exalted high  
In garret vile he lives, with remnants hung

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\* First published in the *Gentleman's Mag* for July,  
1737

Of tapestry But oh ! precarious state  
 Of this vain transient world ! all-powerful time,  
 What dost thou not subdue ? See what a chasm  
 Gapes wide, tremendous ! see where Saul, enraged,  
 High on his throne, encompassed by his guards,  
 With levelled spear, and arm extended, sits,  
 Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,  
 Spoiled of his nose !—around in tottering ranks,  
 On shelves pulverulent, majestic stands  
 His library, in ragged plight, and old,  
 Replete with many a load of criticism,  
 Elaborate products of the midnight toil  
 Of Belgian brains, snatched from the deadly hands  
 Of murderous grocer, or the careful wight,  
 Who vends the plant, that clads the happy shore  
 Of Indian Patomack, which citizens  
 In balmy fumes exhale, when, o'er a pot  
 Of sage-inspiring coffee, they dispose  
 Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate

Elsewhere the dome is filled with various heaps  
 Of old domestic lumber that huge chan  
 Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne  
 Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread  
 With ink and pens, and scrolls replete with rhyme  
 Chests, stools, old razors, fractured jars, half full  
 Of muddy Zythum, sour and spiritless  
 Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils  
 Of various fashion, and of various use,  
 With friendly influence hide the sable floor

This is the bard's museum, this the fane  
 To Phœbus sacred, and the Aonian maids  
 But oh ! it stabs his heart, that niggard fate  
 To him in such small measure should dispense  
 Her better gifts to him, whose generous soul  
 Could relish, with as fine an elegance,  
 The golden joys of grandeur and of wealth,

He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,  
 O! swell beneath a coronet of state,  
 O! grace a gilded chariot with a mien,  
 Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all

But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny,  
 Here he must rest, and brook the best he can,  
 To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit,  
 Immured amongst th' ignoble, vulgar herd,  
 Of lowest intellect, whose stupid souls  
 But half inform their bodies, brains of lead  
 And tongues of thunder, whose insensate breasts  
 Ne'er felt the rapturous, soul-enthralling fire  
 Of the celestial Muse, whose savage ears  
 Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor even the names  
 Of the Venesian bard, or critic sage  
 Full-famed of Stagyra whose clamorous tongues  
 Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,  
 Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent,  
 Replete with boorish scandal, yet, alas!  
 This, this, he must endure, or muse alone,  
 Pensive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,  
 Or line imperfect No, the door is free,  
 And calls him to evade then deafening clang,  
 By private ambulation,—'tis resolved  
 Off from his waist he throws the tattered gown,  
 Beheld with indignation, and unloads  
 His pericranium of the weighty cap,  
 With sweat and grease discoloured then explores  
 The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb  
 Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free  
 Of age's reverend russet, scant and bare,  
 Then down his meagre visage waving flows  
 The shadowy peruke, crowned with gummy hat  
 Cleanbrushed, a cane supports him Thusequipped  
 He sallies forth, swift traverses the streets,  
 And seeks the lonely walk "Hail sylvan scenes!"

Ye groves, ye valleys, ye meandering brooks,  
 Admit me to your joys !” in rapturous phrase,  
 Loud he exclaims , while with the inspiring Muse  
 His bosom labours , and all other thoughts,  
 Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,  
 Before her influence vanish Rapt in thought,  
 Fancy presents before his ravished eyes  
 Distant posterity upon his page [sons  
 With transport dwelling , while bright Learning’s  
 That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,  
 Indignant, seem to curse the thankless age,  
 That starved such merit Meantime, swallowed up  
 In meditation deep, he wanders on,  
 Unweeting of his way —But ah ! he starts  
 With sudden flight , his glaring eye-balls roll,  
 Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosened joints,  
 His cogitations vanish into air,  
 Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream  
 Behold the cause ! see ! thro’ the opening glade,  
 With rosy visage and abdomen grand,  
 A cit, a dun As in Apulia’s wilds,  
 Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,  
 A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,  
 Unheeding, till upon the hideous cave  
 Of the due wolf she treads , half-dead she views  
 His bloodshot eye-balls, and his dreadful fangs,  
 And, swift as Eurys, from the monster flies  
 So fares the trembling bard , amazed he turns,  
 Scarce by his legs upborne , yet fear supplies  
 The place of strength , straight home he bends his  
 Nor looks behind him till he safe regain [course,  
 His faithful citadel , there spent, fatigued,  
 He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,  
 Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinced  
 Soon as the panic leaves his panting breast,  
 Down to the Muse’s sacred rites he sits,

Volumes piled round him , see upon his brow  
 Perplexed anxiety, and struggling thought,  
 Painful as female throes whether the baid  
 Display the deeds of heroes , or the fall  
 Of vice, in lay dramatic , or expand  
 The lyric wing , or in elegiac strains  
 Lament the fair , or lash the stubborn age  
 With laughing satire , or in rural scenes  
 With shepherds sport , or rack his hard-bound  
 For the unexpected turn Arachne so, [brains  
 In dusty kitchen corner, from her bowels  
 Spins the fine web , but spins with better fate  
 Than the poor bard She, catiff, spreads her  
 And with their aid enjoys luxurious life, [snails,  
 Bloated with fat of insects, fleshed in blood  
 He, hard, hard lot ! for all his toil and care,  
 And painful watchings, scarce protracts awhile  
 His meagre, hungry days Ungrateful world !  
 If with his drama he adorn the stage,  
 No worth-discerning concourse pays the charge,  
 Or of the orchestra, or the enlightening torch.  
 He who supports the luxury and pride  
 Of craving Lais , he, whose carnage fills  
 Dogs, eagles, lions , has not yet enough  
 Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw  
 Of that most ravenous, that devouring beast,  
 Ycleped a poet What new Halifax,  
 What Somers, or what Dorset canst thou find,  
 Thou hungry mortal ? break, wretch, break thy  
 Blot out the studied image , to the flames [quill,  
 Commit the Stagyrite , leave this thankless trade,  
 Erect some pedling stall, with trinkets stocked,  
 There earn thy daily halfpence, nor again  
 Trust the false Muse , so shall the cleanly meal  
 Repel intruding hunger Oh ! 'tis vain,  
 The friendly admonition's all in vain ,

The scribbling itch has seized him, he is lost  
To all advice, and starves for starving's sake

Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,  
Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth,  
But, oh! ye gods, avert the impending stroke  
This luckless omen threatens Haik! methinks  
I hear my better angel cry, "Retreat,  
Rash youth, in time retreat, let those poor bards,  
Who slighted all, all, for the flattering Muse,  
Yet, cursed with pining want, as landmarks stand,  
To warn thee from the service of the ingrate"

### A BRITISH PHILIPPIC \*

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS,  
AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS  
FOR WAR 1738.



WHENCE this unwonted transport in  
my breast?

Why glow my thoughts, and whither  
would the Muse

Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause  
Demands her efforts at that sacred call  
She summons all her ardour, throws aside  
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump  
She means to thunder in each British ear,  
And if one spark of honour or of fame,  
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,  
One thought of public virtue yet survive,  
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,  
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,

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\* First published in the *Gentleman's Mag* for August,  
1738

And fire each British heart with British wrongs

Alas, the vain attempt ! what influence now  
Can the Muse-boast ? or what attention now  
Is paid to fame or virtue ? Where is now  
The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,  
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe  
To free the suppliant nations ? Where, indeed !  
If that protection, once to strangers given,  
Be now withheld from sons ? Each nobler thought,  
That warmed our sines, is lost and buried now  
In luxury and avarice Baneful vice !  
How it unmans a nation ! yet I'll try,  
I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth ,  
I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons  
To fame, to virtue, and impart around  
A generous feeling of compatriot woes

Come then the various powers of forceful speech,  
All that can move, awaken, fire, transport  
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard ,  
The arousing thunder of the patriot Greek ,  
The soft persuasion of the Roman sage ,  
Come all, and raise me to an equal height,  
A rapture worthy of my glorious cause ,  
Lest my best efforts, failing, should debase  
The sacred theme , for with no common wing  
The Muse attempts to soar • Yet what need these ?  
My country's fame, my free-born British heart,  
Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight  
High as the Theban's pinnon, and with more  
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul  
Oh ! could I give the vast ideas birth,  
Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,  
No more should lazy luxury detain  
Our ardent youth no more should Britain's sons  
Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear  
The prayers, sighs, groans, (immortal infamy !)



Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,  
In bitterness of soul demanding aid,  
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,  
The land of Liberty, so greatly famed  
For just redress, the land so often dyed  
With her best blood, for that arousing cause,  
The freedom of her sons, those sons that now,  
Far from the manly blessings of her sway,  
Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord  
And dare they, dare the vanquished sons of Spain  
Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,  
So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,  
When rescued Sicily with joy beheld  
The swift-winged thunder of the British arm  
Disperse their navies? when their coward bands  
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,  
From swift impending vengeance fled in vain?  
Are these our lords? And can Britannia see  
Her foes oft vanquished, thus defy her power,  
Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,  
And not arise to justice? Did our sires,  
Unawed by chains, by exile, or by death,  
Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,  
And sacred even to Britons! that their sons  
Might give them up to Spaniards? Turn your  
eyes,

Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast  
Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,  
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought  
Of joy or peace can enter, see the gates  
Harsh-creaking open, what a hideous void,  
Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death  
A frightful silence reigns There, on the ground,  
Behold your brethren chained like beasts of prey  
There mark your numerous glories, there behold  
The look that speaks unutterable woe,

The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye,  
With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan  
Suppressed in silence, view the loathsome food,  
Refused by dogs and, oh, the stinging thought!  
View the dark Spaniard gloating in their wrongs,  
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,  
And thundering worse damnation on their souls  
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,  
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all,  
His native British spirit yet untamed,  
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns  
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,  
Looks up and dies—Oh! I am all on fire!  
But let me spare the theme, lest future times  
Should blush to hear that either conquered Spain  
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,  
Or Britain tamely bore it  
Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!  
Scourges of Spain, descend! Behold your sons,  
See how they run the same heroic race,  
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,  
How greatly proud to assert their British blood,  
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame  
Ah! would to heaven ye did not rather see  
How dead to virtue in the public cause,  
How cold, how careless, how, to glory deaf,  
They shame your laurels, and belie their birth!  
Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!  
And ye of later name, your country's pride,  
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,  
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow  
In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,  
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,  
Paint all the glorious scenes of nightful war  
In all its splendours, to their swelling souls  
Say how ye bowed th' insulting Spaniards' pride,

Say how ye thundered o'er their prostrate heads,  
Say how ye broke their lines and fired their ports,  
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,  
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve  
For right and Britain,\* then display the joys  
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views  
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim  
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights  
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man  
Is death for others' good! the radiant thoughts  
That beam celestial on his passing soul,  
Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,  
Th' exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,  
Who in his actions with complacence views  
His own reflected splendour, then descend,  
Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene,  
Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,  
Show grateful millions weeping o'er his grave,  
While his fair fame in each progressive age  
For ever brightens, and the wise and good  
Of every land, in universal choir,  
With richest incense of undying praise  
His urn encircle, to the wondering world  
His numerous triumphs blazon, while with awe,  
With filial reverence, in his steps they tread,  
And, copying every virtue, every fame,  
Transplant his glories into second life,  
And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest  
By his example   Vast, immense rewards!  
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind  
Encounters here   Yet, Britons, are ye cold?  
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call  
Of your poor injured countrymen? Ah! no  
I see ye are not, every bosom glows  
With native greatness, and in all its state  
The British spirit rises   glorious change!

Fame, virtue, freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive  
 The Muse, that, ardent in her sacred cause,  
 Your glory questioned, she beholds with joy,  
 She owns, she triumphs in her wished mistake  
 See! from her sea-beat throne in awful march  
 Britannia towers upon her laurel crest  
 The plumes majestic nod, behold she heaves  
 Her guardian shield, and, terrible in arms,  
 For battle shakes her adamantine spear  
 Loud at her foot the British lion roars,  
 Frighting the nations, haughty Spain full soon  
 Shall hear and tremble Go then, Britons, forth,  
 Your country's daring champions, tell your foes,  
 Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,  
 You were not born for slaves let all your deeds  
 Show that the sons of those immortal men,  
 The stars of shining story, are not slow  
 In virtue's path to emulate their sires,  
 T' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,  
 And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes

## HYMN TO SCIENCE\*

"O vitæ Philosophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, ex-  
 pultrixque vitorum—Tu ubi pepenisti, tu inventum  
 legum, tu magistra morum et disciplinæ fuisti Ad te  
 confugimus, a te opem petimus"—CICERO *Tus Qu* lib v c 2



SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray  
 From the great source of mental day,  
 Free, generous, and refined!  
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,  
 Illumine each bewildered thought,  
 And bless my labouring mind

---

\* First published in the *Gentleman's Mag* for Oct  
 1739

But first with thy resistless light  
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,  
Those mimic shades of thee  
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,  
The visionary bigot's rant,  
The monk's philosophy

Oh ! let thy powerful charms impart  
The patient head, the candid heart,  
Devoted to thy sway ,  
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,  
Which still with dauntless steps proceed  
Where reason points the way

Give me to learn each secret cause ,  
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws  
Revealed before me stand ,  
These to great Nature's scenes apply,  
And round the globe, and through the sky,  
Disclose her working hand

Next, to thy nobler search resigned,  
The busy, restless, human mind  
\*Through every maze pursue ,  
Detect perception where it lies,  
Catch the ideas as they rise,  
And all their changes view

Say from what simple springs began  
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,  
Which range beyond control,  
Which seek eternity to trace,  
Dive through the infinity of space,  
And strain to grasp the whole

Her secret stores let memory tell,  
Bid Fancy quit her fancy cell,  
In all her colours drest ,

While, prompt her sallies to controul,  
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul  
To Truth's severest test

Then launch through being's wide extent,  
Let the fair scale with just ascent  
And cautious steps be trod,  
And from the dead, corporeal mass,  
Through each progressive order, pass  
To Instinct, Reason, God

There, Science, veil thy daring eye,  
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,  
In that divine abyss,  
To faith content thy beams to lend,  
Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend  
And light her way to bliss

Then downwards take thy flight again,  
Mix with the policies of men,  
And social nature's ties,  
The plan, the genius of each state,  
Its interest and its powers relate,  
Its fortunes and its rise

Through private life pursue thy course,  
Trace every action to its source,  
And means and motives weigh  
Put tempers, passions, in the scale,  
Mark what degrees in each prevail,  
And fix the doubtful sway

That last best effort of thy skill,  
To form the life, and rule the will,  
Propitious power! impart  
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,  
Make me the judge of my desires,  
The master of my heart

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,  
 Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,  
 And all in life that's mean  
 Still true to reason be my plan,  
 Still let my actions speak the man,  
 Though every various scene  
 Hail! queen of manners, light of truth,  
 Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth,  
 Sweet refuge of distress  
 In business, thou, exact, polite,  
 Thou giv'st retirement its delight,  
 Prosperity its grace  
 Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause,  
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,  
 Of arts inventress thou  
 Without thee, what were human-kind?  
 How vast their wants, then thoughts how blind!  
 Then joys how mean, how few!  
 Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil  
 Let others spread the daring sail,  
 On Fortune's faithless sea  
 While, undeluded, happier I  
 From the vain tumult timely fly,  
 And sit in peace with thee

## LOVE,\*

## AN ELEGY



Too much my heart of beauty's power  
 hath known,  
 Too long to Love hath reason left her  
 throne,.

---

\* Printed about 1740 for private distribution, and first published in *The New Foundling Hospital of Wit*, vol vi p 23 edit 1773

Too long my genius mourned his myrtle chain,  
 And three rich years of youth consumed in vain  
 My wishes, lulled with soft inglorious dreams,  
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes  
 Through each Elysian vale and fairy grove,  
 Through all the enchanted paradise of love,  
 Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,  
 Averse to action, and renouncing fame

At last the visionary scenes decay,  
 My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,  
 Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road  
 In which my heedless feet securely trod,  
 And strip the phantoms of their lying charms  
 That lured my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms

For silver streams and banks bespread with  
 flowers,

For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,  
 Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,  
 And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathomed floods  
 For openness of heart, for tender smiles, [wiles,  
 Looks fraught with love, and wrath-disarming  
 Lo! sullen spite, and perjured lust of gain,  
 And cruel pride, and crueler disdain,  
 Lo! cordial faith to idiot airs refined,  
 Now coolly civil, now transporting kind  
 For graceful ease, lo! affectation walks;  
 And dull half-sense, for wit and wisdom talks  
 New to each hour what low delight succeeds,  
 What precious furniture of hearts and heads!  
 By nought their prudence, but by getting, known,  
 And all their courage in deceiving shown

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,  
 What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!  
 See burning fury heaven and earth defy!  
 See dumb despair in icy fetters lie!  
 See black suspicion bend his gloomy brow,  
 The hideous image of himself to view!



And fond belief, with all a lover's flame,  
 Sink in those arms that point his head with shame!  
 There wan dejection, faltering as he goes,  
 In shades and silence vainly seeks repose,  
 Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,  
 Then, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away  
 Here the gay crowd of luxury advance,  
 Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance,  
 On every head the rosy garland glows,  
 In every hand the golden goblet flows  
 The syren views them with exulting eyes,  
 And laughs at bashful virtue as she flies  
 But see behind, where scorn and want appear,  
 The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer,  
 See fell remorse in action, prompt to dart  
 Her snaky poison through the conscious heart,  
 And sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,  
 The fair memorial of recording fame

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?  
 Is this the Elysium of a sober brain?  
 To wait for happiness in female smiles,  
 Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,  
 With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,  
 Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave,  
 To feel, for trifles, a distracting train  
 Of hopes and terrors, equally in vain,  
 This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,  
 Can pride, can sense, can reason, stoop so low?  
 When virtue, at an easier price, displays  
 The sacred wreaths of honourable praise,  
 When wisdom utters her divine decree,  
 To laugh at pompous folly, and be free  
 I bid adieu, then, to these woful scenes  
 I bid adieu to all the sex of queens,  
 Adieu to every suffering, simple soul,  
 That lets a woman's will his ease control

The silent pleasures of the shade,  
 The joys of peace, unenvied, though divine  
 Safe in the calm embowering grove,  
     As thy own lovely brow serene,  
     Behold the world's fantastic scene !  
 What low pursuits employ the great,  
 What tinsel things their wishes move,  
 The forms of fashion and the toys of state  
 In vain are all contentment's charms,  
     Her placid mien, her cheerful eye,  
     For look, Cordelia, how they fly  
 Allured by power, applause, or gain,  
 They fly her kind protecting arms,  
 Ah ! blind to pleasure, and in love with pain.  
 Turn and indulge a fairer view,  
     Smile on the joys which here conspire,  
     O joys ! harmonious as my lyre  
 O prospect of enchanting things !  
 As ever slumbering poet knew,  
 When love and fancy wiapt him in their wings  
 Here no rude storm of passion blows,  
     But sports, and smiles, and virtues play,  
     Cheered by affection's purest ray,  
 The air still breathes contentment's balm,  
 And the clear stream of pleasure flows  
 For ever active, yet for ever calm

## SONG \*



HE shape alone let others prize,  
     The features of the fair,  
 I look for spirit in her eyes,  
     And meaning in her air

---

\* Attributed to Akenside by Ritson—"English Songs,"

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,  
Shall ne'er my wishes win,  
Give me an animated form,  
That speaks a mind within

A face where awful honour shines,  
Where sense and sweetness move,  
And angel innocence refines  
The tenderness of love

These are the soul of beauty's flame,  
Without whose vital aid,  
Unfinished all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead

But ah ! where both their charms unite,  
How perfect is the view,  
With every image of delight,  
With graces ever new

Of power to charm the greatest woe,  
The wildest rage control,  
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,  
And rapture through the soul

Then power but faintly to express,  
All language must despan ,  
But go, behold Arpasia's face,  
And read it perfect there

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There laugh, ye witty, and rebuke, ye grave !  
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave  
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone,  
Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own  
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell,  
To the great God of Love a glad farewell  
Is this the triumph of thy awful name,  
Are these the splendid hopes that urged thy aim,  
When first my bosom owned thy haughty sway ?  
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,  
“ Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,  
Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy  
Go, teach the solemn sons of care and age,  
The pensive statesman and the midnight sage,  
The young with me must other lessons prove,  
Youth calls for pleasure, pleasure calls for love  
Behold, his heart thy grave advice disdains,  
Behold, I bind him in eternal chains ”  
Alas ! great Love, how idle was the boast !  
Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost,  
Thy wilful rage has tired my suffering heart,  
And passion, reason, forced thee to depart  
But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way ?  
Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,  
When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,  
And countless victims bow them to the stroke ?  
Lo ! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,  
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance,  
Each longs to assert thy cause with feats of arms,  
And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms  
Ten thousand girls, with flowery chaplets crowned,  
To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound  
Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,  
Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name  
But, if thy pride such easy honour scorn,  
If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,

Behold you flowery antiquated maid,  
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years displayed,  
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,  
 And thrill with gentle pangs her withered veins,  
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,  
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,  
 Entice the wary, and control the proud,  
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,  
 The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau,  
 The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,  
 The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn,  
 And that chief glory of thy power maintain,  
 "To poise ambition in a female brain"

Be these thy triumphs, but no more presume  
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room  
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles,  
 I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils;  
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,  
 Thy arrows blunted and unbraced thy bow  
 I feel divine fires my breast inflame,  
 To active science, and ingenuous fame,  
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,  
 And lose, with pride, the lover in the man

### TO CORDELIA \*

JULY 1740

**F**ROM pompous life's dull masquerade,  
 From pride's pursuits and passion's  
                   war,  
 Far, my Cordelia, very far,  
 To thee and me may Heaven assign

---

\* Found in an edition of Akenside's Works published, in 2 vols., at New Brunswick, 1808

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